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THE WORKS OF Mr. *Francis Beaumont*, AND Mr. *John Fletcher*.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

Collated with all the former Editions, and Corrected.

With NOTES Critical and Explanatory.

BY

The late Mr. *THEOBALD*,

Mr. *SEWARD* of *Eyam* in *Derbyshire*,

AND

Mr. *SYMPSON* of *Gainsborough*.

LONDON:
Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER in the *Strand*.

MDCCL.

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THE WORKS OF Mr. *Francis Beaumont*, AND Mr. *John Fletcher*.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING

The MAID'*s* TRAGEDY.

PHILASTER; *or*, LOVE *lies a* BLEEDING.

A KING *and no* KING.

AND

The SCORNFUL LADY.

Printed under the Inspection of Mr. THEOBALD.

LONDON:
Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER in the *Strand*.

MDCCL.

To the Right Honourable

WILLOUGHBY

EARL *of* ABINGDON,

BARON NORREYS *of* RYCOT,

The following PLAYS of the juſtly celebrated Writers

Mr. BEAUMONT *and* Mr. FLETCHER,

Are humbly Inſcribed and Dedicated,

As a grateful Teſtimony of the many and great Favours conferr'd by his Lordſhip,

upon his much oblig'd

and very humble Servant,

JOHN SYMPSON.

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PREFACE,

By *T. SEWARD.*

THE Public at length receives a new Edition of the two great *Poets*, who, with a Fate in each caſe alike unjuſt, were extoll'd for near a Century after their Deaths, as *Equals*, *Rivals*, nay, *Superiors* to the immortal *Shakeſpear*; but in the preſent Age have been depreſs'd beneath the ſmooth-poliſhed enervate Iſſue of the *Modern Drama*. And as their Fame has been ſo different with reſpect to other Poets, ſo has it varied alſo between Themſelves. *Fletcher* was a while ſuppoſed unable to riſe to any Height of Eminence, had not *Beaumont*'s ſtronger Arm bore him upwards. Yet no ſooner had he loſt that Aid, and demonſtrated that it was Delight and Love, not Neceſſity, which made him *ſoar abreaſt* with his amiable Friend; but the ſtill injurious World began to ſtrip the Plumes from *Beaumont*, and to dreſs *Fletcher* in the whole Fame, leaving to the former nothing but the mere *Pruning* of *Fletcher*'s luxuriant Wit, the *Limæ Labor*,

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the *Plummet* and the *Rule*, but neither the *Plan*, *Materials*, *Compoſition*, or *Ornaments*. This is directly aſſerted in Mr. *Cartwright*'s Commendatory Poem on *Fletcher*.

Who therefore wiſely did ſubmit each Birth
To knowing Beaumont *e'er it did come forth*,
Working again until he ſaid, 'twas fit,
And made him the Sobriety *of his Wit*.
Tho' thus he call'd his Judge *into his* Fame,
And for that Aid allow'd him half the Name, *&c*.

See *Cartwright*'s Poem below.

Mr. *Harris*, in his Commendatory Poem, makes *Beaumont* a mere dead Weight hanging on the Boughs of *Fletcher*'s Palm.

——————— *When thou didſt ſit*
But as a joint Commiſſioner in Wit;
When it had Plummets *hung on to ſuppreſs*
Its too luxuriant growing Mightineſs.
Till as that Tree which ſcorns to be kept down,
Thou grew'ſt to govern the whole Stage alone.

I believe this extremely injurious to *Beaumont*; but as the Opinion, or ſomething like it, has lived for Ages, and is frequent at this Day, it is time at length to reſtore *Beaumont* to the full Rank of Fellowſhip which he poſſeſs'd when living, and to fix the Standard of their reſpective Merits, before we ſhew the Degree in which their united Fame ought to be placed on the *Britiſh* Theatre.

Mr. *Cartwright* and Mr. *Harris* wrote thirty Years after *Beaumont*'s Death, and twenty after *Fletcher*'s; and

and none of the numerous contemporary Poems, publiſhed with theirs before the firſt Folio Edition of our Authors, degrade *Beaumont* ſo very low as theſe. Sir *John Berkenhead* allows him a full *Moiety* of the Fame, but ſeems to think his Genius more turned to *grave Sublimity* than to Sprightlineſs of Imagination.

Fletcher's *keen* Treble, *and deep* Beaumont's Baſe.

Thus has this Line of Sir *John*'s been hitherto read and underſtood, but its Authenticity in this Light will be diſputed when we come to that Poem, and the Juſtneſs of the Character at preſent. We have among the Commendatory Poems, One of Mr. *Earle*'s wrote immediately after *Beaumont*'s Death, and ten Years before *Fletcher*'s: He ſeems to have been an Acquaintance as well as Contemporary, and his Teſtimony ought to have much more Weight than all the Traditional Opinions of thoſe who wrote thirty Years after. He aſcribes to *Beaumont* three firſt-rate Plays; *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaſter*, and *The King and No-King*. The firſt of theſe has a *grave Sublimity* mingled with more *Horror and Fury* than are frequently ſeen among the *gay-ſpirited* Scenes of *Fletcher*, and probably gave riſe to the report of *Beaumont*'s deep Baſe. But there is ſcarce a more lively-ſpirited Character in all their Plays than *Philaſter*, and I believe *Beaumont* aimed at drawing a *Hamlet* racked with *Othello*'s Love and Jealouſy. *The King and No King* too is extremely ſpirited in all its Characters; *Arbaces* holds up a Mirrour to all Men of *virtuous Principles* but *violent Paſſions*: Hence he is as it were at once *Magnanimity* and *Pride*, *Patience* and *Fury*, *Gentleneſs* and *Rigour*,

Chaſtity and *Inceſt*, and is one of the fineſt Mixture of Virtues and Vices that any Poet has drawn, except the *Hot-ſpur* of *Shakeſpear*, and the *impiger*, *iracundus*, *inexorabilis*, *acer*, of *Homer*. (For a Defence of this Character againſt Mr. *Rhymer*'s Cavils, ſee Note the 2d in *The King and No King*.) *Beſſus* and his two Swordſmen in this Play are infinitely the livelieſt Comic Characters of mere bragging Cowards which we have in our Language; and if they do not upon the whole equal the extenſive and inimitable Humours of *Falſtaff* and his *Companions*, they leave all other Characters of the ſame Species, ev'n *Shakeſpear*'s own *Parolles* far behind them.

Our excellent *Congreve* has conſolidated the two *Swordſmen* to form his *Captain Bluff*. And be it his Honour to have imitated ſo well, tho' he is far from reaching the Originals. *Beaumont* lived in the Age of *Duelling* upon every ſlight Punctilio. *Congreve* wrote his *Bluff* in the *Flanders* War: Times when a Braggart was the moſt ridiculous of all Characters; and ſo far was *Beaumont* from the ſuppoſed *grave ſolemn Tragic Poet* only, that *Comic Humour*, particularly in drawing *Cowardiſe*, ſeems his peculiar Talent. For the Spirit of *Beſſus paulum mutatus*, chang'd only ſo as to give a proper Novelty of Character, appears again in *The Nice Valour*, or *Paſſionate Madman*. The Traces of the ſame Hand, ſo ſtrongly mark'd in this Play, ſtrike a new Light upon *Beaumont*'s Character. For in a Letter to *Jonſon*, printed at the end of *The Nice Valour*, Vol. X. pag. 365. he ſpeaks of himſelf not as a mere *Corrector* of others Works, but as a Poet of acknowledg'd Eminence, and of *The Nice Valour*, and ſome other Comedy, (which the Publiſher of the

ſecond

ſecond Folio * took for the *Woman-Hater)* as his Plays (which muſt be underſtood indeed as chiefly his, not excluding *Fletcher*'s Aſſiſtance.) Now theſe two Plays totally differ in their *Manner* from all that *Fletcher* wrote alone: They conſiſt not of Characters from real Life, as *Fletcher* and *Shakeſpear* draw theirs, but of *Paſſions* and *Humours perſoniz'd*, as *Cowardiſe* in *Lapet*, *Nice Honour* in *Shamont*, the Madneſs of different Paſſions in *The Madman*, the Love of *nice Eating* in *Lazarillo*, the *Hate of Women* in *Gonderino*. This is *Jonſon*'s *Manner*, to whom in the Letter quoted above, *Beaumont* indeed acknowledges that he owed it.

——————*Fate once again*
Bring me to thee, who canſt make ſmooth and plain
The way of Knowledge for me, and then I
Who have no good but in thy Company,
Proteſt it will my greateſt Comfort be
T'acknowledge all I have to flow from Thee.
Ben, *when theſe Scenes are perfect we'll taſte Wine:*
I'll drink thy Muſes *Health, thou ſhalt quaff mine.*

* The Publiſhers of the ſecond Folio added ſeveral genuine Songs, Prologues, Epilogues, and ſome Lines in particular Plays not contained in any former Edition, which, by the Account given, they perhaps got from either an old Actor, or a Playhouſe-Prompter; they ſay, from a Gentleman who had been intimate with both the Authors, they probably were directed by Lights received from him to place *The Woman-Hater* directly before *The Nice Valour*, and to make this the other Play which *Beaumont* claims. *The Little French Lawyer*, and *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, are moſt certainly two Plays which *Beaumont* had a large Share in, for his Hand is very viſible in the extreme droll Character of *The French Lawyer* who runs *Duello—mad*; the Prologue talks of the *Authors* in the Plural Number, and the Strain of high Burleſque appears very ſimilar in the two Characters of *Lazarillo* in *The Woman-Hater*, and *Ralpho* in *The Burning Peſtle*. *Beaumont*'s Name too is put firſt in the Title-page of the firſt *Quarto* of this laſt Play, publiſhed a few Years after *Fletcher*'s Death.

Does

Does *Jonſon* (who is ſaid conſtantly to have conſulted *Beaumont*, and to have paid the greateſt Deference to his Judgment) does he, I ſay, treat him in his Anſwer as a meer *Critic*, and *Judge* of others Works only? No, but as an *eminent Poet*, whom he lov'd with a Zeal enough to kindle a Love to his Memory, as long as Poetry delights the Underſtanding, or Friendſhip warms the Heart.

How I do love thee, Beaumont, *and thy Muſe,*
That unto me doſt ſuch Religion uſe!
How I do fear myſelf, that am not worth
The leaſt indulgent Thought thy Pen drops forth!

See the Remainder of this *Poem* III. of the *Commendatory Verſes*; ſee alſo the *firſt* of theſe *Poems* by *Beaumont* himſelf, the Cloſe of which will ſufficiently confirm both his Vigour of *Imagination* and *Sprightlineſs* of *Humour*. Having thus, we hope, diſpers'd the Cloud that for Ages has darken'd *Beaumont*'s Fame, let it again ſhine in full Luſtre *Britanniæ Sidus alterum et Decus gemellum*. And let us now examine the Order and Magnitude of this *Poetic Conſtellation*, and view the joint Characters of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

Theſe *Authors* are in a direct *Mean* between *Shakeſpear* and *Jonſon*, they do not reach the *amazing Rapidity* and *immortal Flights* of the former, but they ſoar with *more Eaſe* and to *nobler Heights* than the latter; They have leſs of the *Os magna ſonans*, the *Vivida Vis Animi*, the *noble Enthuſiaſm*, the *Muſe of Fire*, the *terrible Graces* of *Shakeſpear*, but they have much more of all theſe than *Jonſon*. On the other hand, in *Literature* they much excel the former, and are excell'd by the

the latter; and therefore they are more *regular* in their *Plots* and more *correct* in their *Sentiments* and *Diction* than *Shakeſpear*, but leſs ſo than *Jonſon*. Thus far *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* are *One*, but as hinted above in this they differ; *Beaumont* ſtudied and follow'd *Jonſon*'s Manner, *perſoniz'd* the *Paſſions* and drew *Nature* in her *Extremes*; *Fletcher* follow'd *Shakeſpear* and *Nature* in her *uſual Dreſs* (this *Diſtinction* only holds with regard to their *Comic Works*, for in Tragedies they all chiefly paint from *real Life.*) Which of theſe *Manners* is moſt excellent may be difficult to ſay; the former ſeems moſt *ſtriking*, the latter more *pleaſing*, the *former* ſhews *Vice* and *Folly* in the moſt ridiculous Lights, the *latter* more fully ſhews each Man himſelf, and unlocks the inmoſt Receſſes of the Heart.

Great are the Names of the various *Maſters* who follow'd the one and the other *Manner*. *Jonſon*, *Beaumont* and *Moliere* liſt on one Side; *Terence*, *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher* on the other.

But to return to our *Duumvirate*, between whom two other ſmall Differences are obſervable. *Beaumont*, as appears by various *Teſtimonies* and chiefly by his own *Letter* prefix'd to the old Folio Edition of *Chaucer*, was a hard Student; and for one whom the World loſt before he was *thirty*, had a ſurpriſing Compaſs of Literature: *Fletcher* was a *polite* rather than a *deep Scholar*, and converſed with *Men* at leaſt as much as with *Books*. Hence the *gay Sprightlineſs* and natural *Eaſe* of his young Gentleman are allow'd to be inimitable; in theſe he has been preferred by Judges of Candour even to *Shakeſpear* himſelf. If *Beaumont* does not equal him in this, yet being by his *Fortune* converſant alſo in high Life (the Son of a Judge, as the other of a Biſhop)

He

He is in this too *alter ab illo*, a good *second*, and almoſt a *ſecond ſelf*, as *Philaſter*, *Amintor*, *Bacurius* in the three firſt Plays, *Count Valore*, *Oriana*, *Clerimont*, *Valentine*, and others evidently ſhew.

This ſmall Difference obſerv'd, another appears by no means ſimilar to it: *Beaumont*, we ſaid, chiefly ſtudied *Books* and *Jonſon*; *Fletcher*, *Nature* and *Shakeſpear*, yet ſo far was the *firſt* from following his *Friend* and *Maſter* in his frequent cloſe and almoſt ſervile Imitations of the ancient *Claſſics*, that he ſeems to have had a much greater Confidence in the *Fertility* and *Richneſs* of his own Imagination than even *Fletcher* himſelf: The *latter* in his *Maſterpiece*, *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*, frequently imitates *Theocritus* and *Virgil*; in *Rollo* has taken whole Scenes from *Seneca*, and almoſt whole Acts from *Lucan* in *The Falſe One*. I do not blame him for this, his Imitations have not the *Stifneſs*, which ſometimes appears (tho' not often) in *Jonſon*, but breathe the free and full Air of *Originals*; and accordingly *Rollo* and * *The Falſe One* are two of *Fletcher's Firſt-rate Plays*. But *Beaumont*, I believe, never condeſcended to *tranſlate* and rarely to *imitate*; However largely he was ſupplied with Claſſic Streams, from his own *Urn* all flows *pure* and *untinctured*. Here the two Friends change Places: *Beaumont riſes* in Merit towards *Shakeſpear*, and *Fletcher* deſcends towards *Jonſon*.

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* *Rollo* is in the firſt Edition in Quarto aſcribed to *Fletcher* alone, *The Falſe One* is one of thoſe Plays that is more dubious as to its *Authors*. The Prologue ſpeaks of them in the Plural Number and 'tis probable that *Beaumont* aſſiſted in the latter Part of it, but I believe not much in the two firſt Acts, as theſe are ſo very much taken from *Lucan*, and the Obſervation of *Beaumont*'s not indulging himſelf in ſuch Liberties holds good in all the Plays in which he is known to have had the largeſt Share.

Having

Having thus ſeen the Features of theſe *Twins* of Poetry greatly *reſembling* yet ſtill diſtinct from each other, let us conclude that all Reports which ſeparate and leſſen the Fame of either of them are ill-grounded and falſe, that they were as Sir *John Berkenhead* calls them, *two full congenial Souls*, or, as either *Fletcher* himſelf, or his ſtill greater *Collegue Shakeſpear* expreſſes it in their *Two Noble Kinſmen*. Vol. X. p. 33.

They were an endleſs Mine *to one another*;
They were each others Wife, *ever begetting*
New Births of Wit.

They were both extremely remarkable for their *ready Flow* of Wit in *Converſation* as well as *Compoſition*, and *Gentlemen* that remembred them, ſays *Shirly*, declare that on every Occaſion they *talk'd a Comedy*. As therefore they were ſo *twinn'd* in *Genius*, *Worth and Wit*, *ſo lovely and pleaſant in their Lives*, after Death, let not their Fame be ever again *divided*.

And now, Reader, when thou art fired into Rage or melted into Pity by their *Tragic Scenes*, charmed with the genteel Elegance or burſting into Laughter at their *Comic Humour*, canſt thou not drop the intervening Ages, ſteal into *Jonſon*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Club-Room* at the *Mer-Maid*, on a Night when *Shakeſpear*, *Donn* and others viſited them, and there join in Society with as great *Wits* as ever this *Nation*, or perhaps ever *Greece* or *Rome* could at one time boaſt? where animated each by the other's Preſence, they even excell'd themſelves;

——— ——— *For* Wit *is like a* Reſt,
Held up at Tennis, *which Men do the beſt*

With

With the beſt Gameſters. What things have we ſeen
Done at the Mer-maid! *heard Words that have been*
So nimble and ſo full of ſubtle Flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole Wit *in a* Jeſt,
And had reſolv'd to live a Fool the reſt
Of his dull Life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able' enough to juſtify the Town
For three Days paſt; Wit *that might Warrant be*
For the whole City to talk fooliſhly
Till that were cancell'd; and when that was gone
We left an Air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next Companies
Right witty; tho' but downright Fools, meer Wiſe.

Beaumont's Letter to *Jonſon*, Vol. x. p. 366.

Hitherto the Reader has received only the *Portraits* of our Authors without any Proof of the Similitude and Juſtice of the *Draught*; nor can we hope that it will appear juſt from a mere curſory View of the Originals. Many People read Plays chiefly for the ſake of the *Plot*, hurrying ſtill on for that Diſcovery. The happy Contrivance of ſurpriſing but natural Incidents is certainly a very great Beauty in the *Drama*, and little Writers have often made their Advantages of it; they could contrive *Incidents* to embarraſs and perplex the *Plot*, and by that alone have ſucceeded and pleaſed, without perhaps a ſingle Line of *nervous Poetry*, a ſingle *Sentiment* worthy of Memory, without a *Paſſion* worked up with natural Vigour, or a Cha-

racter

racter of any distinguished Marks. The best *Poets* have rarely made this *Dramatic Mechanism* their Point. Neither *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Terence*, *Shakespear*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher* or *Jonson*, are at all remarkable for forming a *Labyrinth* of *Incidents* and entangling their Readers in a *pleasing Perplexity*: Our late Dramatic Poets learnt this from the *French*, and they from *Romance Writers* and *Novelists*. We could almost wish the Readers of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* to drop the Expectation of the Event of each Story, to attend with more Care to the Beauty and Energy of the *Sentiments*, *Diction*, *Passions* and *Characters*. Every good Author pleases more, the more he is examined; (hence perhaps that *Partiality* of *Editors* to their *own Authors*; by a more intimate Acquaintance, they discover more of their Beauties than they do of others) especially when the *Stile* and *Manner* are quite *old-fashioned*, and the Beauties hid under the Uncouthness of the Dress. The *Taste* and *Fashion* of Poetry varies in every Age, and tho' our old Dramatic Writers are as preferable to the Modern as *Vandike* and *Rubens* to our Modern Painters, yet most Eyes must be accustomed to their *Manner* before they can discern their *Excellencies*. Thus the very best Plays of *Shakespear* were forced to be dressed *fashionably* by the *Poetic Taylors* of the late Ages before they could be admitted upon the Stage, and a very few Years since his *Comedies* in general were under the highest Contempt. Few very few durst speak of them with any sort of Regard, till the many excellent *Criticisms* upon that Author made People study him, and some excellent *Actors* revived these Comedies, which compleatly open'd Mens Eyes,

and it is now become as *fashionable* to admire as it had been to decry them.

Shakespear therefore even in his *second-best Manner* being now generally admired, we shall endeavour to prove that his *second-rate* and our Author's *first-rate Beauties* are so near upon a Par that they are scarce distinguishable. A Preface allows not Room for sufficient Proofs of this, but we will produce at least some Parallels of Poetic *Diction* and *Sentiments*, and refer to some of the *Characters* and *Passions*.

The Instances shall be divided into three Classes: The first of Passages where our Authors fall short in comparison of *Shakespear*; the second of such as are not easily discerned from him; the third of those where *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* have the Advantage.

In *The Maid's Tragedy* there is a similar Passage to one of *Shakespear*, the Comparison of which alone will be no bad Scale to judge of their different Excellencies. *Melantius* the General thus speaks of his Friend *Amintor*.

His Worth is great, valiant he is and temperate,
And one that never thinks his Life his own
If his Friend need it: When he was a Boy
As oft as I returned (as, without boast
I brought home Conquest) he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one Limb
The Virtue lay to do those things he heard:
Then would He wish to see my Sword, and feel
The Quickness of the Edge, and in his Hand
Weigh it.—He oft would make me smile at this;

His

His Youth did promiſe much, and his ripe Age
Will ſee it all performed.

Vol. I. pag. 5.

A Youth gazing on every Limb of the victorious Chief, then begging his Sword, feeling its Edge, and poiſing it in his Arm, are Attitudes nobly expreſſive of the inward Ardor and Ecſtacy of Soul: But what is moſt obſervable is,

———*And in his Hand*
Weigh it———*He oft*, &c.

By this beautiful Pauſe or Break, the *Action* and *Picture* continue in View, and the Poet, like *Homer*, is *eloquent in Silence*. It is a Species of Beauty that ſhews an Intimacy with that *Father of Poetry*, in whom it occurs extremely often*. *Milton* has an exceeding fine one in the Deſcription of his *Lazar-Houſe*.

———*Deſpair*
'Tended the Sick, buſieſt from Couch to Couch,
And over them triumphant Death his Dart
Shook,—but delay'd to ſtrike, &c.

Paradiſe loſt, Book II. lin. 492.

As *Shakeſpear* did not ſtudy *Verſification* ſo much as thoſe Poets who were converſant in *Homer* and *Virgil*, I don't remember in him any ſtriking Inſtance of this Species of Beauty. But he even wanted it not, his *Sentiments* are ſo amazingly ſtriking, that they pierce the Heart at once; and *Diction* and *Numbers*, which are the *Beauty* and *Nerves* adorning and invigorating the *Thoughts* of other Poets, to

* See two noble Inſtances at *l.* 141. of the 13th *Book* of the *Iliad*, and in the Application of the ſame Simile a few Lines below.

him are but like the *Bodies of Angels, azure Vehicles,* thro' which the whole *Soul* ſhines tranſparent. Of this take the following Inſtance. The old *Belarius* in *Cymbeline* is deſcribing the in-born Royalty of the two *Princes* whom he had bred up as Peaſants in his Cave.

——————*This* Paladour, *(whom*
The King his Father call'd Guiderius) Jove!
When on my three-foot Stool I ſit, and tell
The warlike Feats I've done, his Spirits fly out
Into my Story: ſay thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I ſet my Foot on's Neck—even then
The Princely Blood flows in his Cheek, he ſweats,
Strains his young Nerves, and puts himſelf in Poſture
That acts my Words.—

Cymbeline, Act III. Scene 3.

Much the ſame Difference as between theſe two Paſſages occurs likewiſe in the following Pictures of *Rural Melancholy*, the firſt of *Innocence forlorn*, the ſecond of *Philoſophic Tenderneſs.*

————————*I have a Boy*
Sent by the Gods I hope to this Intent,
Not yet ſeen in the Court. Hunting the Buck
I found him ſitting by a Fountain-ſide,
Of which he borrow'd ſome to quench his Thirſt,
And paid the Nymph again as much in Tears;
A Garland lay by him, made by himſelf
Of many ſeveral Flowers, bred in the Bay,

Stuck

Stuck in that myſtic Order that the Rareneſs
Delighted me: but ever when he turn'd
His tender Eyes upon them, he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing ſuch pretty helpleſs Innocence
Dwell in his Face, I ask'd him all his Story;
He told me, that his Parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the Mercy of the Fields,
Which gave him Roots, and of the Cryſtal Springs
Which did not ſtop their Courſes; and the Sun
Which ſtill he thank'd him, yielded him his Light.
Then took he up his Garland, and did ſhew,
What every Flower, as Country People hold,
Did ſignify; and how all, order'd thus,
Expreſt his Grief; and to my Thoughts did read
The prettieſt Lecture of his Country Art
That could be wiſh'd, ſo that methought I could
Have ſtudied it.— *Philaſter*, Vol. I. p. 108.

Jaques in *As you like it* is *Moralizing* upon the Fate of the Deer goared by the Hunters in their native Confines.

The melancholy Jaques *grieves at that,*

To Day my Lord of Amiens *and myſelf*
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an Oak, whoſe antique Root peeps out
Upon the Brook that brawls along this Wood;
To the which Place a poor ſequeſtered Stag,
That from the Hunter's Aim had ta'en a Hurt,

Did come to languiſh ; and indeed, My Lord,
The wretched Animal heav'd forth ſuch Groans,
That their Diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern Coat
Almoſt to burſting ; and the big round Tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent Noſe
In piteous Chaſe ; and thus the hairy Fool
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremeſt Verge of the ſwift Brook,
Augmenting it with Tears.

Duke. *But what ſaid* Jaques?
Did he not moralize this Spectacle?

1 Lord. *O yes into a thouſand Similies.*
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs Stream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a Teſtament
As Worldings do, giving thy Sum of more
To that which had too much ; then being alone
Left and abandon'd by his Velvet Friends :
'Tis right, quoth he, thus Miſery doth part
The Flux of Company : anon a careleſs Herd,
Full of the Paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him : ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on ye fat and greaſie Citizens,
'Tis juſt the Faſhion. &c.

As you like it, Act II. Scene I.

Shakeſpear is certainly much preferable, but 'tis only as a *Raphael* is preferable to a *Guido*—*Philaſter* alone would afford Numbers of Paſſages ſimilar to ſome of *Shakeſpear*'s, upon which the ſame Obſervation will hold true, they are not equal to his very *beſt Manner*, but they approach near it. As I have mentioned *Jonſon* being in Poetic Energy about

about the ſame Diſtance below our Authors, as *Shakeſpear* is above them. I ſhall quote three Paſſages which ſeem to me in this very *Scale*. *Jonſon* tranſlates verbatim from *Saluſt* great part of *Catiline*'s Speech to his Soldiers, but adds in the Cloſe:

Methinks, I ſee Death *and the* Furies *waiting*
What we will do ; and all the Heaven *at leaſure*
For the great Spectacle. Draw then your Swords:
And if our Deſtiny *envy our Virtue*
The Honour of the Day, yet let us care
To ſell ourſelves at ſuch a Price, as may
Undo the World to buy us ; and make Fate
While ſhe tempts ours to fear her own Eſtate.

Catiline, Act V.

Jonſon has here added greatly to the *Ferocity*, *Terror* and *Deſpair* of *Catiline*'s Speech, but it is conſonant to his Character both in his Life and Death. The Image in the three firſt Lines is extremely noble, and may be ſaid to emulate tho' not quite to reach the poetic Exſtacy of the following Paſſage in *Bonduca*. *Suetonius* the *Roman* General having his ſmall Army hem'd round by Multitudes, tells his Soldiers that the Number of the Foes,

Is but to ſtick more Honour on your Actions,
Load you with virtuous Names, and to your Memories
Tie never-dying Time *and* Fortune *conſtant.*
Go on in full Aſſurance, draw your Swords
As daring and as confident as Juſtice.
The Gods *of* Rome *fight for ye ; loud* Fame *calls ye*

Pitch'd on the topleſs Apennine, *and blows*
To all the under World, all Nations, Seas,
And unfrequented Deſarts where the Snow dwells;
Wakens the ruin'd Monuments, and there
*Informs again * the dead Bones with your Virtues.*

The four firſt Lines are extremely nervous, but the Image which appears to excel the noble one of *Jonſon* above, is *Fame* pitch'd on Mount *Apennine* (whoſe Top is ſuppoſed viewleſs from its ſtupendous Height) and from thence ſounding their *Virtues* ſo loud that the dead awake and are re-animated to hear them. The cloſe of the Sentiment is extremely in the Spirit of *Shakeſpear* and *Milton*, the former ſays of a Storm—

That with the Hurly Death *itſelf awakes,*

(See the Paſſage from whence this Line is taken compared to another of our Authors in Vol. IX. p. 101 of this Edition.) *Milton* in *Comus*, deſcribing a Lady's ſinging, ſays;

---

* *The dead Bones with your Virtues.*] As I was much engaged when the Play of *Bonduca* was publiſhed under Mr. *Sympſon*'s Care, tho' I had pointed this Paſſage in the manner I here give it, I forgot to acquaint him with it, and he follow'd the old Pointing, which I believe wrong both here and in the Lines which follow it, they ſtand thus.

——————————*And there*
Informs again the dead Bones. With your Virtues
Go on, I ſay: Valiant and wiſe, rule Heav'n,
And all the great Aſpects attend 'em.

Here their *Virtues*, which ſhou'd raiſe the dead to Life, are left to the next Sentence; and then they are call'd valiant and wiſe, and bid to rule Heav'n, with which Senſe the remaining Part of the Sentence will ſcarce make Grammar. The Comma after *wiſe* ſhou'd be ſtruck out, for it is a Tranſlation of the *Latin Axiom* Sapiens dominabitur Aſtris; *Wiſe Men rule Heaven*, &c. If the Reader aſſents, he is deſired to correct the Pointing.

He

He took in Sounds that might create a Soul
Under the Ribs of Death.

To return to *Shakeſpear*—With him we muſt ſoar far above the *topleſs Apennine*, and there behold an Image much nobler than our Author's *Fame*.

* *For now ſits* Expectation *in the Air,*
And hides a Sword from Hilt unto the Point
With Crowns Imperial.———

Chorus in Henry V. Act II. Scene 1.

As we ſhall now go on to the ſecond Claſs, and quote Paſſages where the Hand of *Shakeſpear* is not ſo eaſily diſcern'd from our *Author*'s, if the Reader happens to remember neither, it may be entertaining to be left to gueſs at the different Hands. Thus each of them deſcribing a beautiful Boy.

———*Dear Lad, believe it,*
For they ſhall yet belie thy happy Years
That ſay thou art a Man: Diana's *Lip*
Is not more ſmooth and rubious; thy ſmall Pipe

---

* *For now ſits Expectation*, &c.] See Mr. *Warburton's* juſt Obſervation on the Beauty of the Imagery here. But, as *ſimilar Beauties* do not always ſtrike the ſame Taſte alike, another Paſſage in this Play that ſeems to deſerve the ſame Admiration is rejected by this great Man as not *Shakeſpear*'s. The *French* King ſpeaking of the *Black Prince*'s Victory at *Creſſy*, ſays,

While that his Mountain Sire, *on* Mountain *ſtanding*,
" *Up in the Air crown'd with the Golden Sun,*
Saw his Heroic Seed, *and ſmil'd to ſee him*
Mangle the Work of Nature. Henry V. Act II. Scene 4.

I have mark'd the Line rejected," and which ſeems to breathe the full Soul of *Shakeſpear*. The Reader will find a Defence and Explanation of the whole Paſſage at Vol. X. p. 172. of this Edition.

Is as the Maidens Organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a Woman's Part.

The other is

Alas! what kind of Grief can thy Years know?

Thy Brows and Cheeks are ſmooth as Waters be
When no Breath troubles them: Believe me, Boy,
Care *ſeeks out wrinkled Brows and hollow Eyes,*
And builds himſelf Caves to abide in them.

The one is in *Philaſter*, Page 118. The other in *Twelfth-Night*, Act I. Scene 5.—In the ſame Page of *Philaſter*, there is a Deſcription of *Love*, which the Reader, if he pleaſes, may compare to two Deſcriptions of *Love* in *As you like it*—both by *Silvia*, but neither preferable to our Author's. I cannot quote half of thoſe which occur in the Play of *Philaſter* alone, which bear the ſame Degree of Likeneſs as the laſt quoted Paſſages, *i. e.* where the Hands are ſcarce to be diſtinguiſhed; but I will give one Parallel more from thence, becauſe the Paſſages are both extremely fine, tho' the Hands from one ſingle Expreſſion of *Shakeſpear*'s are more viſible, a Prince depriv'd of his Throne and betray'd as he thought in *Love*, thus mourns his melancholy State.

Oh! that I had been nouriſh'd in theſe Woods
With Milk of Goats and Acorns, and not known
The Right of Crowns, *or the diſſembling Train*
Of Womens Looks; *but dig'd myſelf a Cave,*
* *Where I, my Fire, my Cattle and my Bed,*
Might have been ſhut together in one Shed;

---

* *Juvenal* Sat. VI.

And

And then had taken me ſome Mountain Girl,
Beaten with Winds, chaſt as the harden'd Rocks
Whereon ſhe dwells; that might have ſtrew'd my Bed
With Leaves and Reeds, and with the Skins of
Beaſts
Our Neighbours; and have born at her big Breaſts
My large coarſe Iſſue!

In the other, a King thus compares the State of Royalty to that of a private Life.

No not all theſe thrice gorgeous Ceremonies,
Not all theſe laid in Bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched Slave;
Who with a Body fill'd, and vacant Mind,
Gets him to Reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful Bread;
Never ſees horrid Night, the Child of Hell:
* *But, like a Lackey, from the Riſe to Set,*
Sweats

---

* *But, like a Lackey,*] There is either a groſs Abſurdity, or a great Difficulty of Conſtruction here. The King is deſcribing the moſt laborious Country Drudge, that has no Reſpite from his Toil, but through his whole Life ſlaves and ſweats from Morn till Night, like what? why, like the idleſt of all Servants a *Lackey*, a *Pediſſequus*, a *Footman*, one whoſe chief Buſineſs is to follow his Maſter's Steps for Pomp only. So *Shakeſpear* conſtantly uſes the Word, as in a Metaphor of a Flag floating to and fro in the Water in *Anthony and Cleopatra*;----*lacking the Tide*, ſay the old Editions, but Mr. *Theobald* corrected it very happily *lacqueying the Tide*; and this the two late *great Editors* confirm by their Adoption. The Simile therefore in this general Senſe of the Word *Lacquey* being too abſurd to be admitted here, we ſhould moſt probably read,

And like his Lacquey, *from the Riſe to Set,*
Sweats in the Eye of Phœbus.

Sweats in the Eye of Phœbus, *and all Night*
Sleeps in Elysium, *next Day after Dawn,*
Doth

His Lacquey, i. e. *the Lacquey of Phœbus*, one who follows the Motions of the Sun as constant as a *Lacquey* does those of his Master: that this is the Meaning, the Connection it has with the following noble Metaphor evidently shews, he is no sooner become the *Lacquey of the Sun*, but he performs to him the Office of a *Lacquey*.

- - - - - - - *And next Day after Dawn*
Doth rise and help Hyperion *to his Horse.*

We see here how from a small *Stream* the Poet's Imagination swells into the noblest *Flood*, the *Spring-head* of which without this Interpretation will be totally lost. It is therefore not a sufficient Objection, that the *Antecedent* (in Construction of the Sentence) *Phœbus* is placed so far behind the *Relative* H I S. This is a *Latin Arrangement* of Sentences which our antient *English* Poets frequently, and all our Poets sometimes use. I will give three Instances, one from *Milton*, one from *Shakespear*, and one from our Authors.

Thus *Milton*, - - - - - - - - - *What if all*
Her Stores were open'd, and this Firmament
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire?
Book II. lin. 176.

As for more Words, whose Greatness answers Words,
Let this my Sword report what Speech forbears.
Henry VI. Part. II. Act 4. Sc. 9.

Sword is here the Antecedent, and *whose* relates to it; and tho' the late Editions transpose the Words to make this more evident, it seems only a modern Refinement.

So in *Thierry and Theodoret*,
- - - - - - - - - *You may imagine*
Which cozens all the World but chiefly Women,
The Name of Greatness justifies your Actions.
Vol. X. p. 122.

The Name of Greatness is the *Antecedent* to *which*; and though a Transposition of the Lines might render this more visible to many Readers, yet I am persuaded the genuine Text is as it was always printed. The inaccurate Position of the Relatives *He*, *Which*, *They*, &c.

Doth riſe and helps Hyperion *to his Horſe,*
And follows ſo the ever-running Year
With profitable Labour to his Grave.
And (but for Ceremony) ſuch a Wretch
Winding up Days with Toil, and Nights with Sleep,
Hath the Forehand and 'Vantage of a King.

The

&c. have miſled the greateſt Men. See a remarkable Inſtance at Note 1. in *The Little French Lawyer*, Vol. IV. pag. 178. Another Inſtance occurs of a *Latin* Arrangement of Words, which has wrapt a Paſſage of *Shakeſpear*'s in Darkneſs, and given Riſe to a very plauſible Conjecture of Mr. *Theobald*'s, and a moſt exceeding ingenious one of Mr. *Warburton*. After the young *Prince* in *Richard the Third* had obſerved that *Truth* ſhould live through all Ages.

Richard ſays half a Side.

So wiſe, ſo young, they ſay, do ne'er live long.
Prince. *What ſay you, Uncle?*
Glo. *I ſay without Characters, Fame lives long.*
Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two Meanings in one Word. } [*Aſide.*

Mr. *Theobald* thinks that in the old *Engliſh Moralities* or *Moral Farces* in vogue in and before *Shakeſpear*'s Age, the *Vice*, which was a general Name for the *Buffoon* of each Play, when he aſſumed a graver Aſpect, was called *Iniquity*, and therefore reads,

Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two Meanings in one Word.

Mr. *Warburton* diſallows this, and reads,

Thus like the formal-wiſe Antiquity,
I moralize; two Meanings in one Word.

This Reading he makes ſuch good Senſe, and defends with ſo much Ingenuity, that even his Miſtakes convey more Learning than the trueſt Interpretations of many Critics. The old Reading owes all its Obſcurity to the Accuſative Caſe being placed before the Verb. The *formal Vice* is *Religious Hypocriſy* (whether conſidered in the Abſtract, or as *perſoniz'd* in the old Farces.) Like *Religious Hypocriſy*, ſays *Richard*, I *moralize Iniquity*, i. e. I turn my iniquitous Meaning, that of murdering the Prince, into a moral one.

Thus

The Inſtances of theſe two Claſſes, particularly the former, where the exquiſite Beauties of *Shakeſpear* are not quite reach'd, are moſt numerous; and tho' the Deſign of the Notes in this Edition was in general only to ſettle the Text, yet in three of the Plays, *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*, *The Falſe One*, and *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, that Deſign is much enlarged, for Reaſons there aſſigned. And if the Reader pleaſes to turn to theſe, he will find ſeveral Parallels between *Fletcher*, *Shakeſpear*, and *Milton*, that are moſt of them to be ranged under one of theſe Claſſes: But there is a third Claſs of thoſe Inſtances where our Authors have been ſo happy as to ſoar above *Shakeſpear*, and even where *Shakeſpear* is not greatly beneath himſelf.

In *The Two Gentlemen of* Verona, the forlorn *Julia*, diſguis'd as a Boy, being ask'd of *Silvia* how tall *Julia* was, anſwers:

About my Stature: For at Pentecoſt,
When all our Pageants of Delight were play'd,
Our Youth got me to play the Woman's Part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's *Gown,*
And at that Time I made her weep a-good.
For I did play a lamentable Part.

Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity
I moralize; two Meanings in one Word.

So in *Hamlet*, - - - - - - - - - *Often with*
Devotion's Viſage we do ſugar o'er
The Devil himſelf.

And thus in the Reverſe of this, when good Men extract Good from Evil,

They make a Moral of the Devil himſelf. Henry V.

Madam,

Madam, 'twas Ariadne *paſſioning*
For Theſeus' *Perjury and unjuſt Flight;*
Which I ſo lively acted with my Tears,
That my poor Miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly, and wou'd I might be dead,
* *If I in Thought felt not her very Sorrow.*

Act IV. Scene the laſt.

There is ſomething extremely tender, innocent, and delicate, in theſe Lines of *Shakeſpear*, but our Authors are far beyond this Praiſe in their Alluſion to the ſame Story. In *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Aſpatia* in like manner forſaken by her Lover, finds her Maid *Antiphila* working a Picture of *Ariadne*; and after ſeveral fine Reflexions upon *Theſeus*, ſays;

But where's the Lady?
Ant. *There, Madam.*

---

* *If I in Thought felt not her very Sorrow.*] Whoever fully catches the tender Melancholy of theſe Lines, will know that *Julia* under ſuch Diſtreſs could not feign a Caſe ſo exactly the Parallel of her own, without ſuch Emotions as would ſpeak themſelves in every Feature, and flow in Tears from her Eyes. She adds the laſt Line therefore to take off the Suſpicion of her being the real *Julia*; But would ſhe only ſay, that ſhe *felt Julia*'s Sorrow formerly, when ſhe ſaw her weep? No! She muſt excuſe the preſent Perturbation of her Countenance, and the true Reading moſt probably is:

And would I might be dead,
If I in Thought feel not her very Sorrow.

This better agrees with the double Meaning intended, and with *Silvia*'s Reply, who ſays,

She is beholden to Thee, gentle Youth.

I weep myſelf *to think upon thy Words.*

Aſp. *Fie, you have miſs'd it here,* Antiphila,
Theſe Colours are not dull and pale enough,
To ſhew a Soul ſo full of Miſery
As this ſad Lady's was; do it by me;
Do it again by me the loſt Aſpatia,
And you ſhall find all true.----Put me' on th' wild
Iſland.* I

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* *Put me' on th' wild Iſland.*] I have given theſe Lines as I think we ought to read them, but very different from what are printed in this Edition. Four of the old *Quarto's*, the *Folio*, and the late *Octavo* read,

And you ſhall find all true but *the wild Iſland.*
I ſtand upon the Sea beach now, and think, &c.

I obſerved to Mr. *Theobald*, that here was a glaring *Poetical Contradiction*. He ſays, you'll find all true except the *wild Iſland*, and inſtantly ſhe is upon the Iſland.

I ſtand upon the Sea-beach now, &c.

The wild Iſland therefore in her Imagination is as true as the reſt. The Enthuſiaſm is noble, but wants a proper Introduction, which the Change only of a *b* for a *p* will tolerably give.

And you ſhall find all true.—— Put the wild Iſland;
I ſtand, &c.

But as there are numberleſs Inſtances of many Words, and particularly Monoſyllables, being dropt from the Text (of which there is one in the ſame Page with theſe Lines, and another in the ſame Play, Vol. I. p. 59. very remarkable) I ſuppoſe this to have happened here; for by reading *Put me on the wild Iſland;--- I ſtand upon,* &c. How nobly does ſhe ſtart as it were from *Fancy* to *Reality*, from the *Picture* into the *Life? Me' on th'* by Eliſions common to all our old Poets, may become one Syllable in the Pronunciation; but if we ſpeak them full, and make a twelve Syllable Verſe, it will have a hundred Fellows in our Authors, and ſhould have had one but three Lines below the Paſſage here quoted.

Make a dull Silence, till you feel a ſudden *Sadneſs*
Give us new Souls.

As *Aſpatia*'s Grief had been of long Continuance, *ſudden* was evidently corrupt, and I therefore propos'd to Mr. *Theobald* to read *ſullen*, which is an Epithet perfectly proper and extremely nervous; but as he could by no means be perſuaded to mention the former Conjecture, and the only

I ſtand upon the Sea-beach now, and think
Mine Arms thus, and mine Hair blown by the Wind,
Wild as that Deſart, and let all about me
Be Teachers of my Story; do my Face
(If thou hadſt ever Feeling of a Sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila; *ſtrive to make me look*
Like Sorrow's Monument; and the Trees about me
Let them be dry and leafleſs; let the Rocks
Groan with continual Surges, and behind me
Make all a Deſolation; ſee, ſee, Wenches,
A miſerable Life *of this poor Picture.*

Vol. I. pag. 32.

Whoever has ſeen either the Original or Print of *Guido*'s *Bacchus and Ariadne* will have the beſt *Comment* on theſe Lines. In both are the Arms extended, the Hair blown by the Wind, the barren Roughneſs of the Rocks, the broken Trunks of leafleſs Trees, and in both ſhe looks like *Sorrow's Monument*. So that exactly *ut Pictura Poeſis*; and hard it is to ſay, whether our *Authors* or *Guido painted beſt*. I ſhall refer to the Note below for a farther Comment, and proceed to another Inſtance of ſuperior Excellence in our *Authors*, and where they have more evidently built on *Shakeſpear*'s Foundation. At the latter-end of *King John* the *King* has receiv'd a *burning Poiſon*; and being asked,

---

only Objection he urged was, that it made a Twelve-ſyllable Verſe, he would not let one of twelve Syllables remain ſo near it; and therefore without Authority of any prior Edition, diſcarded the Epithet intirely from the Text, and adopted the Reading of the firſt Quarto in the former Paſſage.

Suppoſe *I ſtand upon the Sea-beach now*, &c.

As this is much the moſt unpoetical of all the Readings, and the firſt Introducers of the Text in the intermediate Editions claim their Corrections from the original Manuſcript, I can by no means approve the Choice he has made.

How

How fares your Majesty?

K. John. *Poison'd, ill Fare! dead, forsook, cast off;*
And none of you will bid the Winter come,
To thrust his icy Fingers in my Maw;
Nor let my Kingdoms Rivers take their Course
Thro' my burnt Bosom; nor intreat the North
To make his bleak Winds kiss my parched Lips,
And comfort me with Cold——I ask not much,
I beg cold Comfort.

The first and last Lines are to be rang'd among the *Faults* that so much disgrace *Shakespear*, which he committed to please the corrupt Taste of the Age he liv'd in, but to which *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s Learning and Fortune made them superior. The intermediate Lines are extremely beautiful, and mark'd as such by the late great Editor, but yet are much improv'd in two Plays of our Authors, the first in *Valentinian*, where the *Emperor* poison'd in the same Manner, dies with more *Violence*, *Fury*, and *Horror*, than King *John*; but the Passage which I shall quote is from *A Wife for a Month*, a Play which does not upon the whole equal the poetic Sublimity of *Valentinian*, tho' it rather excels it in the poisoning Scene. The Prince *Alphonso*, who had been long in a Phrensy of Melancholy, is poison'd with a hot fiery Potion; under the Agonies of which he thus raves.

Give me more Air, more Air, Air; blow, blow, blow,
Open thou Eastern Gate, and blow upon me;
Distil thy cold Dews, O thou icy Moon,
And Rivers run thro' my afflicted Spirit.

I am

I am all Fire, Fire, Fire; the raging Dog-ſtar
Reigns in my Blood; Oh! which Way ſhall I turn
me?
Ætna and all her Flames burn in my Head.
Fling me into the Ocean or I periſh.
Dig, dig, dig, dig, until the Springs fly up,
The cold, cold Springs, that I may leap into
them,
And bathe my ſcorch'd Limbs in their purling
Pleaſures;
Or ſhoot me into the higher Region,
Where Treaſures of delicious Snow are nouriſh'd,
And Banquets of ſweet Hail.

Rug. *Hold him faſt, Fryar,*
O how he burns!

Alph. *What, will ye ſacrifice me?*
Upon the Altar lay my willing Body,
And pile your Wood up, fling your holy Incenſe;
And, as I turn me, you ſhall ſee all flame,
Conſuming Flame. Stand off me, or you're Aſhes.

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

Mart. *To Bed, good Sir.*

Alph. *My Bed will burn about me;*
Like Phaeton, *in all-conſuming Flaſhes*
Am I inclos'd; let me fly, let me fly, give Room;

* *'Twixt the cold Bears, far from the raging Lion,*
Lies my safe Way; O for a Cake of Ice now
To clap unto my Heart to comfort me.
Decrepit Winter hang upon my Shoulders,
And let me wear thy frozen Isicles,
Like Jewels round about my Head, to cool me.
My Eyes burn out and sink into their Sockets,
And my infected Brain like Brimstone boils;

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* *'Twixt the cold Bears, far from the raging Lion*] I have inserted here a Reading very different from what the Reader will find in this or any of the Editions; for it occurr'd to me only now in transcribing the Passage.

The former Reading is,

Betwixt the cold Bear and the raging Lion.

The learned Reader need not be told that the *Bear* and *Lion* here, by a beautiful *Synecdoche*, stand for the *frigid* and the *torrid Zones*, and betwixt the two Means the *temperate Zone*: But does Safety dwell here to a Man wrapt in Flames? No, the *frigid Zone* only, which might quench their Violence, can bring him Safety, and all his other Wishes hurry him.

To Night and Cold, to nipping Frosts and Winds,
That cut the stubborn Rocks and make them shiver.

The Absurdity therefore of the old Reading was no sooner observed than a Probability occurr'd of the manner how it came into the Text. I believe the Author's Manuscript had accidentally omitted the *s* in *Bears*, and run thus:

'Twixt the cold Bear, far from the raging Lion,
Lies my safe Way.

A Playhouse *Prompter*, or common *Corrector* of the Press, thinking this not *English*, without entering into the Spirit of the Author, would naturally correct it into the old Text:

Betwixt the cold Bear and the raging Lion.

And that I have therefore only restored the Original is further probable from hence: The Allusion to *Phaeton* is evidently carried on in this Line, and *Ovid* makes *Phœbus* advise him particularly to avoid the *Serpent*, *i. e.* the *Constellation* that lies *betwixt the two Bears*. The Reverse of this therefore would naturally occur on this Occasion.

I live in Hell and ſeveral Furies vex me.
O carry me where never Sun e'er ſhew'd yet
A Face of Comfort, where the Earth is Cryſtal,
Never to be diſſolv'd, where nought inhabits
But Night and Cold, and nipping Froſts and Winds,
That cut the ſtubborn Rocks, and make them ſhiver;
Set me there Friends.——————

Every Reader of Taſte will ſee how ſuperior this is to the Quotation from *Shakeſpear*. The Images are vaſtly more numerous, more judicious, more nervous, and the Paſſions are wrought up to the higheſt Pitch; ſo that it may be fairly preferred to every thing of its Kind in all *Shakeſpear*, except one Scene of *Lear*'s Madneſs, which it would emulate too, could we ſee ſuch an excellent Comment on it as *Lear* receives from his Repreſentative on the Stage.

As theſe laſt Quotations are not only Specimens of *Diction* and *Sentiment*, but of *Paſſions* inflam'd into *Poetic Enthuſiaſm*; I ſhall refer the Reader to ſome other Parallels of *Paſſions* and *Characters* that greatly reſemble, and ſometimes rival the Spirit and Sublimity of *Shakeſpear*. He will pleaſe therefore to compare the *Phrenſy* and the whole ſweet *Character* of the *Joaler's Daughter* in the *Two noble Kinſmen* to *Ophelia* in *Hamlet*, where the *Copy* is ſo extremely like the *Original* that either the ſame *Hand* drew both, or *Fletcher*'s is not to be diſtinguiſh'd from *Shakeſpear*'s: — To compare the Deaths of *Pontius* and *Æcius* in *Valentinian* with that of *Caſſius*, *Brutus* and their Friends in *Julius*

Cæsar, and if he *admires* a little less, he will *weep* much more; it more excells in the *Pathetic* than it falls short in *Dignity*:—To compare the *Character* and *Passions* of *Cleopatra* in the *False One*, to those of *Shakespear*'s *Cleopatra*: —To compare the pious Deprecations and Grief-mingled Fury of *Edith* (upon the Murder of her Father by *Rollo*, in the *Bloody Brother*) to the *Grief* and *Fury* of *Macduff*, upon his Wife and Children's Murder. Our Authors will not, we hope, be found *light* in the *Scale* in any of these Instances, tho' their *Beam* in general fly some little *upwards*, it will sometimes at least tug hard for a *Poise*. But be it allowed, that as in *Diction* and *Sentiment*, so in *Characters* and *Passions*, *Shakespear* in general excells, yet here too a very strong Instance occurs of Preeminence in our *Authors*. It is *Juliana* in the *Double Marriage*, who, thro' her whole *Character*, in conjugal Fidelity, unshaken Constancy and amiable Tenderness, ev'n more than rivals the *Portia* of *Shakespear*, and her *Death* not only far excells the others, but e'en the most *pathetic Deaths* that *Shakespear* has any where described or exhibited; King *Lear*'s with *Cordelia* dead in his Arms, most resembles, but by no Means equals it; The Grief, in this Case, only pushes an *old Man* into the *Grave*, already *half buried* with Age and Misfortunes; In the other, it is such *consummate Horror*, as in a few Minutes *freezes Youth and Beauty* into a *Monumental Statue*. The last Parallel I shall mention, shall give *Shakespear* his due Preference, where our *Authors* very visibly emulate but cannot reach him. It is the Quarrel of *Amintor and Melantius* in the *Maids Tragedy* compared to that of *Brutus* and *Cassius*. The Beginning of the Quarrel is upon as just Grounds, and

and the Paſſions are wrought up to as great Violence, but there is not ſuch extreme *Dignity* of Character, nor ſuch noble Sentiments of *Morality* in either *Amintor* or *Melantius* as in *Brutus*.*

Having thus giv'n, we hope, pretty ſtrong Proofs of our *Authors* Excellence in the *Sublime*, and ſhewn how near they approach in Splendor to the *great Sun* of the *Britiſh Theatre*; Let us now juſt touch on their *Comedies* and draw one Parallel of a very different Kind. *Horace* makes a Doubt whether *Comedy* ſhould be call'd *Poetry* or not, *i. e.* whether the Comedies of *Terence*, *Plautus*, *Menander*, &c. ſhould be eſteem'd ſuch, for in its own Nature there is a *Comic Poetic Diction* as well as a *Tragic* one; a Diction which *Horace* himſelf was a great Maſter of, tho' it had not then been uſed in the *Drama*; for ev'n the ſublimeſt Sentiments of *Terence*, when

* One *Key* to *Amintor*'s Heroiſm and Diſtreſs, will, I believe, ſolve all the Objections that have been rais'd to this Scene; which will vaniſh at once by only an *occaſional Conformity* to our Authors *ethical* and *political* Principles. They held *Paſſive Obedience* and *Non-reſiſtance to Princes* an indiſpenſable Duty; a Doctrine which Queen *Elizabeth*'s Goodneſs made her Subjects fond of imbibing, and which her *Succeſſor's King-craft* with far different Views, carried to its higheſt Pitch. In this Period, our Authors wrote, and we may as well quarrel with *Taſſo* for Popery, or with *Homer* and *Virgil* for *Heatheniſm*, as with our Authors for this Principle. It is therefore the violent Shocks of the higheſt Provocations ſtruggling with what *Amintor* thought his eternal Duty; of *Nature* rebelling againſt *Principle* (as a famous *Partiſan* for this Doctrine in *Queen Ann*'s Reign expreſs'd it, when he happen'd not to be in the Miniſtry) which drive the *Heroic Youth* into that *Phrenſy*, which makes him challenge his deareſt Friend for eſpouſing too revengefully his own Quarrel againſt the *ſacred Majeſty* of the moſt *abandonedly wicked King*. The ſame *Key* is neceſſary to the Heroiſm of *Æcius*, *Aubrey*, *Archas*, and many others of our Author's Characters; in all which the Reader will perhaps think, there is ſomething unnaturally abſurd; but the Abſurdity is wholly chargeable on the Doctrine not on the Poets.

his *Comedy raiſes its Voice* to the greateſt Dignity, are ſtill not cloath'd in *Poetic Diction*. The *Britiſh Drama* which before *Jonſon* receiv'd only ſome little Improvement from the *Models* of *Greece* and *Rome*, but ſprung chiefly from their own *Moralities*, and *religious Farces*; and had Birth extremely ſimilar to what the *Grecian Drama* originally ſprung from; differed in its Growth from the *Greeks* chiefly in two Particulars. The latter ſeparated the *ſolemn* Parts of their religious Shews from the *Satiric Farcical* Parts of them, and ſo form'd the diſtinct Species of *Tragedy* and *Comedy*; the *Britons* were not ſo happy but ſuffer'd them to continue united, ev'n in Hands of as great or greater Poets than *Sophocles* and *Euripides*. But they had far better Success in the ſecond Inſtance. The *Greeks* appropriated the Spirit and Nerves of Poetry to *Tragedy* only, and tho' they did not wholly deprive the *Comedy* of Metre, they left it not the Shadow of *Poetic Diction* and *Sentiment*;

Idcirco quidam, Comœdia necne Poema
Eſſet, quæſivêre: quod acer Spiritus ac Vis
Nec Verbis nec rebus ineſt.

The *Britons* not only retain'd Metre in their Comedies, but alſo all the *acer Spiritus*, all the Strength and Nerves of Poetry, which was in a good Meaſure owing to the Happineſs of our blank Verſe, which at the ſame time that it is capable of the higheſt *Sublimity*, the moſt extenſive and nobleſt *Harmony* of the *Tragic* and *Epic*; yet when uſed familiarly is ſo near the *Sermo Pedeſtris*, ſo eaſy and natural as to be well adapted ev'n to the drolleſt *Comic Dialogue*. The *French* common Metre is the very

very Reverſe of this; it is much too ſtiff and formal either for *Tragedy* or *Comedy*, unable to riſe with proper Dignity to the Sublimity of the one, or to deſcend with Eaſe to the jocoſe Familiarity of the other. Beſides the Cramp of Rhime every Line is cut aſunder by ſo ſtrong a *Cæſure*, that in *Engliſh* we ſhould divide it into the *three-foot Stanza*, as

When Fanny *blooming Fair*
Firſt caught my raviſh'd Sight,
Struck with her Shape and Air
I felt a ſtrange Delight.

Take one of the Rhimes from theſe, and write them in two Lines, they are exactly the ſame with the *French Tragic* and *Epic* Metre.

When Fanny *blooming Fair, firſt caught my raviſh'd Sight,*
Struck with her Air and Shape, I felt a ſtrange Delight.

In a Language where this is their ſublimeſt Meaſure, no wonder that their greateſt Poet ſhould write his *Telemaque* an *Epic Poem* in *Proſe*. Every one muſt know that the *genteel Parts of Comedy*, Deſcriptions of polite Life, moral Sentences, paternal Fondneſs, filial Duty, generous Friendſhip, and particularly the Delicacy and Tenderneſs of Lovers' Sentiments are equally proper to Poetry in *Comedy* as *Tragedy*; in theſe Things there is no ſort of real Difference between the two, and what the *Greeks* and *Latins* form'd had no Foundation in Nature; our old Poets therefore made no ſuch Difference,

and their Comedies in this Reſpect vaſtly excel the *Latins* and *Greeks*. *Jonſon* who reform'd many Faults of our *Drama*, and follow'd the Plans of *Greece* and *Rome* very cloſely in moſt Inſtances, yet preſerv'd the Poetic Fire and Diction of Comedy as a great Excellence, How many Inſtances of inimitable *Poetic Beauties* might one produce from *Shakeſpear's Comedies?* Not ſo many yet extremely numerous are thoſe of our Authors, and ſuch as in an ancient Claſſic would be thought *Beauties* of the firſt Magnitude. Theſe lie before me in ſuch Variety, that I ſcarce know where to fix. But I'll confine myſelf chiefly to *Moral Sentiments*. In the *Elder Brother*, *Charles* the Scholar thus ſpeaks of the Joys of *Literature*; being ask'd by his Father——

——— *Nor will you*
Take care of my Eſtate? Char. *But in my Wiſhes;*
For know, Sir, that the Wings on which my Soul
Is mounted, have long ſince born her too high
To ſtoop at any Prey that ſoars not upwards.
Sordid and Dunghill Minds, compos'd of Earth,
In that groſs Element fix all their Happineſs;
But purer Spirits, purg'd, refin'd, ſhake off
That Clog of human Frailty. Give me leave
T'enjoy myſelf; that Place that does contain
My Books, *my beſt Companions, is to me*
A glorious Court, where hourly I converſe
With the old Sages *and* Philoſophers;
And ſometimes, for Variety, I confer
With Kings *and* Emperors, *and weigh their*
Counſels;

Calling

Calling their Victories, *if unjuſtly got,*
Unto a ſtrict Account, and, in my Fancy,
Deface their ill-plac'd Statues.

Vol. II. Page 3.

In *Monſieur Thomas*, a Youth in Love with his *Friend*'s intended Wife, after reſiſting the greateſt Temptations of *Paſſion*, is thus encouraged by the young *Lady* to perſevere in his Integrity.

Francis. *Whither do you drive me?*
Cellide. *Back to your* Honeſty, *make that good ever,*
'Tis like a ſtrong-built Caſtle *ſeated high,*
That draws on all Ambitions; *ſtill repair it,*
Still fortify it: there are thouſand Foes,
Beſide the Tyrant Beauty *will aſſail it.*
Look to your Centinels *that watch it hourly,*
Your Eyes, *let them not wander,*———
———*Keep your* Ears,
The two main Ports *that may betray ye, ſtrongly*
From light Belief *firſt, then from* Flattery,
Eſpecially where Woman *beats the* Parley;
The Body *of your* Strength, *your noble* Heart
From ever yielding to diſhoneſt Ends,
Ridg'd round about with Virtue, *that no* Breaches,
No ſubtle Mines *may find you,**

As

* Our Authors, in carrying the Metaphor of a *Citadel* compar'd to the *Mind* thro' ſo many Diviſions, ſeem to have built on the Foundation of St. *Paul*, who in like manner carries on a Metaphor from *Armour* thro' its ſeveral Parts. *Epheſians* vi. 11.

Put

As *Cellide* had before us'd a *light Behaviour* in Trial of his Virtue, upon finding it only a *Trial*, and receiving from her this virtuous Lecture, he rejoins;

How

Put on the whole Armour of God——having your *Loins* girt about with *Truth*, and having on the *Breaſt-plate* of *Righteouſneſs*.——Above all, taking the *Shield* of *Faith*, wherewith ye ſhall be able to quench all the *fiery Darts* of the wicked; and take the *Helmet* of *Salvation*, and the Sword of the *Spirit* which is the *Word of God*. See alſo the ſame Metaphor in *Iſaiah* lix. 17. from whom St. *Paul* took his. Were I to quote our Author's frequent Reſemblance to the Stile and Sentiments of the *Scriptures*, another very large Field would open to us; and this would help us to the Solution of two Queſtions, which they who have a juſt Taſte of the Excellencies of our old *Engliſh* Poets naturally ask: 1. How came the *Britiſh* Muſe in the very Infancy of Literature, when but juſt ſprung from the dark Womb of monkiſh Superſtition, to riſe at once to ſuch Maturity, as ſhe did in *Spenſer*, *Shakeſpear*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, *Jonſon* and *Maſſenger*? 2. What Spirit is it that has animated the *frozen Foggy Genius of Britain* into a nobler and fiercer Flame of *Poetry* than was ever yet kindled in the bright invigorating Climes of *France* and modern *Italy*; inſomuch, that a *Gallic* and *Italian* Eye is dazled and offended at the Brightneſs of the nobleſt Expreſſions of *Milton*, and the Authors above-mention'd? We anſwer. It was no leſs a Spirit than the *Spirit of God*, it was the *Sun of Righteouſneſs*, the *hallow'd Light* of the *Scriptures* that was juſt then riſen on the *Britiſh* Clime, but is ſtill hid in Clouds and Darkneſs to *France* and *Italy*. A *Light* to which the brighteſt Strokes of *Milton* and *Shakeſpear* are but as the Rays of the Mid-day *Sun*, when compared to that *ineffable inconceivable Luſtre* which ſurrounds the *Throne* of *God*. When the Zeal of Religion ran high, and a Collection of far the *nobleſt Poems* that were ever wrote in the World, thoſe of *Job*, *David*, *Iſaiah* and all the *Prophets* were daily read, and publickly, ſolemnly and learnedly commented upon, in almoſt every Town in the Kingdom; when every Man thought it a Diſgrace not to ſtudy them in private, and not to treaſure the nobleſt Parts of them in his Memory, what wonder was it that our Poets ſhould catch ſo much of the ſacred Fire, or that the *Britiſh Genius* ſhould be array'd with the Beams of the *Eaſt*? But when the Love of the *Scriptures* waxed faint, the *Nerves* of our *Poetry* grew in the ſame Proportion weak and languid. One of the beſt Means therefore to gain a true Taſte of the extreme Poetic Sublimity of the ſacred *Scriptures*, is to converſe with thoſe *Poets* whoſe Stile and Sentiments moſt reſemble them. And the very beſt Means to reſtore the *Britiſh Genius* to its priſtin Vigour, and to

create

——————*How like the Sun*
Labouring in his Eclipſe, dark *and* prodigious
She ſhew'd till now? when having won his way,
How full of Wonder he breaks out *again*
And ſheds his virtuous Beams?

Such Paſſages as theſe are frequent in our *Authors Comedies*; were they expreſt only in genteel Proſe, they would rank with the very nobleſt Paſſages of *Terence*, but what Reaſon upon Earth can be aſſign'd, *but meer Faſhion*, why, becauſe they are Parts of *Comedies*, they ſhould be weakened and flatned into †Proſe by drawing the *Sinews* of their *Strength* and *eclipſing* thoſe *poetic Beams* that ſhed Vigour, Life and Luſtre on every Sentiment?——

Such *Poetic* Excellence therefore will the Reader find in the genteel Parts of our *Author's Comedies*, but, as before hinted, there is a *Poetic Stile* often equally proper and excellent ev'n in the loweſt *Drollery of Comedy*. Thus when the jocoſe old *Miramont* in the *Elder Brother* catches auſtere ſolemn *Magiſtrate Briſac* endeavouring to debauch his *Servant's Wife*—Before he breaks in upon him, he ſays;

O,

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create other *Shakeſpears* and other *Miltons*, is to promote the Study, Love and Admiration of thoſe Scriptures.

A concurrent Cauſe, which raiſed the Spirit of *Poetry* to ſuch a Height in *Queen Elizabeth's Reign*, was the Encouragement and Influence of the *Queen* herſelf; to whom *polite Literature* was the moſt courtly Accompliſhment. Look into *Spenſer*'s Deſcription of her Lords and Favourites, and you'll find a *learned Queen* made a whole Court of Poets, juſt as an *amorous Monarch* afterwards made every flow'ry Courtier write Romance; and Martial Princes have turn'd intimidated Armies into Heroes.

† There is much leſs *Proſe* left in this Edition than there was in all the former; in which the *Meaſure* was often moſt miſerably neglected

O, th' infinite Frights that will aſſail this Gentleman!
The Quartans, Tertians, *and* Quotidians,
That'll hang, like Sergeants, *on his* Worſhip's *Shoulders!*
How will thoſe ſolemn Looks appear to me,
And that ſevere Face *that* ſpake Chains and Shackles!

How ſmall a Change of the Comic Words would turn this into the Sublime? ſuppoſe it ſpoke of *Nero* by one who knew he would be at once deſerted by the *Senate* and *Army*, and giv'n up to the Fury of the *People*.

What infinite Frights will ſoon aſſail the Tyrant?
What Terrors *like ſtern* Lictors *will arreſt him?*
How will that fierce terrific Eye appear,
Whoſe ſlighteſt Bend ſpake Dungeons, Chains, and Death?

Such as the former, is the general Stile of our *Author*'s Drollery, particularly of *Fletcher*'s; *Beaumont* deals chiefly in another Species, the *Burleſque Epic*. Thus when the little Comic *French Lawyer* is run *Fighting-mad*, and his *Antagoniſt* excepts againſt his Shirt for not being *laced* (as Gentlemen's Shirts of that Age uſed to be) he anſwers,

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neglected. *Wit without Money*, the very firſt Play which fell to my Lot to prepare for the Preſs after Mr. *Theobald*'s Death, was all printed as Proſe, except about twenty Lines towards the End; but the Reader will now find it as true Meaſure as almoſt any *Comedy* of our *Authors*.

Baſe

Baſe and degenerate Couſin, doſt not know
An old and tatter'd Colours to an Enemy,
Is of more Honour, and ſhews more ominous?
This Shirt five Times victorious I've fought under,
And cut thro' Squadrons of your curious Cut-works,
As I will do thro' thine; ſhake and be ſatisfy'd.

This *Stile* runs thro' many of *Beaumont*'s Characters, beſide *La-writ's*, as *Lazrillo*, *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, *Beſſus*'s two *Swordſmen*, &c. and he has frequent Alluſions to and ev'n Parodies of the ſublimeſt Parts of *Shakeſpear*; which both Mr. *Sympſon* and Mr. *Theobald* look upon as *Sneers* upon a Poet of greater Eminence than the ſuppoſed *Sneerer* (a very great * Crime if true) but I believe it an entire *Miſtake*. The Nature of this *Burleſque Epic* requires the frequent Uſe of the moſt known and moſt acknowledged Expreſſions of Sublimity, which apply'd to low Objects render *them*, not the *Author* of thoſe Expreſſions, ridiculous. Almoſt all Men of Wit make the ſame uſe of *Shakeſpear* and *Milton*'s Expreſſions in common Converſation without the leaſt Thought of ſneering either; and indeed if every Quotation from *Shakeſpear* thus jocularly apply'd in

* For a further Defence of our Authors from this Imputation, ſee Note 31 of *The Little French Lawyer*, Vol. IV. page 248; and Note 29 of *The Woman-Hater*, Vol. X. page 250. In both which there is a Miſtake with regard to the *Author* of thoſe Plays. When I wrote the Notes, I ſuppos'd it *Fletcher*, till *Beaumont*'s Letter at the End of *The Nice Valour*, gave me a Key, which is given to the Reader in the firſt Section of the Preface, and which explains the Difference of *Manner* between *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

a real

a real *Sneer* upon him, then all *Burleſque Sublime* is a *Sneer* upon the *real Sublime*, and *Beaumont* ſneer'd himſelf as well as *Shakeſpear*.

From theſe three ſhort Specimens the Reader will form, we hope, a juſt Idea of the three Stiles uſed in our *Author's Comedies*, the *Sublime*, the *droll Poetic*, and the *burleſque Sublime*. There is indeed a ſmall Mixture of *Proſe*, which is the only Part of our old Dramatic Poets Stile that Moderns have vouchſafed to imitate. Did they acknowledge the Truth, and confeſs their Inability to riſe to the *Spirit*, *Vigour*, and *Dignity* of the other *Stiles*, they were pardonable. But far from it, our reform'd Taſte calls for *Proſe* only, and before *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s Plays can be endur'd by ſuch *Attic Ears*, they muſt be *corrected* into *Proſe*, as if, becauſe well-brew'd *Porter* is a wholſom Draught, therefore *Claret* and *Burgundy* muſt be daſhed with *Porter* before they were drinkable. For a true Specimen of our *Modern Taſte*, we will give the Reader one Cup of our *Author's Wine* thus *porteriz'd*, and that by *One* who perfectly knew the *Palate* of the *Age*, who pleaſed it greatly in this very Inſtance, and ſome of whoſe *Comedies* have as much or more Merit than any Moderns except *Congreve*. Mr. *Cibber* has conſolidated two of our *Author*'s Plays, *The Elder Brother*, and *The Cuſtom of the Country*, to form his *Love makes a Man; or, The Fop's Fortune*. In the former there are two old *French* Noblemen, *Lewis* and *Briſac*, the firſt proud of his Family and Fortune, the other of his Magiſterial Power and Dignity; neither Men of Learning, and therefore both preferring courtly Accompliſhments, and the Knowledge of the World, to the deepeſt Knowledge

ledge of Books, and the moſt extenſive Literature. Such Characters exclude not good Senſe in general, but in that Part of their Characters only where their Foibles lie; (as *Polonius* in *Hamlet* is a Fool in his pedantic Foibles, and a Man of Senſe in all other Inſtances) accordingly *Fletcher* makes *Briſac* and *Lewis* thus treat of a Marriage between their Children.

Bri. *Good Monſieur* Lewis, *I eſteem myſelf*
Much honour'd in your clear Intent to join
Our ancient Families, and make them one;
And 'twill take from my Age and Cares, to live
And ſee what you have purpos'd put in Act;
Of which your Viſit at this preſent is
A hopeful Omen; I each Minute expecting
Th' Arrival of my Sons; I have not wrong'd
Their Birth for want of Means and Education,
To ſhape them to that Courſe each was addicted;
And therefore that we may proceed diſcreetly,
Since what's concluded raſhly ſeldom proſpers,
You firſt ſhall take a ſtrict Peruſal of them,
And then from your Allowance, your fair Daughter
May faſhion her Affection. Lew. *Monſieur* Briſac,
You offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you
In the ſame Line of Honour; and, I hope,
Being bleſt but with one Daughter, I ſhall not
Appear impertinently curious,
Though, with my utmoſt Vigilance and Study,

I labour to beſtow her to her Worth:
Let others ſpeak her Form, and future Fortune
From me deſcending to her, I in that
Sit down with Silence. Bri. *You may, my Lord, ſecurely*
Since Fame aloud proclaimeth her Perfections,
Commanding all Mens Tongues to ſing her Praiſes.

I quote not this as an Inſtance of the *Sublime*, but of our *Authors genteel Dialogue* enliven'd by a few *Poetic Figures*, as in the laſt Lines *Fame* is *perſonis'd* and commands the Tongues of Men. Now let us ſee this Dialogue *modernis'd:* The Names of the old Gentlemen being chang'd to *Antonio* and *Charino*, they thus confer.

Ant. *Without Compliment, my old Friend, I ſhall think myſelf much honour'd in your Alliance; our Families are both ancient, our Children young, and able to ſupport 'em; and I think the ſooner we ſet 'em to work the better.*

Cha. *Sir*, you offer fair and nobly, *and ſhall find I dare meet you in the* ſame Line of Honour; *and I hope, ſince I have but one Girl in the World, you won't think me a troubleſome old Fool, if I endeavour to beſtow her to her Worth; therefore, if you pleaſe, before we ſhake Hands, a Word or two by the bye, for I have ſome conſiderable Queſtions to ask you.*

Ant. *Ask 'em.*

Cha. *Well, in the firſt Place, you ſay you have two Sons.*

Ant. *Exactly.*

Cha.

Cha. *And you are willing that one of 'em ſhall marry my Daughter?*

Ant. *Willing.*

Cha. *My Daughter* Angelina?

Ant. Angelina.

Cha. *And you are likewiſe content that the ſaid* Angelina *ſhall ſurvey 'em both, and (with my Allowance) take to her lawful Husband, which of 'em ſhe pleaſes?*

Ant. *Content.*

Cha. *And you farther promiſe, that the Perſon by her (and me) ſo choſen (be it elder or younger) ſhall be your ſole Heir; that is to ſay, ſhall be in a conditional Poſſeſſion, of at leaſt three Parts of your Eſtate. You know the Conditions, and this you poſitively promiſe?*

Ant. *To perform.*

Cha. *Why then, as the laſt Token of my full Conſent and Approbation, I give you my Hand.*

Ant. *There's mine.*

Cha. *Is't a Match?*

Ant. *A Match.*

Cha. *Done.*

Ant. *Done.*

Cha. *And done!——that's enough——*

Strike out an Expreſſion or two of *Fletcher*'s, and a couple of Graſiers would have put more Senſe into an *Ox-bargain*. I blame not the *Author*, if a Man's Cuſtomers reſolve to pay the Price of *Champaign*, and yet inſiſt upon *Mild and Stale*, who would refuſe it them? This is only a Specimen of the *Taſte* of the late *wonderfully enlightned Age*. But as *Shakeſpear* and *Milton* have already in a good meaſure diſpers'd the Clouds of *Prejudice* which had long obſcur'd their Excellencies; 'tis to be

hop'd that our Eyes are now inur'd to bear the Luſtre of ſuch *Poets*, who moſt reſemble theſe *Suns of* Britain. To ſuch Readers therefore who are deſirous of becoming acquainted with the Excellencies of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, I ſhall beg leave to recommend their Plays to be read in the following Order, beginning with which Species they like beſt.

CLASS I.

Tragedies and Tragi-Comedies.	Paſtoral.	Comedies.
Maid's Tragedy vol. 1	Faithful Shepherdeſs vol. 3	Elder Brother vol. 2
Philaſter vol. 1		Rule a Wife and have a Wife vol. 3
King and no King vol. 1		Little *French* Lawyer vol. 4
The Two Noble Kinſmen vol. 10		Wit without Money vol. 2
The Double Marriage vol. 7		*Spaniſh* Curate vol. 2
The Bloody Brother, or *Rollo* vol. 5		Nice Valour, or Paſſionate Mad-Man vol. 10
The Falſe One vol. 4		
The Knight of *Malta* vol. 7		
Valentinian vol. 4		

CLASS II.

Laws of Candy vol. 4	Burleſque Sublime.	Fair Maid of the Mill.
Loyal Subject vol. 3		Fair Maid of the Inn.
The Iſland Princeſs vol. 8		Wild-gooſe Chaſe.
Thierry and *Theodoret* vol. 10		Monſieur *Thomas*.
Wife for a Month vol. 5		The Chances.
Bonduca vol. 6		Honeſt Man's Fortune.
		Cuſtom of the Country.
		Beggar's Buſh.
		The Captain.
		The Sea-Voyage.
		Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid.
		Coxcomb.
	The Knight of the Burning Peſtle vol. 6	Woman-Hater.
		Wit at ſeveral Weapons.
		Women pleas'd.
		Tamer tam'd.

CLASS III.

The Coronation vol. 9	Mask vol. 10	Pilgrim vol. 5
The Queen of *Corinth* vol. 6	Moral Repreſentations vol. 10	Love's Pilgrimage vol. 7
The Lover's Progreſs vol. 5		Night-Walker vol. 8
The Propheteſs vol. 6		Noble Gentleman vol. 8
Cupid's Revenge vol. 9		

The

The Reader will find many excellent things in this laſt Claſs, for the Plays of our Authors do not differ from each other near ſo much as thoſe of *Shakeſpear*. The three laſt Tragedies are detruded ſo low on Account of their *Magic* and *Machinery*, in which our Authors fall ſhorter of *Shakeſpear* than in any other of their Attempts to imitate him. What is the Reaſon of this? Is it that their *Genius* improv'd by Literature and polite Converſation, could well deſcribe *Men* and *Manners*, but had not that *poetic* that *creative Power* to form new Beings and new Worlds,

——— *and give to airy Nothings*
A local Habitation and a Name.———

as *Shakeſpear* excellently deſcribes his own Genius? I believe not. The *Enthuſiaſm* of *Paſſions* which *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* are ſo frequently rapt into, and the vaſt Variety of diſtinguiſh'd Characters which they have ſo admirably drawn, ſhew as ſtrong Powers of Invention as the Creation of *Witches* and *raiſing* of Ghoſts. Their Deficiency therefore in *Magic* is accountable from a Cauſe far different from a *Poverty of Imagination*; it was the accidental *Diſadvantage of a liberal and learned Education: Sorcery*, *Witchcraft*, *Aſtrology*, *Ghoſts*, and *Apparitions*, were then the univerſal Belief of both the *great Vulgar and the ſmall*, nay they were even the *Parliamentary*, the *National Creed*; only ſome *early-enlightned Minds* ſaw and contemn'd the whole ſuperſtitious Trumpery: Among theſe our *Authors* were probably initiated from their School-days into a deep-grounded Contempt of it, which breaks out in many parts of their Works, and particularly in

The Bloody Brother and *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, where they began that admirable Banter which the excellent *Butler* carry'd on exactly in the same Strain, and which, with such a *Second*, has at last drove the *Bugbears* from the Minds of almost all Men of common Understanding. But here was our Authors Disadvantage; the Taste of their Age call'd aloud for the Assistance of *Ghosts* and *Sorcery* to heighten the Horror of *Tragedy*; this Horror they had never felt, never heard of but with Contempt, and consequently they had no *Arche-types* in their own Breasts of what they were call'd on to describe. Whereas *Shakespear* from his low Education had believ'd and felt all the Horrors he painted; for tho' the Universities and Inns of Court were in some degree freed from these Dreams of Superstition, the Banks of the *Avon* were then *haunted* on every Side.

There tript with printless Foot the Elves of Hills,
Brooks, Lakes, and Groves; there Sorcery bedimn'd
The Noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous Winds,
And 'twixt the green Sea and the azur'd Vault
Set roaring War, &c. Tempest.

So that *Shakespear* can scarcely be said to create a new World in his *Magic*; he went but back to his native Country, and only dress'd their *Goblins* in poetic Weeds; hence ev'n *Theseus* is not attended by his own Deities, *Minerva*, *Venus*, the *Fauns*, *Satyrs*, &c. but by *Oberon* and his *Fairies:* Whereas our *Authors* however aukwardly they treat of *Ghosts* and *Sorcerers*, yet when they get back to *Greece* (which was as it were their *native Soil*) they introduce the *Classic Deities* with Ease and Dignity, as

Fletcher

Fletcher in particular does in his *Faithful Shepherdess*, and both of them in their *Masks*; the last of which is put in the third Class not from any Deficiency in the Composition, but from the Nature of the allegorical Mask which, when no real Characters are intermix'd, ought in general to rank below Tragedy and Comedy. Our Authors, who wrote them because they were in Fashion, have themselves shew'd how light they held them.

They must commend their King, and speak in praise
Of the Assembly; bless the Bride and Bridegroom
In Person of some God; they're ty'd to Rules
Of Flattery. ———

Maid's Tragedy, Act 1. Scene 1.

This was probably wrote by *Beaumont* with an eye to the *Mask at* Gray's Inn, as well as Masks in general. The Reader will find a farther Account of our Authors Plays, and what Share Mr. *Shirley* is suppos'd to have had in the Completion of some that were left imperfect in Mr. *Sympson*'s *Lives of the Authors*. But before I finish my Account of them, it is necessary to apologise for a Fault which must shock every modest Reader: It is their frequent use of *gross* and *indecent* Expressions. They have this Fault in common with *Shakespear*, who is sometimes more gross than they ever are; but I think Grossness does not occur quite so often in him. In the second Class of Parallel Passages where the Hands of *Shakespear* and our Authors were not distinguishable, I omitted one Instance for Decency sake, but I will insert it here as proper to the Subject we are now upon. *Philaster* being violently agitated by Jealousy, and firmly believing his Mistress

to have been looſe, thus ſpeaks of a Letter which he has juſt receiv'd from her,

——— ——— *O, let all Women*
That love black Deeds learn to diſſemble here!
Here, by this Paper, ſhe doth write to me,
As if her Heart were Mines of Adamant
To all the World beſide; but unto me,
A Maiden Snow that melted with my Looks.

Vol. 1. Page 131, of this Edit.

Strength and Delicacy are here in perfect Union. In like manner *Poſthumus* in *Cymbeline*, Act 2. agitated by as violent a Jealouſy of his Wife, thus deſcribes her ſeeming Modeſty:

——— ——— ——— *O Vengeance! Vengeance!*
Me of my lawful Pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me oft Forbearance, did it with
A Pudency ſo roſy, the ſweet Look on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; *that I thought her*
As chaſte as unſunn'd Snow.———

This is a moſt amiable Picture of conjugal Delicacy, but it may be juſtly objected that it draws the Curtains of the Marriage-bed, and expoſes it to the View of the World; and if the Reader turns to the Speech of which it is a Part, he will find much groſſer Expreſſions in the Sequel. But theſe were ſo far from offending the Ears of our Anceſtors, that *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, tho' ſo often guilty of them, are perpetually celebrated by the Writers of their own and of the following Age, as the great *Reformers* of the *Drama* from *Bawdry* and

and *Ribaldry*. Thus when *Fletcher*'s charming Paſtoral, *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*, had been damn'd by its firſt Night's Audience, *Jonſon* ſays that they damn'd it for want of the vitious and bawdy Scenes which they had been accuſtom'd to, and then breaks out in a Rapture worthy of *Jonſon*, worthy of *Fletcher*.

I that am glad thy Innocence was thy Guilt,
And wiſh that all the Muſes Blood *was ſpilt*
In ſuch a Martyrdom, *to vex their Eyes*
Do crown thy murder'd Poem, &c.

Yet even this Pattern of Chaſtity is not free from Expreſſions which would now be juſtly deem'd too groſs for the Stage. Sir *John Berkenhead*, ſpeaking of *Fletcher*'s Works in general, ſays,

And as thy Thoughts were clear, ſo innocent,
Thy Fancy *gave no unſwept Language Vent,*
Slander'ſt no Laws, prophan'ſt no holy Page,
As if thy * Father's Croſier *rul'd the Stage.*

Our Poets frequently boaſt of this *Chaſtity* of Language themſelves. See the Prologue to *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle*. *Lovelace*, a Poet of no ſmall Eminence, ſpeaks of the great Delicacy of Expreſſion ev'n in the *Cuſtom of the Country*.

View here a looſe Thought ſaid with ſuch a Grace,
Minerva *might have ſpoke in* Venus' *Face,*
So well diſguis'd, that 'twas conceiv'd by none,
But Cupid *had* Diana's *Linnen on.*

* Fletcher *Biſhop of* London.

Yet of this Play *Dryden* asserts that it contains more Bawdry than all his Plays together. What must we say of these different Accounts? Why 'tis clear as Day, that the Stile of the Age was so chang'd, that what was formerly not esteem'd in the least Degree indecent, was now become very much so; just as in *Chaucer*, the very filthiest Words are us'd without Disguise, and says *Beaumont* in excuse for him, he gave those Expressions to low Characters, with whom they were then in common Use, and whom he could not therefore draw naturally without them. The same Plea is now necessary for *Beaumont* himself and all his contemporary Dramatic Poets; but there is this grand and essential Difference between the gross Expressions of our old Poets, and the more *delicate Lewdness* of modern Plays. In the former, gross Expressions are generally the Language of low Life, and are giv'n to Characters which are set in despicable Lights: In the latter, *Lewdness* is frequently the Characteristic of the *Hero* of the Comedy, and so intended to inflame the Passions and corrupt the Heart. Thus much is necessary in Defence, not only of our *Authors*, but of Mr. *Sympson* and myself, for engaging in the Publication of Works which contain a great many Indecencies, which we could have wish'd to have been omitted; and which, when I began to prepare my Part of the Work for the Press, I had actually struck off, as far as I could do it without injuring the Connection of the Context; but the Booksellers press'd, and indeed insisted upon their Restoration: They very sensibly urged the last-mentioned Plea, and thought that the bare Notion of a curtail'd Edition would greatly prejudice the Sale of it. We hope therefore that the Reader will not be too severe on the Editors

of

of *Works* which have great Excellencies, and which in genereal tend to promote Virtue and Chaſtity, tho' the Cuſtom of the *Age* made the Authors not entirely abſtain from Expreſſions not then eſteem'd groſs, but which now muſt offend every modeſt Ear.

Hitherto we have treated of our Authors and their Merit, ſomething muſt be added of the Attempt of the preſent Editors to clear them from that Maſs of Confuſion and Obſcurity flung upon them by the Inaccuracy of former Editors, or what was worſe, by the Wilfulneſs and Ignorance of our old Players, who kept moſt of their Plays many Years in Manuſcript as mere Play-houſe Properties, to be changed and mangled by every new Actor's Humour and Fancy. As this was the Caſe of moſt of our old Plays, the learned Mr. *Upton* ſeems ſtrangely miſtaken in aſſerting that no more Liberty ought to be taken in the Correction of the old [mangled] Text of *Shakeſpear*, than with the two firſt [accurate] Editions of *Paradiſe Loſt*. Upon this groundleſs Aſſertion are built thoſe very undeſerved Reflections upon the eminent *Editors* of *Shakeſpear* who are compar'd to the *Vice* of the old Comedy beating their Author's original Text with their Daggers of Lath. Surely ſomething very different from ſuch Sarcaſm is due from every true Lover of *Shakeſpear* to thoſe Editors whoſe Emendations have clear'd ſo many Obſcurities, and made ſo many Readers ſtudy and perceive innumerable Excellencies which had otherwiſe been paſs'd over unnoted and perhaps deſpis'd. For verbal Criticiſm, when it means the reſtoring the true Reading to the mangled Text, very juſtly holds the Palm from every other Species of Criticiſm, as it cannot be perform'd with

with Succeſs without comprehending all the reſt; it muſt clearly perceive the Stile, Manner, Characters, Beauties and Defects: And to this muſt be added ſome Sparks of that *original Fire* that animated the *Poet's own Invention.* No ſooner therefore were *Criticiſms* wrote on our *Engliſh* Poets, but each deep-read Scholar whoſe ſeverer Studies had made him frown with contempt on Poems and Plays, was taken in to read, to ſtudy, to be enamour'd: He rejoic'd to try his Strength with the Editor, and to become a *Critic* himſelf: Nay, even Dr. *Bentley*'s ſtrange Abſurdities in his Notes on *Milton*, had this good Effect, that they engag'd a *Pierce* to anſwer, and perhaps were the firſt Motives to induce the greateſt *Poet*, the moſt univerſal *Genius*, One of the greateſt *Orators*, and One of the moſt *induſtrious Scholars* in the Kingdom each to become Editors of *Shakeſpear.* A *Pope*, a *Warburton*, and a *Hanmer* did Honour to the *Science* by engaging in Criticiſm; but the Worth of that *Science* is moſt apparent from the Diſtinction Mr. *Theobald* gain'd in the learned World, who had no other Claim to Honour but as a *Critic* on *Shakeſpear.* In this Light his Fame remains freſh and unblaſted tho' the *Lightning* of Mr. *Pope* and the *Thunder* of Mr. *Warburton* have been both lanch'd at his Head. Mr. *Pope* being far too great an *Original* himſelf to ſubmit his own Taſte to that of *Shakeſpear*'s was fairly driven out of the Field of Criticiſm by the plain force of Reaſon and Argument; but he ſoon retir'd to his *poetic Citadel*, and from thence play'd ſuch a *Volley* of *Wit* and *Humour* on his *Antagoniſt*, as gave him a very groteſque *Profile* on his Left; but he never drove him from his *Hold* on *Shakeſpear*, and his Countenance on that Side is ſtill clear and unſpotted.

Mr.

Mr. *Warburton*'s Attack was more dangerous, but tho' he was angry from the apprehenſion of perſonal Injuries, yet his Juſtice has ſtill left Mr. *Theobald* in poſſeſſion of great Numbers of excellent Emendations, which will always render his Name reſpectable. The mention of the Merit of *Criticiſm* in eſtabliſhing the Taſte of the Age, in raiſing Reſpect in the Contemptuous, and Attention in the careleſs Readers of our old Poets, naturally leads us to an Enquiry. Whence it comes to paſs, that whilſt almoſt every One buys and reads the Works of our late Critical Editors, nay almoſt every Man of Learning aims at imitating them and making Emendations himſelf, yet it is ſtill the Faſhion to flurt at the Names of *Critic* and *Commentator*, and almoſt to treat the very Science with Deriſion. The Enquiry has been often made by *Critics* themſelves, and all have ſaid, that it was owing to the ſtrange Miſtakes and Blunders of former Critics, to Mens engaging in a *Science* which they had neither Learning nor Talents to manage and adorn. Each thinking himſelf exempt from the Cenſure, and each having it retorted upon him in his Turn. If this is the Caſe, I'm afraid all Remedy is hopeleſs; if the great Names above-mentioned did really want Abilities for the Province they undertook, who ſhall dare to hope that he poſſeſſes them? If frequent Miſtakes in an Editor are totally to ſink his Merit, who can eſcape the common Wreck?--- But I am far from thinking this to be the ſole or even the principal Cauſe; and the two, which I ſhall aſſign as much greater Inlets to this Diſgrace on the Art of Criticiſm, are ſuch as admit of the eaſieſt Remedy in the World, a Remedy in the Power of *Critics* themſelves, and which their own Intereſt loudly calls on them all to apply. The firſt Cauſe

is;

is; that in a Science the moſt fallible of all others, depending in a great Meaſure on the tottering Bottom of mere *Conjecture*, almoſt every Critic aſſumes the Air of *Certainty*, *Poſitiveneſs* and *Infallibility*; he ſeems ſure never to miſs his Way, tho' in a Wilderneſs of Confuſion, never to ſtumble in a Path always gloomy, and ſometimes as dark as Midnight. Hence he *dogmatizes*, when he ſhould only *propoſe*, and dictates his *Gueſſes* in the *Deſpotic Stile*. The Reader, and every Rival Editor, catches the ſame Spirit, all his Faults become unpardonable, and the Demerit of a few Miſtakes ſhall o'erwhelm the Merit of all his juſt Emendations: He deems himſelf perfect, and Perfection is demanded at his Hands; and this being no where elſe found but by each Writer in his own Works, every *Putter-forth* of two or three Emendations ſwells as big, and flings his Spittle as liberally on a *Warburton*, a *Hanmer*, or a *Theobald*, as if he were the *Giant* and they the *Dwarfs* of Criticiſm; and he has, upon the Suppoſition of Perfection being neceſſary, this evident Advantage of them, that an Editor of three or four Emendations has a much better Chance to avoid Miſtakes than the Editors of three or four thouſand; tho' it has generally happen'd, that they who were very obſcure in Merit have had their Demerits as glaring as the moſt voluminous Editors.

From the ſame Source ariſes the ſecond ſtill more remarkable Cauſe of *Critical Diſgrace*, it is the *ill Language* and *ungentleman-like Treatment* which *Critics* have ſo frequently given their Rivals. If the Profeſſors of the ſame *Science* are continually cuffing and buffeting each other, the World will ſet them on, laugh at, and enjoy the ridiculous Scuffle. Is it not amazing, that *ignorant*, *abſurd*, *blundering* *Dunces*

Dunces and *Blockheads* ſhould be the common Epithets and Titles, that Gentlemen of Learning and liberal Education beſtow on each other, for ſuch Miſtakes as they know that all their *Brother Critics* have been conſtantly guilty of, and which nothing but the vaineſt Self-ſufficiency can make them ſuppoſe themſelves exempt from?

——————————*eheu*
Quam temere in noſmet Legem ſancimus iniquam!

If we ourſelves are guilty of the very ſame ſort of Miſtakes for which we ſtigmatize others as Blunderers and Blockheads, we brand our own Foreheads by our own *Verdict*, *Obloquy* upon us is bare *Juſtice*, and we become *Blunderers* and *Blockheads* upon *Record*. The firſt remarkable Introducer of Critical Editions of our *Engliſh* Poets thought his ſuperior Learning gave him a Right to tyrannize and trample upon all his Rival Editors; but having none to exerciſe his Fury upon, in his Edition of *Paradiſe Loſt*, he raiſed a *Phantom Editor*, in the Perſon of whom he flung Dirt upon *Milton himſelf*. But the preſent worthy *Biſhop of Bangor* not only clear'd his *beloved Poet* from ſuch unjuſt Aſperſions, but ſhew'd that he could anſwer Slander, Sneer and Obloquy, with Decency, Candour, and good Manners. Happy had it been for the learned World, had thoſe excellent Notes been at firſt joined to *Milton's Text*; that his *Candour*, and not the other's *Coarſeneſs*, might have been the Standard of Critical Language; but as great Part of thoſe Notes are now engrafted into Dr. *Newton*'s elegant Edition, it is to be hop'd that they will henceforth become ſo. Happy for us had it been too, if Sir *Thomas Hanmer* had

had carry'd on that *Candour* and *good Manners* which appear in his *Preface* into a Body of Notes upon his Author; he had not only placed his Emendations in a much fairer and more conſpicuous Light; he had not only avoided the Objection which ſome have made of an arbitrary Inſertion of his Alterations into the Text; but he would have ſet us an Example of Elegance and Politeneſs of Stile, which we muſt perhaps in vain hope for from any Man, that has not been long exerciſed in one of the great Schools of *Rhetoric*, the *Houſes of Parliament*; unleſs ſome other *eminent Orator* or another *Speaker* ſhould become an Editor, as well as a Patron of Criticiſms. Mr. *Theobald*, who was a much better Critic on *Shakeſpear* than Dr. *Bentley* had been on *Milton*, yet follow'd the Doctor's *Stile* and *Manner*, and in ſome meaſure deſerv'd the Laſh he ſmarted under in the *Dunciad*; for tho' he had a right to correct Mr. *Pope*'s Errors upon *Shakeſpear*, he had none to uſe ſo exalted a Character with the leaſt Diſreſpect, much leſs with Deriſion and Contempt. Mr. *Upton* a Gentleman of very diſtinguiſh'd Literature, has in his *Remarks* on *Shakeſpear* follow'd this Stile of Triumph and Inſult over his Rival *Critics*, and as this Gentleman will, I hope, long continue his Services to the learned World, I will endeavour to convince him of the Injuſtice and ill Policy of ſuch Treatment of them. The beſt *Canon* to judge of an Editor's Merits, ſeems to be a Computation of the good and bad Alterations which he has made in the Text; if the latter are predominant he leaves his Author worſe than he found him, and *Demerits* only appear at the bottom of the Account: If the good are moſt numerous, put the bad ones on the ſide of *Debtor*, *ballance* the whole, and we ſhall eaſily

eaſily ſee what Praiſes are due to him. Now if ſome hundred good Ones remain upon *Ballance* to each of the three laſt *Editors* of *Shakeſpear*, how unjuſt is it for a Publiſher of only thirty or forty Alterations (ſuppoſing them all to be perfectly juſt) to ſpeak with contempt of thoſe, whoſe Merits are ſo much more conſpicuous than his own? But to do this, without an Aſſurance of being himſelf exempt from the like Miſtakes, is as *impolitic* as it is *unjuſt*. I have not now time for an Examination of this Gentleman's Criticiſms on *Shakeſpear*; but I will chooſe a very particular *Specimen of his Miſtakes*, for it ſhall be the very ſame which a real Friend of this Gentleman publiſh'd as a *Specimen of his Excellencies*, in Mr. *Dodſley*'s *Muſæum*, a monthly Pamphlet then in great Repute. This *Specimen* conſiſted of two Alterations which the Letter-Writer thought very happy ones. The firſt was in *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, Act 2. Sc. 4. The *Soothſayer* thus adviſes *Antony* to ſhun the Society of *Cæſar*.

> ——— *O* Antony, *ſtay not by his Side.*
> *Thy* Dæmon, *that's thy Spirit which keeps thee, is*
> *Noble, couragious, high, unmatchable,*
> *Where* Cæſar's *is not. But near him thy Angel*
> *Becomes a* Fear.———

i. e. becomes not only fearful but ev'n *Fear itſelf*. The Image is extremely poetical; for as *Antony*'s *Dæmon* was according to the Heathen Theology *perſoniz'd* and made ſomething different from *Antony*, ſo the Paſſion of *Fear* is not only *perſoniz'd*, but ev'n *pluraliz'd*: The Imagination beholds many *Fears*, and *Antony*'s Spirit becomes one of them. Thus

Thus *Doubts* and *Fears* are perſoniz'd in *Macbeth*, and become his vexatious Companions.

——*I'm cabin'd, crib'd, bound in*
To ſawcy Doubts and Fears.

Thus *God* himſelf perſonizes *Fear*, and ſends it among the *Canaanites* as the Harbinger of *Iſrael*. *Exodus* xxiii. and xxvii. And again in *Ezekiel* xxx. 13. He ſays, *I will put a* Fear *in the Land of* Egypt. Thus the Companions of *Mars* in *Homer* are Δεῖμος τ' ἠδὲ Φόβος. Δ. 440. *Terror* and *Fear*. But the Inſtance the moſt appoſite, is in *The Maid's Tragedy*, where the forlorn *Aſpatia* ſees her Servant working the Story of *Theſeus* and *Ariadne*, and thus adviſes her to puniſh the Perfidy of the former.

In this Place work a Quick-ſand,
And over it a ſhallow ſmiling Water,
And his Ship ploughing it; and then a Fear,
Do that Fear *bravely.* Vol. I. p. 3.

Here tho' Fear could only in Painting be expreſs'd on their Countenances, yet Poetry goes farther,

——*and gives to airy Nothings*
A local Habitation and a Name.

Theſe are thoſe *great Strokes* which a Man muſt be born with a Soul to perceive as well as write, otherwiſe not all the Reading of an *Upton* or a *Bentley* can give the leaſt Idea of them. Theſe are thoſe inimitable Graces of Poetry which a *Critic*'s Pencil ſhould no more dare to retouch than a modern

modern Painter ſhould the Cheek or Eye of a *Raphael*'s *Madona*. For ſee how flat and dim it will appear in this Gentleman's celebrated Alteration, he reads,

——— *but near him thy Angel*
Becomes afear'd *. How

* There is a Paſſage in *Anthony*'s Anſwer to this Speech, which ſeems miſunderſtood by all the Editors of *Shakeſpear*. *Anthony* confirming what the *Soothſayer* had ſaid of *Cæſar*'s ſuperior Fortune, adds,

------- *The very Dice obey him,*
And in our Sports my better Cunning *faints*
Under his Chance. *If we draw Lots, he ſpeeds;*
His Cocks do win the Battel ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his Quails ever
Beat mine in-hoop'd *at odds.*———

Here is evidently a ſad *Anti-climax*: His Cocks win the Battle of mine when it is all to nought on my Side, and his Quails, fighting *in a Hoop*, beat mine when the Odds are on my Side. What a falling off is there! Sir *Thomas Hanmer* chooſes to make the *Quail-fighting* be in *Coops* rather than *Hoops*, and reads *in-coop'd*; but the *Anti-climax* is ſtill the ſame; and, I believe, aroſe originally only from the miſplacing the *Hyphen*, and the Omiſſion of a Letter. *Spelling*, indeed, was very undetermin'd in that Age, and to *whoop* or hollow, might have been ſpelt *hoop*, without the *w*; I read therefore,

——— *and his Quails ever*
Beat mine in whoop'd-at *Odds.*———

i. e. when the Odds are ſo great, that the *Betters* on my Side *ſhout* and *whoop* for Victory. All who have been in a *Cock-pit* will have a clear Idea of this: Flatneſs and *Anti-climax* will be avoided, and the ſoaring Spirit of *Shakeſpear* will recover its own Vigour. The firſt old *Folio* has no *Hyphen*, but reads thus,

Beat mine (in hoopt) *at Odds.*

The Parentheſis ſeems added as a Confeſſion that they did not know what to make of the Words *in hoopt*. This Emendation is ſtill farther confirm'd by a very juſt and learned Obſervation of Mr. *Upton*, who has given a Key to *Anthony*'s Character, as drawn by *Shakeſpear*, which ſhews the Poet's great Accuracy in Characteriſtics. He obſerves from *Plutarch*, that *Anthony* affected the aſiatic Stile in common Diſcourſe;

How ſhould we have flatned our Authors if we had, as the *Rehearſal* calls it, *tranſpros'd* them in the like manner? *In*

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which was, ſays *Cicero*, *verbis volucre et incitatum, exornatum et nimis redundans.* I have before obſerv'd that the Aſiatic Stile and Sentiments are from the Scriptures adopted by the *Engliſh*, and particularly by *Shakeſpear*; but he has given both *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* a Rapidity and Boldneſs of Metaphors that approaches even to Phrenſy, which was peculiarly proper to their Characters. Of this I ſhall give an Inſtance, which, I think, has been hitherto miſunderſtood in two if not more Places. Act 1. Scene 6. *Cleopatra* is talking of *Anthony* then in *Rome*, and ſays of him,

> ——— *He's ſpeaking now,*
> *Or murm'ring*, where's my Serpent of old *Nile?*
> *For ſo he calls me; now I feed myſelf*
> *With moſt delicious Poiſon: Think on me*
> *That am with* Phœbus' *am'rous Pinches black,*
> *And wrinkled deep in Time. Broad-fronted* Cæſar,
> *When thou waſt here above the Ground, I was*
> *A Morſel for a Monarch*, &c.

The Editions which diſtinguiſh *Anthony*'s Speech, either by *Italics* or Commas, make him only ſay, *where's my Serpent of old* Nile? the reſt is *Cleopatra*'s own. But ſurely it is a ſtrange Compliment only to call her a *Serpent of Nile.* And why then does ſhe mention it as a Wonder that he ſhould ſay ſuch rapturous things of her in her Decline of Life? No, *Anthony*'s Speech ſhould be continued as the Metaphor is,

> ——— *Where's my Serpent of old* Nile?
> ——— *Now I feed myſelf*
> *With moſt delicious Poiſon.* ———

Both Parts belong to him; and then ſhe goes on, *Think*, ſays ſhe, *that he utters ſuch Raptures as theſe on me, tho' now wrinkled deep in Time.* But after this, why is *Cæſar* call'd *broad-fronted?* Is there the leaſt ground from Medals, Statues, or Hiſtory, for ſuch a Deſcription of him? No, but the very Reverſe. Look on his Medals, and particularly on the fine Bronze at Dr. *Mead*'s, and you'll find that he has a remarkably *ſharp Forehead.* But there is a Peculiarity in *Cæſar*'s *Forehead* mention'd by all Hiſtorians, and confirm'd by Medals and Statues. He was *bald*, and boaſted that he would cover his Temples with

In this Place work a Quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling Water,
And his Ship ploughing it, and them afear'd;
Do their *Fear bravely.*—— The

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with Laurels instead of Hair; and for that purpose, after he was *Dictator*, constantly wore his Laurel-Crown. I read therefore,

—— Bald-*fronted* Cæsar.

It is perfectly in Character for *Cleopatra* to mention a Blemish in *Cæsar*, for she a little below shews a Contempt for his Memory, in comparison of her *Anthony*. In the same Scene there are two other Expressions which seem not hitherto understood; *Alexas* giving an Account of *Anthony*'s Message to *Cleopatra:*

Alex. *Good Friend, quoth he,*
Say the firm Roman *to great* Ægypt *sends*
This Treasure of an Oyster; at whose Foot,
To mend the petty Present, I will piece
Her opulent Throne with Kingdoms. All the East,
Say thou, shall call her Mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an Arm-gaunt *Steed,*
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,
Was, Beast-like, dumb'd by him.

To *piece*, to this Day signifies to join two Pieces together, or to fasten new Parts to any thing, as *to piece a Rope, to piece a Beam*, &c. *To piece her Throne with Kingdoms* is therefore exceedingly clear. I will join new Kingdoms to her Dominions, and make her Queen of *Asia* as well as *Ægypt*. This Sense seems to have been overlook'd by Sir *Thomas Hanmer* and Mr. *Warburton*, or else I know not why they chang'd it to *pace*, which seems much more obscure than the former. Sir *Thomas* makes another Change in these Lines, for *arm-gaunt* he reads *arm-girt:* I suppose he meant *with Arms or Shoulders bound round with Trappings*. The Expression is very stiff in this Sense, and justly rejected by Mr. *Warburton*, who restores *arm-gaunt*, and explains it of a War-Horse grown *gaunt* or lean by long Marches and frequent Fights. But why must *Anthony*, after a profound Peace and a long Revel in the Arms of *Cleopatra* upon his Return to *Rome*, have nothing to ride but an old batter'd lean War-Horse? Beside, lean Horses are seldom remarkable like this for neighing loud and vigorously. By *Arm* we all understand the *Shoulder*,

The second Instance quoted in the *Musæum* as a Proof of Mr. *Upton*'s Excellency, is his Alteration of another of *Shakespear*'s *peculiar Graces* in the following celebrated Passage.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold Obstruction, and to rot:
This sensible warm Motion to become
A kneaded Clod, and the delighted *Spirit*
To bathe in fiery Floods, or to reside
In thrilling Regions of thick-ribbed Ice.

The Epithet *delighted* in the fourth Line is extremely beautiful, as it carries on the fine Antithesis between the Joys of Life and the Horrors of Death. *This sensible warm Motion must become a kneaded Clod, and this Spirit, delighted* as it has hitherto been with the soothing Delicacies of Sense and the pleasing Ecstasies of youthful Fancy, *must bathe in fiery Floods.* This is peculiarly proper from a Youth just snatch'd from Revelry and Wantonness, to suffer the anguish and Horror of a shameful Death. But this beautiful Sense not being seen, Mr. *Upton* makes the first Editor surprisingly blind indeed, for he says

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in *Latin, Armus*; *gaunt* is *lean* or *thin.* It is common for Poets to mention the most distinguish'd Beauty of any thing to express Beauty in general, by *Synecdoche* a Part is put for the whole: *Arm-gaunt* therefore signifies *thin-shoulder'd*, which we know to be one of the principal Beauties of a Horse, and the Epithet has, from the uncommon use of either part of the compound Word in this Sense, an *antique Dignity* and Grandeur in Sound that Poets much delight in.

But I must suppress this Career in Criticising on *Shakespear.* These Passages have fall'n directly in my way, and one seldom opens a Scene of his where one meets not many Objects of new Criticisms, tho' Men of such great Abilities and Learning have been before us, and possess'd themselves of the most remarkable.

that

that he did not ſee the Abſurdity of a Spirit's being *delighted to bathe in fiery Floods.* Upon ſuppoſition therefore of this Abſurdity being chargeable on the old Text, he alters *delighted Spirit* to *delinquent Spirit:* A Change which totally loſes the whole Spirit of the Poet's original Sentiment. Theſe are ſuch Miſtakes, that neither the moſt extenſive Literature nor the Accuracy of a *Locke*'s Judgment can ſecure a Man from; nor indeed any thing but a *Poetic Taſte*, a Soul that

Is of Imagination all compact,
That can follow *Shakeſpear* in his ſtupendous Flights,
And ſhoot from Earth to Heav'n, from Heav'n to Earth. Midſummer Night's Dream.

But ſhould ſuch a Genius contemn and deride Men of cooler Reaſon and ſuperior Knowledge? No; nor ſhould the deep-read Scholar deſpiſe him. Great Learning and Quickneſs of Parts very rarely meet in one Breaſt: When they do, they are excellent indeed; but ſeparately they are extremely valuable. Far therefore from Contempt or Variance, they ſhould, like Siſter-Sciences, love and accord, and *each in Honour prefer the other to itſelf.* Mr. *Upton* poſſeſſes the firſt of theſe Characters in a very eminent Degree, and the † learned World have only to complain

† This Gentleman has given us a Specimen of an Edition of the *Greek Teſtament* which he is preparing for the Public, and it is quite amazing that the Precepts of that Book have not prevail'd with him to lay aſide the Stile of Inſult on all his Fellow-Labourers in the Explanation of the Goſpel. He propoſes a Solution of two remarkable Difficulties; and all the venerable and learned Names the *Hammonds*, *Whitbys*, *Prideauxes*, &c. as well as thoſe of other Nations and Ages who have before attempted to ſolve them, he calls weak Defenders, and their Attempts ridiculous.

complain of his impoſing mere Conjectures upon them for abſolute Certainties, and of his rough Treatment of

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One of the Paſſages is *Matthew* ii. 23. *And he came and dwelt in a City call'd* Nazareth, *that it might be fulfilled which was ſpoken by the Prophets, He ſhall be call'd a* Nazarene.

The Difficulty here is, to find any Propheſy in the Old Teſtament, that does expreſly aſſert *Chriſt*'s being to be call'd a *Nazarene*. To this many of the ancient Chriſtians ſay, that the Apoſtle refers to ſome Writings of the Prophets then extant, but which are now loſt. But St. *Jerom*, and from him Dr. *Whitby*, has given the following Solution of the Difficulty. The Evangeliſts when they refer to a particular Propheſy, ſpeak in the ſingular Number, *by the Prophet*; but here it is in the Plural, διὰ τῶν προφητῶν, by the Prophets; ſo that St. *Matthew*, ſays St. *Jerom*, does not refer to any particular Propheſy, as in other Inſtances, but to the Senſe of the ancient Propheſies in general, which were, that *Chriſt* ſhould be an *Alien to his Brethren, and a Foreigner to his Mother's Sons. That he ſhould ſuffer Reproach and Shame, that he ſhould be deſpis'd and rejected*, &c. Theſe Propheſies were fulfilled in his being call'd a *Nazarene*. For the *Galileans* in general were by the *Jews* held infamous. *Search and look, for out of* Galilee *ariſeth no Prophet*, ſay the whole *Sanhedrim*; and *Nazareth* was the moſt infamous of all the Towns of *Galilee*. The juſt *Nathanael* was ſo carry'd away by prejudice againſt it, that it ſtagger'd his Faith when *Philip* told him, that *Jeſus of* Nazareth was the *Meſſiah*. *Can any good thing*, ſays he, *come out of* Nazareth? One *Ben Nezer*, a famous Robber of *Nazareth* had greatly contributed to this Infamy on the Town, and we find by the Reception the *Nazarenes* gave our *Saviour* when he firſt preach'd amongſt them and declar'd himſelf the *Meſſiah*; that they were really the moſt hardned in their Wickedneſs of all the Cities of *Judæa*. The *Jews* therefore gave the Name of *Nazarene* to *Chriſt*, and *Nazarenes* to Chriſtians as a high Mark of Infamy. And thus were the antient Propheſies relating to the Infamy that Chriſt was to ſuffer literally fulfill'd in his being call'd a *Nazarene*. Add to this what ſeveral learned Men have obſerv'd, that *Nazarene* ſignifies a Perſon ſeparate, as *Joſeph* and *Sampſon*, two eminent Types of Chriſt were *Nazarenes*, Perſons ſeparate to God, and our Saviour their *Arche-Type*, is ſaid by the Apoſtle to be *ſeparate* from Men in the nobleſt Senſe of the Word, he was *ſeparate from Sin*, the *Holy One of God*. The Margin of our Bibles refer us too to *Iſaiah* xi. 1. *And there ſhall come forth a Rod out of the Stem of* Jeſſe, *and a* Netzer *ſhall grow out of his Roots*. Here the original Word, which is tranſlated *Branch* in the *Engliſh*, ſay Men well vers'd in *Hebrew*, is the ſame with the *Nazarene*, the ſeparate One, the holy One.---Dr. *Whitby* does not aſſent to this being fulfill'd by his being call'd a *Nazarene*; for, ſays he, he was as much the Separate, the Holy One, before he dwelt in

of his Brother Critics, and then to acknowledge its Obligations to him for many judicious Criticiſms and Emenda-

in *Nazareth* as after.----The Reaſon ſeems quite inconcluſive---and the very learned Dr. *Jackſon* had long before Dr. *Whithy* ſhew'd it to be ſo; for ſays he, It well ſuited the all-controlling Providence of God to make the Enemies of Chriſt give him by way of Reproach a Name which he had preordain'd for him as a Name of Dignity and Honour. Thus the Title on the Croſs----*Jeſus the* Nazarene *the King of the* Jews---was Diſgrace and Taunt in the Intentions of his Crucifiers, but in the Counſels of God was Dignity and Truth.----But ſays Mr. *Upton* of ſuch Solutions as theſe,

Non tali auxilio, non Defenſoribus iſtis
Tempus eget.

Had Dr. *Bentley*, ſays he, taken the Paſſage in hand, he would have known what to defend, how far, and where to ſtop. For the Words ὅπως πληρωθῇ, &c.----*that it might be fulfilled*, &c. are only the *marginal Note* of ſome *Cabaliſtical Annotator*. This he aſſerts with as much poſitiveneſs as if he had been a Witneſs to ſuch Inſertion, and knew the Method how it afterwards crept into the Text of every Manuſcript in every Church thro' the whole World; for no Pretence is added of any ſingle Manuſcript ſupporting this bold Attack on a Part of the ſacred Text. If it may be ſuppoſed that ſuch an Interpolation might have infected all the Copies that have reached our Age; is there the leaſt Probability that it could have infected them all before St. *Jerom*, or that ſo very learned a Man as He ſhould not have had the leaſt Suſpicion of it?

A ſecond Difficulty which Mr. *Upton* would ſolve in the ſame manner, is in *Luke* ii. 1. *There went out a Decree from* Cæſar Auguſtus *that all the World ſhould be taxed, and this Taxing was firſt made when* Cyrenius *was Governor of* Syria. Now it is certain, that *Cyrenius* was not Governor of *Syria* till above Ten Years after the Birth of our Saviour. So that the Times do not coincide. The Fact was this; *Auguſtus*, three Years before our Saviour's Birth, order'd that an Enrollment ſhould be made of the Names, Families, and Poſſeſſions of all the *Roman* Empire, in order to lay a Tax upon them. As this took up ſome Years in being executed, it reach'd *Judæa* the third Year at the very Time of our Saviour's Birth. But *Judæa* not being then reduced to a *Roman* Province, but govern'd by its own Kings, no Tax was levied in conſequence of this Enrollment till about eleven Years afterwards, when *Archelaus* the Son of *Herod* being baniſh'd, *Judæa* was made a Province and the Tax deſign'd was then levied, not without violent Oppoſition and great Bloodſhed. To clear the Evangeliſt, (who being a Man of Learning could not err, had he had no divine Aſſiſtance, in ſo notorious a Fact) Dr. *Prideaux* tranſlates the Paſſage

Emendations on *Shakeſpear* and other Authors. *Shakeſpear* alone is a vaſt Garden of Criticiſm, where tho'

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thus: Αυτη ἡ ἀπογραφὴ πρώτη ἐγένετο.---This Tax firſt took effect or was firſt levied when *Cyrenius* was Governor of *Syria*. It was only an Enrollment before, but then it became a Tax. Dr. *Whitby* offers another Interpretation, which has ſince been almoſt univerſally adopted by all Men of Learning before Mr. *Upton*. This Enrollment πρώτη ἐγένετο, was prior to that which hapned when *Cyrenius* was Governor, &c. And that the Word πρώτη moſt generally bears that Senſe in the Scriptures, he produces four Inſtances from the *Septuagint*, four from the Evangeliſts, and to prove it *Greek* gives one from *Ariſtophanes*. He farther adds, that the ſlighteſt change of the Letters πρὸ τῆς inſtead of πρώτη will give this Senſe indiſputably. But Dr. *Whitby* is unwilling to make the leaſt Change without abſolute Neceſſity. Not ſo Mr. *Upton*, he pronounces abſolutely, that the Words are ſpurious and nothing but a marginal Note of ſome Perſon ignorant in Chronology, which ſome Tranſcriber inſerted into the Text, and the Error was propagated from Copy to Copy. This is really a Boldneſs and Extravagance of Criticiſm as great as any which this Gentleman complains of in Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, and of ten millions of times worſe Conſequence. Sir *Thomas*, in expunging or changing whole Sentences of *Shakeſpear*, could plead the length of Time which moſt of his Plays continued in Manuſcript amongſt the Players, and the unlimited and unaccountable Liberties which every new Actor took, in altering things to ſuit his own Whim or the Taſte of the Audience. But does Mr. *Upton* conſider how differently the Goſpels were propagated, that St. *Luke*'s in particular was very early diſpers'd thro' all the Churches, each of which were watchful Guardians of this their ſacred Treaſure? I make the Number ſmall, when I ſay it is probable that not leſs than Ten thouſand Copies of this Goſpel were diſpers'd in the Apoſtles own Life-time. It muſt have been near a Century at leaſt after this before we can ſuppoſe any Man ſo ignorant of Hiſtory as not to know that our Saviour was born when *Herod* was King of *Judæa*, and not when *Cyrenius* was Governor of that and the reſt of the Province of *Syria*. There muſt have been by that Time at leaſt four times as many Copies of St. *Luke*'s Goſpel as there were before. Now ſuppoſing ſome one of theſe Forty thouſand Copies to have had ſuch an Interpolation made in it: It muſt be the ſtrangeſt thing in the World, that People from Age to Age ſhould all tranſcribe from this Copy only, and not one Church or one Man ſee the notorious Abſurdity of ſuch a Paſſage, ſuppoſing the Words would admit of no other Interpretation, than that *Chriſt* was born when *Cyrenius* was Governor of *Syria*. An Abſurdity, full as glaring as the following Paſſage would have been, ſuppoſing it put in an *Engliſh* Hiſtory. *Such a Perſon was born in the Reign of King* Charles *the Second, juſt at*

the

tho' the Editors have pull'd up great Numbers of Weeds, and the View is much improv'd, yet many are ſtill left, and each of the Editors have miſtakingly pull'd up ſome Flowers which want to be replac'd. And this will be the Fate of every Critic who knows not every ſingle *Word*, *Hiſtory*, *Cuſtom*, *Trade*, &c. that *Shakeſpear* himſelf knew, which at this diſtance of Time is next to an Impoſſibility. What room therefore for Quarrels and Inſults upon each other? *Veniam petimuſque damuſque*, ſhould be our general Rule and Motto. Without this we in this Edition ſtand ſelf-condemn'd. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* are another Field of Criticiſm next in Beauty to *Shakeſpear*, and like him over-run with Weeds, many of which are, we hope, now rooted out; and ſome real Flowers, we fear, miſtakingly pluckt up with them. Far

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the Time when the Bill of Excluſion was brought into Parliament. Now this Excluſion Bill, πρώτη ἐγένετο, was firſt made when William *Prince of* Orange *was King of* England. The Reduction of *Judæa* into a *Roman* Province under *Cyrenius*, was a Fact full as remarkable to the *Jews*, as the *Revolution* is to the *Engliſh*; and I think we muſt ſtay five or ſix Centuries before one ſingle Man could be found abſurd enough, to write even ſuch a marginal Note in an *Engliſh* Hiſtory. The Caſe is extremely ſimilar, and that ſuch a marginal Note ſhould be made, and afterwards adopted into the Text of all ſubſequent Editions is next to a moral Impoſſibility. If Mr. *Upton* therefore will reflect how great a Character Dr. *Bentley* tarniſh'd and almoſt ruin'd, by his bold Attacks on the Text of the *Scriptures*, by his Poſitiveneſs and Aſſurance in things of mere Conjecture, and by his Inſults on other Editors, ſurely he will no longer copy ſuch *Blemiſhes*, however he is tempted and enabled to emulate the ſhining Parts of the *Doctor*'s Character. Dr. *Bentley* was juſtly prevented from publiſhing his *Greek* Teſtament, and if Mr. *Upton* will candidly re-examine his own *Specimen*, he will find that it will be to him too, *Periculoſæ plenum opus Aleæ*. The Reader ſhould know that this Gentleman has ſince given up his Change in *Shakeſpear* of *delighted* to *delinquent*, ſuppoſing the former juſtifiable by a *Claſſical Authority*, but which not being quite ſimilar, by no means explains the intrinſic Beauty of the Paſſage.

there-

therefore from the leaſt Pretence to Perfection, from the leaſt Right to impoſe our Conjectures as infallible; we have only inſerted thoſe in the Text which for the Reaſons aſſign'd in the Notes appear'd more probable than the former Readings. We have endeavour'd to give fair Play to the old Text, by turning it on every Side, and allowing it all the Interpretations we could poſſibly affix to the Words, and where it appear'd corrupt, we never inſerted our own Reading without giving what we thought a probable Account of the Method how ſuch a Change had been before made. At leaſt, as I can properly ſpeak for myſelf only, theſe were the Rules I always wiſh to have follow'd, and endeavour'd to follow, as ſoon as I became a Principal in the Work. But the Share which I had in it, gives not the leaſt room for any thing like Completion on my Part. The Aſſiſtance which I gave Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon*, who publiſh'd about Two-thirds of the Work, was by neceſſary Avocations intermitted thro' ſeveral Plays, and the others more or leſs attended to, as Buſineſs or Company would permit, or as the Plays ſeem'd more or leſs to deſerve Attention. To what I printed myſelf, I only dedicated ſome few of the many leiſure Hours which I had in a Country Village, hoping for pardon for the Idleneſs rather than Merit from the Uſefulneſs of the Work. If theſe Notes ſhould ever go thro' a ſecond Edition, I ſhall gratefully acknowledge any Emendations either of them or the Text of our Authors, which any Reader will favour me with; and muſt ſay to each,

——— *Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis,*
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

THE Gentleman who is moſt oblig'd to *Shakeſpear*, and to whom *Shakeſpear* is moſt oblig'd of any Man living, hapning to ſee the former Sheet of the Preface, where at Page 51 and 52, *Shakeſpear*'s peculiar Superiority over our *Authors* in his *Magic*, is aſcrib'd to the accidental Advantage of a low Education; he could not well brook a Paſſage which ſeem'd to derogate from his Favourite. As *Shakeſpear* had as good Senſe as our Authors, he thought, he would be as free from real Superſtition. This does not always follow. Education will tincture even the brighteſt Parts. There is Proof that our *Authors* held all Sorcery, Witchcraft, *&c.* as mere Jugler's Tricks, but not the leaſt room to doubt of *Shakeſpear*'s having believ'd them in his Youth, whatever he did afterwards; and this is all that is aſſerted. Is this therefore a Derogation? No, it only ſhews the amazing Power of his Genius; a Genius which could turn the Bug-bears of his former Credulity into the nobleſt Poetic Machines. Juſt as Homer built his Machinery on the Superſtitions which he had been bred up to. Both indeed give great Diſtinction of Characters, and great poetic Dignity to the Dæmons they introduce; nay, they form ſome new Ones; but the Syſtem they build on is the Vulgar Creed. And here (after giving due Praiſe to the Gentleman above, for reſtoring *Shakeſpear*'s Magic to its genuine Horror, out of that low Buffoonery which former Actors and Managers of Theatres had flung it into) I ſhall ſhew in what Light *Shakeſpear*'s low Education always appear'd to me

me by the following Epitaph wrote many Years ſince, and publiſh'd in Mr. *Dodſley*'s Miſcellany.

Upon SHAKESPEAR's Monument at *Stratford* upon *Avon.*

Great Homer's *Birth ſev'n rival Cities claim,*
Too mighty ſuch Monopoly *of Fame:*
Yet not to Birth alone did Homer *owe*
His wondrous Worth; what Ægypt *could beſtow,*
With all the Schools of Greece *and* Aſia *join'd,*
Enlarg'd th' immenſe Expanſion of his Mind.
Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian Strain,
*The** Britiſh Eagle *and the* Mantuan Swan,
Tow'r equal Heights. But happier Stratford, *thou*
With inconteſted Laurels deck thy Brow;
Thy Bard *was thine* unſchool'd, *and from thee brought*
More than all Ægypt, Greece, *or* Aſia, *taught;*
Not Homer's *ſelf ſuch matchleſs Laurels won,*
The Greek *has* Rivals, *but thy* Shakeſpear *none.*

* *Milton.*

COM-

COMMENDATORY POEMS
ON
BEAUMONT and *FLETCHER*,
With NOTES Critical and Explanatory,
By Mr. *Theobald*, Mr. *Seward*, and Mr. *Sympſon*.

Printed under the Inſpection of Mr. Seward.

To my Friend Maſter JOHN FLETCHER, upon his *Faithful Shepherdeſs*.

I.

[1] I *Know too well, that, no more than the Man,*
That travels through the burning Deſarts, can,
When he is beaten with the raging Sun,
Half ſmother'd in the Duſt, have power to run
From a cool River, which himſelf doth find,
E'er he be ſlak'd; no more can he, whoſe Mind

[1] The Commendatory Poems were printed without Judgment or Order; ſeveral of them (particularly the firſt as rank'd in the late Editions) greatly injure our Authors by injudicious Encomiums, and have too little Merit to be republiſhed. Mr. *Theobald* left ſeveral Corrections upon theſe obſcure Poems, and many others would have been added, had not *Una Litura* appear'd the beſt Remedy. All are therefore now diſcarded but what appear'd worthy of the Reader's Attention, and theſe are rang'd according to the Order of Time in which they ſeem to have been wrote. *Beaumont* himſelf now leads in Defence of his Friend *Fletcher*'s charming Dramatic Paſtoral the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, which having been damn'd at its firſt Appearance on the Stage, *Beaumont* and *Jonſon*, with the Spirits of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, laſh the dull Herd for their ſtupid Ingratitude.

Joys

Joys in the Muſes, hold from that delight,
When Nature, and his full Thoughts bid him write.[2]
Yet wiſh I thoſe, whom I for Friends have known,
To ſing their Thoughts to no Ears but their own.
Why ſhould the Man, whoſe Wit ne'er had a ſtain,
Upon the publick Stage preſent his Vein,
And make a thouſand Men in Judgment ſit,
To call in queſtion his undoubted Wit,
Scarce two of which can underſtand the Laws,
Which they ſhould judge by, nor the Party's Cauſe?
Among the Rout, there is not one that hath
In his own cenſure an explicite Faith;
One company, knowing they judgment lack,
Ground their belief on the next Man in black:
Others, on him that makes ſigns, and is mute;
Some like, as he does in the faireſt Suit;
He, as his Miſtreſs doth; and ſhe, by chance:
Nor want there thoſe, who, as the Boy doth Dance
Between the Acts, will cenſure the whole Play;
Some, if the Wax-Lights be not new that day;
But multitudes there are, whoſe Judgment goes
Headlong according to the Actor's Cloaths.
For this, theſe publick things, and I agree
So ill, that, but to do a right for thee,
I had not been perſuaded to have hurl'd
Theſe few, ill-ſpoken Lines, into the World;

[2] *When Nature and his full Thoughts bid him write.*] Here ſays the judicious Writer of *Beaumont*'s Life in the General Dictionary, *Beaumont* evidently ſhews that he was fired with that violent Paſſion for Writing, which the Poets very juſtly call Inſpiration; and he makes this One Proof of *Beaumont*'s not being a mere Corrector of *Fletcher*'s Works but a joint Author. As I think I have collected ſome ſtronger Proofs of this, both external and internal than have been yet produc'd, and as I have already built the former Part of my Preface upon theſe Proofs, I ſhall place them before the Reader in the next Note juſt as they occurr'd to me.

Both

3 *Both to be read, and cenſur'd of by thoſe,*
Whoſe very Reading makes Verſe ſenſleſs Proſe:
Such

3 *Both to be read, and cenſur'd of by thoſe,*
Whoſe very Reading makes Verſe ſenſeleſs Proſe:] Here we ſee a Conſciouſneſs of the Poet's own Merit, and an Indignation at the ſtupidity of the Age he liv'd in, which ſeem to have been the Characteriſtics of *Beaumont* and *Jonſon*. This will appear ſtronger in the Proceſs of this Note, in which I ſhall endeavour to prove what Share *Beaumont* had in the Compoſition of the following Plays. I have already mention'd that Mr. *Earl*'s Teſtimony, wrote immediately after *Beaumont*'s Death, is deciſive as to *Beaumont*'s having the largeſt Share in the Compoſition of *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaſter*, and *The King and no King*, and that *Beſſus* in particular was drawn by him. [See Mr. *Earl*'s Poem below.] This was undoubtedly the Reaſon why *Beaumont*'s Name is put firſt in the old Quarto's of theſe Plays, publiſh'd by the Players after *Beaumont*'s Death but before *Fletcher*'s. For would the Players have complimented the Dead at the Expence of their living Friend, Patron, and Supporter? After two ſuch Proofs as theſe, general Expreſſions or even traditional Opinions of the Panegyrick-Writers thirty Years after are lighter than Vanity itſelf. From theſe Plays no Diſtinction of Hands between *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* was diſcern'd, nor any Suſpicion of ſuch a Diſtinction occur'd till I came to the *Woman Hater*, Vol. 10. which appear'd viſibly to have more of *Jonſon*'s manner than any Play I had before met with, which I mention'd at Note 29. on that Play, when deceiv'd as *Langbane* had been by the firſt Quarto (publiſh'd ſeveral Years after the Death of both the Authors) I verily thought that it had been *Fletcher*'s only. I had not then attended to the Poem of *Beaumont*'s to *Jonſon* publiſh'd at the End of *The Nice Valour*, and *Woman Hater*, by the ſecond Folio. If the Reader will conſult that Poem, Vol. 10. p. 365. he will find that it was ſent from the Country to *Jonſon* with two of the precedent Comedies not then finiſh'd, but which *Beaumont* claims as his own.

Ben, *when theſe Scenes are perfect, we'll taſte Wine,*
I'll drink thy Muſe's Health, thou ſhalt quaff mine.

It is plain that they had been his Amuſement during a Summer Vacation in the Country, when he had no Companion but his Muſe to entertain him; for all the former Part of the Poem is a Deſcription of the execrable Wine, and the more execrable Company which he was forc'd to endure. *Fletcher* therefore could not be with him. So that there are certainly two Comedies which properly belong to *Beaumont* only, which therefore we muſt endeavour to find out. The Verſes tell us that he acknowledg'd all he had to be owing to *Jonſon*, there is no doubt therefore of his imitating *Jonſon*'s Manner in theſe Comedies.

Shirley

Such as muſt ſpend above an Hour, to ſpell
A Challenge on a Poſt, to know it well. *But*

Shirley in the firſt *Folio*, and the Publiſher of the ſecond *Folio*, both agree in making the *Nice Valour* one of theſe Plays: Now this Play is extremely in *Jonſon*'s Manner as is obſerv'd in the beginning of the Preface and at Note 8. on the Verſes to *Jonſon*. The Prologue of this Play has no Weight being wrote ſeveral Years after it, but the Epilogue was evidently wrote in the Author's Life-time, probably either by the Author himſelf, or elſe by his Friend *Jonſon:* For 'tis extremely like *Jonſon* in his *Prologues* and *Epilogues*, who generally lets his Audience know, that if they did not admire him it was their Faults not his. So this Epilogue makes the Author declare

——— *the Play is good,*
He ſays, * *he knows it, if well underſtood.* [* The Author.

How unlike is this to *Fletcher* and *Shakeſpear*'s manner, who, when they join together in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, are even *Modeſty itſelf?* See the *Prologue* and *Epilogue* to that Play, Vol. 10. the latter has theſe Lines;

And yet miſtake me not, I am not bold,
We've no ſuch Cauſe. If the Tale we have told
(For 'tis no other) any way content,
(For to that honeſt Purpoſe it was meant)
We have our End; and ye ſhall have e'er long,
I dare ſay many a better to prolong
Your old Loves to us.———

I hope the Reader will now ſee ſufficient Grounds to believe that the *Nice Valour* was *Beaumont*'s Play: It is not Demonſtration, but it is a high Degree of Probability. But ſtill the Diſtinction of Manner from *Fletcher*, in perſonizing the Paſſions and not drawing from real Life ſpoke of above, will not follow if *Fletcher* wrote *The Woman-Hater*, as the firſt Edition in *Quarto* of that Play aſſerts, but the ſecond contradicts it and puts *Beaumont*'s Name firſt in the Title Page, and claims its Changes from the Author's Manuſcript. The Publiſher of the ſecond *Folio* follows the ſecond *Quarto*, and makes it one of the Plays referr'd to in *Beaumont*'s Verſes. The Prologue appears to be wrote by the Author himſelf, ſpeaks of himſelf in the ſingular Number, and ſhews great Confidence in the Goodneſs of the Play, and an utter Contempt of Two-penny Gallery Judges. Here *Beaumont*'s Hand therefore ſeem'd viſible. I therefore began to recollect which of the foregoing Plays moſt reſembled this, to ſee what Light might be gain'd from them; the firſt that occurr'd

But since it was thy Hap to throw away
Much Wit, for which the People did not pay,
Because

occurr'd was *The Knight of the burning Pestle*, which is all *Burlesque Sublime*, as *Lazarillo*'s Character in the *Woman-Hater* is throughout. Here all the Editions give the *Knight* to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, this therefore is clear, and the Prologue of that Play is in Stile and Sentiments so exactly like that of *The Woman-Hater*, that the same Hand undoubtedly drew both. Believing therefore that the *Nice Valour* was *Beaumont*'s only, and that he had at least the greatest Share of *The Woman-Hater* and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, I proceeded to other Plays, and first to *The Little French Lawyer*, where *La-writ* runs *Fighting-mad* just as *Lazarillo* had run *Eating-mad*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *Romance-mad*; *Chamont* in the *Nice Valour*, *Honour-mad*, &c. This is what our old *English* Writers often distinguish by the Name of *Humour*. The Stile too of *La-writ*, like *Lazarillo*'s and the *Knight*'s, is often the *Burlesque Sublime*. Here I found the Prologue speaking of the *Authors* in the Plural Number, i. e. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. There is a good deal of the same *Humour* in *The Scornful Lady* wrote by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, as all the *Quartos* declare. The Publishers of *The General Dictionary*, whose Accuracy deserves the highest Applause, have help'd me to another Play, *The Martial Maid*, in which *Beaumont* had a Share, and *Jonson*'s Manner of characterising is very visible; an effeminate Youth and a masculine young Lady are both reform'd by Love, like *Jonson*'s *Every Man in his Humour*, and *Every Man out of his Humour*. *Wit without Money* and *The Custom of the Country* which have *Beaumont*'s Name first in all the Editions, have something of the same Hand, particularly in *Valentine*'s extravagant Contempt of Money, and do great Honour to *Beaumont* as both are excellent Plays, and the first an incomparable one. *Shirley* supposes *The Humorous Lieutenant* to be one of the Plays referr'd to by *Beaumont*'s Verses to *Jonson*, and the Publisher of *Beaumont*'s *Poems*, which came out about five Years after *Shirley*'s *Folio* of our Author's Plays, has wrote under that Poem *The Maid in the Mill*: This, I suppose, was a marginal Note of Somebody who believ'd *Beaumont* to have been a joint Author in that Play: It seems highly probable that he was so in both these Plays, as the *Lieutenant* and *Bustapha* are both strong *Caracatures* and much in *Beaumont*'s *Manner*. *The False One* mentions the Authors in the Plural Number, and I believe *Beaumont* chiefly drew the Character of *Septimius* which gives Name to the Play; but whatever Share he had in that Play it does him great Honour. *Cupid*'s *Revenge*, which all the Editions ascribe to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, is only spoil'd from being a very good Tragedy by a ridiculous Mixture of Machinery; this Play, *The Noble Gentleman*, and *The Coxcomb*, are all that remain which have any sort of external

Becauſe they ſaw it not, I not diſlike
This ſecond Publication, which may ſtrike
Their Conſciences, to ſee the thing they ſcorn'd,
To be with ſo much Wit and Art adorn'd.
Beſides one 'Vantage more in this I ſee,
Your Cenſurers now muſt have the Quality
Of Reading, which I am afraid is more
Than half your ſhrewdeſt Judges had before.

Fr. Beaumont.

To the worthy Author Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, upon his *Faithful Shepherdeſs.*

II.

THE wiſe, and many-headed Bench, *that ſits*
Upon the Life and Death of Plays, *and* Wits,
(*Compos'd of* Gameſter, Captain, Knight, Knight's Man,
Lady, *or* Pucelle, *that wears Mask or Fan,*
Velvet, *or* Taffata *Cap, rank'd in the dark*
With the Shop's Foreman, *or ſome ſuch* brave Spark,
That may judge for his Six-pence) *had, before*
They ſaw it half, damn'd thy whole Play; and, more,
Their Motives were, ſince it had not to do
With Vices, which they look'd for, and came to.

Evidence which I know, of *Beaumont*'s being a joint Author, and theſe I build nothing upon. There are two others that partake of his manner, which for that Reaſon only I ſuſpect; *The Spaniſh Curate*, and *The Laws of Candy*; The latter of which extremely reſembles the *King and No King* in its principal Characters. But we need not reſt upon mere Conjectures, ſince *Beaumont*'s Share of *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaſter*, and the *King and No King*, give him a full right to ſhare equally with *Fletcher* the Fame of a *Tragic Poet*; and *Wit without Money*, the *Nice Valour*, and *The Little French Lawyer*, raiſe his Character equally high in Comedy.

I,

I, that am glad, thy Innocence was thy Guilt,
And wiſh that all the Muſes' *Blood were ſpilt*
In ſuch a Martyrdom, *to vex their Eyes,*
Do crown thy murder'd Poem: *which ſhall riſe*
A glorified work to Time, when Fire,
Or Moths, ſhall eat what all theſe Fools admire.

Ben. Jonſon.

To Mr. Francis Beaumont,
(then living.)

III.

[4] *HOW I do love thee,* Beaumont, *and thy* Muſe,
That unto me doſt ſuch Religion uſe!
How I do fear myſelf, that am not worth
The leaſt indulgent Thought thy Pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'ſt me happy, and unmak'ſt;
And, giving largely to me, more thou tak'ſt.
What Fate is mine, that ſo itſelf bereaves?
What Art is thine, that ſo thy Friend deceives?
When even there, where moſt thou praiſeſt me
For writing better, I muſt envy thee.

[5] Ben. Jonſon.

[4] This ſhort Copy (which ſeems wrote with a Sincerity not common in complimentary Poems) treats *Beaumont* not only as an excellent Critic, but as an excellent Poet; and is an Anſwer to a Poem of *Beaumont*'s printed at the end of the *Nice Valour*, Vol. 10.

[5] *Ben. Jonſon.*] So *Jonſon* ſpelt his Name himſelf in his firſt *Folio*, and ſo it is ſpelt in the two firſt *Quartos* of *The Faithful Shepherdeſs.*

On Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT, on his Imitations of *Ovid*, an ODE.

IV.

The matchleſs Luſt of a fair Poeſy,
Which erſt was buried in old Rome's *Decays,*
Now 'gins with Heat of riſing Majeſty,
Her duſt-wrapt Head from rotten Tomb to raiſe,
And with freſh Splendor gilds her fearleſs Creſt,
Rearing her Palace in our Poet's *Breaſt.*

The wanton Ovid, *whoſe enticing Rimes*
Have with attractive Wonder forc'd Attention,
No more ſhall be admir'd at; for theſe Times
Produce a Poet, whoſe more rare Invention
Will tear the love-ſick Mirtle from his Brows,
T' adorn his Temples with deſerved Boughs.

The ſtrongeſt Marble fears the ſmalleſt Rain;
The ruſting Canker eats the pureſt Gold;
Honour's beſt Dye dreads Envy's blackeſt Stain;
The crimſon Badge of Beauty muſt wax old.
But this fair Iſſue of thy fruitful Brain,
Nor dreads Age, Envy, cank'ring Ruſt or Rain.

[6] J. F.

[6] The *J. F.* here is undoubtedly *John Fletcher*, and the *Ode*, tho' not immediately relating to the Plays, is inſerted here, firſt, for its intrinſic Merit; and, ſecondly, as it will be pleaſing to find that *Fletcher*'s *Muſe* was animated with Friendſhip as well as *Beaumont*'s; a Circumſtance, which, till I ſaw this Ode, ſeem'd wanting to complete the amiable Union which reign'd between them. In the third *Stanza*, the Reader will ſee an Authority for *Milton*'s uſe of the Word *Rime* for Verſe in general,

Things unattempted yet in Proſe or Rime.

Which Dr *Bentley* ſo injudiciouſly alter'd to *Proſe and Verſe*. That *Beaumont* wrote ſomething in the *Ovidian Manner* ſeems evident from theſe Lines; but the *Hermaphrodite* which is printed as his, and ſuppos'd to be the Thing refer'd to in this Ode, is claim'd by *Cleaveland* as a conjunct Performance between himſelf and *Randolph*.

On

On Mr. *BEAUMONT.*

(Written presently after his Death.)

V.

BEaumont *lies here*; *and where now shall we have*
A Muse like his to sigh upon his Grave?
Ah! none to weep this with a worthy Tear,
But he, that cannot, Beaumont *that lies here.*
[7] *Who now shall pay thy Tomb with such a Verse*
As thou that Lady's didst, fair Rutland's *Herse?*

A

[7] *Who now shall pay thy Tomb with such a Verse*
As thou that Lady's did'st, fair Rutland's *Herse?*] *To pay thy Tomb* is a little obscure, but it seems to mean, *to repay thee for writing so excellent an Epitaph, by one as excellent on thyself.* There are several *Epitaphs* and *Elegies* in *Beaumont*'s *Poems*, but by an Expression in Mr. *Earle*'s two next Lines relating to the *Marble of the Tomb*, I believe the following beautiful *Epitaph* is what is here referr'd to:

An Epitaph.

Here she lies, whose spotless Fame
Invites a Stone to learn her Name.
The rigid Spartan *that denied*
An Epitaph to all that died,
Unless for War, in Charity,
Would here vouchsafe an Elegy.
She died a Wife, but yet her Mind,
Beyond Virginity refin'd,
From lawless Fire remain'd as free,
As now from Heat her Ashes be.
Her Husband yet without a Sin,
Was not a Stranger, but her Kin;
That her chast Love might seem no other
To her Husband than a Brother.
Keep well this Pawn, thou Marble Chest,
Till it's call'd for, let it rest;
For while this Jewel here is set,
The Grave is like a Cabinet.

A Monument that will then lasting be,
When all her Marble is more Dust than she.
In thee all's lost: a sudden Dearth and Want
Hath seiz'd on Wit, good Epitaphs are scant;
We dare not write thy Elegy; whilst each fears,
He ne'er shall match that Copy of thy Tears.
Scarce in an Age a Poet, and yet he
Scarce lives the third part of his Age to see;
But quickly taken off, and only known,
Is in a Minute shut as soon as shown.
Why should weak Nature tire herself in vain
In such a Piece, to dash it straight again?
Why should she take such Work beyond her Skill,
Which, when she cannot perfect, she must kill?
Alas, what is't to temper Slime or Mire?
But Nature's puzled, when she works in Fire:
Great Brains (like brightest Glass) crack straight, while those
Of Stone or Wood hold out, and fear not Blows:
And we their ancient hoary Heads can see,
Whose Wit was never their Mortality:
Beaumont *dies young,* [3] *so* Sidney *did before;*
There was not Poetry he could live to more;
He could not grow up higher; I scarce know,
If th' Art itself unto that pitch could grow,
Were't not in thee, that had'st arriv'd the Height
Of all that Wit could reach, or Nature might.

This is extremely in the Spirit of *Milton* and *Shakespear*'s Epitaphs, and shews that *Beaumont* excell'd in every Species of Writing which he attempted. There are three *Elegies* of his which I believe genuine, and they have great Merit; two are sign'd by his Name, and another begins,

Can my poor Lines no better Office have,
Than, Screech-Owl like, still dwell about the Grave?

This shews that he had wrote several Elegies and Epitaphs.

[3] *so* Sidney *did before;*] It might perhaps have been---*so* Sidney died *before.*

O,

O, when I read thoſe excellent Things of thine,
Such Strength, ſuch Sweetneſs, couch't in every Line,
Such Life of Fancy, ſuch high choice of Brain,
Nought of the Vulgar Wit or borrowed Strain,
Such Paſſion, ſuch Expreſſions meet my Eye,
Such Wit untainted with Obſcenity,
And theſe ſo unaffectedly expreſs'd;
All in a Language purely-flowing dreſt;
And all ſo born within thyſelf, thine own,
So new, ſo freſh, ſo nothing trod upon.
I grieve not now, that old Menander's *Vein*
Is ruin'd, to ſurvive in thee again;
Such in his time was he, of the ſame piece,
The ſmooth, ev'n, natural Wit, and Love of Greece.
Thoſe few ſententious Fragments ſhew more worth,
Than all the Poets Athens *e'er brought forth;*
And I am ſorry we have loſt thoſe hours
On them, whoſe quickneſs comes far ſhort of ours,
And dwell not more on thee, whoſe every Page
May be a Pattern for their Scene and Stage.
I will not yield thy Works ſo mean a Praiſe;
More pure, more chaſt, more ſainted than are Plays,
Nor with that dull ſupineneſs to be read,
To paſs a fire, or laugh an hour in Bed.
How do the Muſes ſuffer every where,
Taken in ſuch Mouths cenſure, in ſuch Ears,
That, 'twixt a whiffe, a Line or two rehearſe,
And with their Rheume together ſpaule a Verſe?
[9] *This all a Poems Pleaſure, after Play,*
Drink or Tobacco, it may eke the Day. *Whilſt*

[9] *This all a Poems* leaſure *after Play,*
Drink or Tobacco, it may keep *the Day.*] What is *all a Poem's leaſure?* I can affix no Idea to it but a Latiniſm, which if deſign'd is extremely forc'd. *This is all a Poem's*, i. e a Poem's Part, Pow'r or Worth, it may ſerve to ſpend one's leaſure Hours after Dice, Drink,

Whilſt ev'n their very Idleneſs, they think,
Is loſt in theſe, that loſe their time in drink.
Pity them dull; We, we that better know,
Will a more ſerious hour on thee beſtow,
Why ſhould not Beaumont *in the Morning pleaſe,*
As well as Plautus, Ariſtophanes?
Who, if my Pen may as my Thoughts be free,
Were ſcurril Wits and Buffoons both to thee;
Yet theſe our Learned of ſevereſt Brow
Will deign to look on, and to note them too,
That will defy our own; 'tis Engliſh *ſtuff,—*
And th' Author is not rotten long enough.
Alas, what flegme are they, compar'd to thee,
In thy Philaſter, *and* Maid's Tragedy?

or Tobacco. But unleſs the Reader ſees a more natural Explication, I believe he will agree to its being diſcarded as a Corruption, for a trifling Change will give a clear Senſe,

This all a Poem's Pleaſure, *after Play,*
Drink or Tobacco, it may keep the Day.

i. e. All the Pleaſure a Poem gives to theſe Sons of Dulneſs, is to ſpin out or paſs away the Time till Sun-ſet, after Cards, Bottles, and Tobacco are removed; thus to *paſs a Fire*, a little above, ſignifies to paſs away the Time till the Fire is burnt out. But to *keep a Day*, is an Expreſſion not very applicable to this Senſe, (a Senſe which the Context evidently requires) and tho' it may indeed be ſtrained to ſomething like it, yet as we can retain three of the Letters in *keep*, and by a ſmall tranſpoſition of the reſt, give a much properer Verb, it ſeems probable that *eke* was the original, we generally now ſay to *eke out the Day*; but it was us'd by our Anceſtors without the Adverb, *to eke a thing*, i. e. to protract or lengthen it out. The Reader will ſee a much greater Corruption of the Preſs than either of theſe at the latter End of this Poem.

[10] *Pity then dull we, we that better know,*
Will a more ſerious Hour on thee beſtow.] There is too much Inconſiſtency in this Sentence to ſuppoſe it genuine. He ironically calls himſelf and Friends *dull*, and literally aſſerts their ſuperior Underſtanding in the ſame Sentence. Beſide, *Pity then we will beſtow*, &c. does not ſeem *Engliſh*. I change but an *n* to an *m*, and read, *Pity them dull; We, we that*, &c.

Where's

Where's such an humour as thy Beſſus, *pray?*
Let them put all their Thraſoes *in one Play,*
He ſhall out-bid them ; their conceit was poor,
All in a Circle of a Bawd or Whore ;
[11] *A coz'ning* Davus ; *take the Fool away,*
And not a good Jeſt extant in a Play.
Yet theſe are Wits, becauſe they're old, and now,
Being Greek *and* Latin, *they are Learning too :*

[11] *A coz'ning* Dance, *take the Fool away,*
And not a good Jeſt extant in a Play.] *Dance* is certainly ſpurious: The Printer of this Poem among *Beaumont*'s Poems mention'd above, ſaw that it was abſurd ; but not hitting on an Emendation left it quite out, and made a Daſh in its room. Mr. *Sympſon* propoſes to read *Dunce*, which makes tolerable Senſe ; but leaves the Meaſure as deficient as before. Mr. *Theobald* undoubtedly reſtor'd the true Word *Davus*, which the Setter of the Preſs might eaſily miſtake, as he could not be ſuppos'd to have underſtood it. I ſhall give Mr. *Theobald*'s own Note wrote on his Margin, as it is a Specimen of the Critical Language which he had accuſtom'd himſelf to, but which I believe he would have laid aſide had he liv'd, for I took ſome Pains to lay before him the Arguments us'd againſt it at Page 60, 61, *&c.* of my Preface, and he told me that he was convinc'd it was wrong and impolitic, and would change his Stile of Inſult on other Editors for the future. But this was prevented by his Death, and the following Note ſeems to have been wrote many Years before.

A Cozning Dance, &c.] What rare Ears have theſe Editors to Cadence and Verſification! and what an acute Regard to common Senſe! Both the Meaſure halts, and the Meaning is defective. My Emendation makes a double Cure. *Davus* is the Name of a ſubtle juggling Servant in *Terence*'s Comedy called the *Fair Andrian*. Mr. *Theobald*.

Mr. *Earle*'s Reflections on *Terence* are in part at leaſt very unjuſt. There is perhaps too much Sameneſs in his Plots ; but his Old Men and Young, his Servants, his Paraſites, *&c.* are each a diſtinct Character from all the reſt, and preſerv'd throughout each Play with infinite Spirit and Judgment. Beſide which, the elegant Diction and fine Sentiments which every where abound in him are Patterns to the beſt Comic Writers ; and which *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* ſtrive to excel him in by adding Sublimity of Poetry to Juſtneſs of Sentiment ; well knowing that *Jeſts* and *Drollery* are only the loweſt Degree of Comic Excellence.

But

But thoſe their own Times were content t' allow
[12] *A thrifty Fame, and thine is loweſt now.*
But thou ſhalt live, and, when thy Name is grown
Six Ages older, ſhalt be better known;
When thou'rt of Chaucer's *Standing in the Tomb,*
Thou ſhalt not ſhare, but take up all, his room.

[13] Joh. Earle.

On Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.
(Then newly Dead.)

VI.

HE that hath ſuch Acuteneſs, and ſuch Wit,
As would ask ten good Heads to husband it;
He, that can write ſo well, that no Man dare
Refuſe it for the beſt, let him beware:

[12] *A thirſty Fame,*] To make *thirſty* ſignify poor or ſcanty may be admitted; but as the ſmalleſt Change gives a more natural Word, *thrifty* ſeems the Original.

[13] *Joh. Earle.*] Mr. *Earle* was young when he wrote this, and there are indiſputable Marks of a bright Poetic Genius, which had probably been greatly inſpir'd by an Intimacy with *Beaumont*. He was in high Repute as a *Preacher* and a *Scholar* in King *Charles* the Firſt's Reign; and ſeems to have been a true Patriot; for it is probable that he oppos'd the Court in the beginning of the Troubles, as he was elected One of the *Aſſembly of Divines*; but he refus'd to act with them, and adher'd to the King in his loweſt State, and for it was depriv'd of the Chancellorſhip of *Salisbury*, and all his other Preferments. After the Reſtoration, he was made, firſt Dean of *Weſtminſter*, then Biſhop of *Worceſter*, and afterwards of *Salisbury*. Mr. *Wood* gives a Character of him, that extremely reſembles that of the excellent Dr. *Hough*, the late Biſhop of *Worceſter*; the Sum of it is, that He join'd the Politeneſs of a Courtier to the Sanctity, Goodneſs, and Charity of an Apoſtle.

Beaumont

Beaumont *is dead, by whose sole Death appears,*
Wit's a Disease consumes Men in few Years.
[14] Rich. Corbet, D. D.

On the happy Collection of Mr. FLETCHER's WORKS, never before printed.

VII.

FLetcher, *arise! Usurpers share thy Bays,*
They canton *thy vast Wit to build small* Plays:
He comes! his Volume *breaks through Clouds and Dust;*
Down, little Wits! ye must refund, ye must.

Nor comes he private, here's great Beaumont *too;*
How could one single World encompass two?
For these Co-heirs had equal Power to teach
All that all Wits both can, and cannot, reach.
Shakespeare *was early up, and went so drest*
As for those dawning *hours he knew was best;*
But, when the Sun shone forth, You Two *thought fit*
To wear just Robes, and leave off Trunk-hose *Wit.*
Now, now, 'twas Perfect; none must look for New,
Manners and Scenes may alter, but not You;
For yours are not mere Humorous, *gilded, Strains;*
The Fashion lost, your massy Sense *remains.*

Some think your Wits of two Complexions fram'd,
That one the Sock, *th' other the* Buskin, *claim'd;*

[14] *Richard Corbet*, first Student, then Dean of *Christ-Church*, afterwards Bishop of *Oxford*, and from thence translated to *Norwich*; in his Youth was eminent for Wit and Poetry, of which this is a Specimen, and a good Testimony of *Beaumont*'s having a luxuriant Wit as well as *Fletcher*,

——————*a Wit*
That would ask ten good Heads to husband it.

That

That ſhould the Stage embattle *all its force,*
Fletcher *would lead the Foot*, Beaumont *the Horſe.*
But, you were Both for Both; not Semi-wits,
Each Piece is wholly Two, yet never ſplits:
Y'are not two Faculties, *and one* Soul *ſtill,*
He th' Underſtanding, *thou the quick free* Will;
[15] *Not as two* Voices *in one Song embrace,*
Fletcher's *keen* Treble, *and deep* Beaumont's Baſe,
Two, full, Congenial Souls; ſtill both prevail'd;
[16] *His Muſe and thine were* Quarter'd, *not* Impal'd:

[15] *But as two Voices in one Song embrace*
Fletcher's *keen Treble, and deep* Beaumont's *Baſe,*
Two full congenial Souls.] Here *Berkenhead* is ſpeaking of the doubtful Opinions relating to the Share which *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* had in theſe Plays: He tells you, that the general Opinion was, that *Beaumont* was a *grave Tragic Writer*, *Fletcher* moſt excellent in Comedy. This he contradicts; but how, why, they did not differ as a General of Horſe does from a General of Foot, nor as the *Sock* does from the *Buskin*, nor as the *Will* from the *Underſtanding*, but were *two full Congenial Souls*, and differ'd only as the *Baſe* and *Treble* do in the ſame Song. Why, if this is the true Reading, he confirms in theſe Lines what he had contradicted in all the foregoing Similes, for *Baſe* and *Treble* have much the ſame difference between them as Horſe and Foot in an Army, or the Wit and Underſtanding in the Soul. To make the Writer conſiſtent with himſelf, the true Reading ſeems to be *Not* inſtead of *But:*

Not as two Voices in one Song embrace,
Fletcher's *keen* Treble *and deep* Beaumont's Baſe;
Two full congenial Souls.

[16] *His Muſe and thine were* Quarter'd, *not* Impal'd:] I know I am going out of my Depth, in attempting a Criticiſm on Terms in Heraldry. But my Books tell me, that *Impaling* is when the Arms of the Man and Wife are plac'd on the ſame Eſcutcheon, the one on the Right and the other on the Left; which is a proper Emblem of the Matrimonial Union; and might ſeemingly be as well applied to the Marriage of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s Wit, as the Word *Quartering* can, which the ſame *Berkinhead* ſpeaks of at the latter end of this Poem:

What ſtrange Production is at laſt diſplay'd,
Got by two Fathers without Female aid!

But I ſhall attempt no Change in a *Science* where I am Ignorance itſelf.

Both

Both brought your Ingots, both toil'd at the Mint,
Beat, melted, ſifted, 'till no droſs ſtuck in't;
Then in each others Scales weigh'd every Grain,
Then ſmooth'd and burniſh'd, then weigh'd all again;
Stampt both your Names upon't at one bold hit,
Then, then 'twas Coin, as well as Bullion-Wit.

Thus Twins: But as when Fate one Eye deprives,
That other ſtrives to double, which ſurvives:
So Beaumont *dy'd: yet left in Legacy*
His Rules and Standard Wit (Fletcher) *to thee.*
Still the ſame Planet, though not fill'd ſo ſoon,
A Two-horn'd Creſcent *then, now one* Full-moon.
Joint Love *before, now* Honour, *doth provoke;*
So th' old Twin Giants *forcing a huge Oak,*
One ſlip'd his footing, th' other ſees him fall,
Graſp'd the whole Tree and ſingle held up all.
Imperial Fletcher! *here begins thy Reign;*
Scenes flow like Sun-beams from thy glorious Brain;
Thy ſwift-diſpatching Soul no more doth ſtay,
Than he that built two Cities in one day;
Ever brim-full, and ſometimes running o'er,
To feed poor languid Wits that wait at Door;
Who creep and creep, yet ne'er above ground ſtood;
(For Creatures have moſt Feet, which have leaſt Blood)
But thou art ſtill that Bird of Paradiſe,
Which hath no feet, *and ever nobly* flies:
Rich, luſty Senſe, ſuch as the Poet *ought;*
For Poems, if not Excellent, are Naught;
Low Wit in Scenes in ſtate a Peaſant goes;
If mean and flat, let it foot Yeoman-Proſe,
That ſuch may ſpell, as are not Readers grown;
To whom he, that writes Wit, ſhews he hath none.

Brave

Brave Shakeſpeare *flow'd, yet had his Ebbings too,*
Often above himſelf, ſometimes below;
Thou always beſt; if aught ſeem'd to decline,
'Twas the unjudging Rout's miſtake, not thine:
Thus thy fair Shepherdeſs, *which the bold heap*
(Falſe to themſelves and thee) did prize ſo cheap,
Was found (when underſtood) fit to be crown'd,
At worſt 'twas worth two hundred thouſand Pound.

Some blaſt thy Works, *leſt we ſhould track their Walk;*
Where they ſteal all thoſe few good things, they talk;
Wit-Burglary muſt chide thoſe it feeds on,
For plunder'd folks ought to be rail'd upon;
But (as ſtoln Goods goe off at half their worth)
Thy ſtrong Senſe palls, *when they purloin it forth.*
When didſt thou *borrow? where's the Man, e'er read*
Aught begg'd by Thee *from thoſe Alive or Dead?*
Or from dry Goddeſſes? *as ſome who, when*
They ſtuff their Page with Gods, write worſe than Men;
Thou waſt thine own *Muſe, and hadſt ſuch vaſt odds,*
Thou out-writ'ſt him whoſe Verſe made *all thoſe* Gods:
Surpaſſing thoſe our Dwarfiſh Age up-rears,
As much as Greeks, *or* Latins, *thee in Years:*
Thy Ocean Fancy knew nor Banks nor Damms;
*We ebb down dry to Pebble-*Anagrams;
Dead and inſipid, all deſpairing ſit;
Loſt to behold this great Relapſe *of Wit:*
What ſtrength remains, is like that (wild and fierce)
'Till Jonſon *made good Poets and right Verſe.*

Such boyſt'rous Trifles thy Muſe would not brook,
Save when ſhe'd ſhow how ſcurvily they look;

Na

No ſavage Metaphors, (things rudely Great;)
Thou doſt diſplay, *not* butcher *a Conceit;*
Thy Nerves have Beauty, *which invades and charms;*
Looks like a Princeſs harneſs'd in bright Arms.

Nor art thou Loud and Cloudy; thoſe, that do
Thunder ſo much, do't without Lightning too;
Tearing themſelves, and almoſt ſplit their Brain
To render harſh what thou ſpeak'ſt free and clean;
Such gloomy Senſe may paſs for High *and* Proud,
But true-born Wit ſtill flies above *the* Cloud;
Thou knew'ſt 'twas Impotence, *what they call* Height;
Who bluſters ſtrong i'th' Dark, but creeps *i'th' Light.*

And as thy Thoughts were clear, *ſo,* Innocent;
Thy Fancy gave no unſwept Language vent;
Slaunder'ſt not Laws, *prophan'ſt no* holy Page,
(*As if thy Father's* Croſier *aw'd the Stage;*)
High Crimes were ſtill arraign'd; tho' they made ſhift
To proſper out four Acts, *were plagu'd i'th'* Fifth:
All's ſafe, and wiſe; no ſtiff-affected Scene,
Nor ſwoln *nor* flat, *a true full natural Vein;*
Thy Senſe (like well-dreſt Ladies) cloath'd as skinn'd,
Not all unlac'd, nor City-ſtarch'd and pinn'd;
Thou hadſt no Sloth, no Rage, nor ſullen Fit,
But Strength *and* Mirth; Fletcher's *a* Sanguine *Wit.*

Thus, two great Conſul-*Poets all things ſway'd,*
Till all was Engliſh *Born or* Engliſh *Made:*
Mitre *and* Coife *here into One Piece ſpun,*
Beaumont *a* Judge's, *this a* Prelate's *Son.*
What ſtrange Production is at laſt diſplay'd,
Got by two Fathers, without Female aid!

Behold,

Behold, two Maſculines *eſpous'd each other;*
Wit *and the World were born without a* Mother.

[17] J. Berkinhead.

On the WORKS of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, now at length printed.

VIII.

GReat Pair of Authors, whom one equal Star
Begot ſo like in Genius, *that you are*
In Fame, as well as Writings, both ſo knit,
That no Man knows where to divide your Wit,
Much leſs your Praiſe: You, who had equal Fire,
And did each other mutually inſpire;
Whether one did Contrive, the other Write,
One fram'd the Plot, the other did Indite;
Whether one found the Matter, th' other Dreſs,
Or th' one diſpoſed what th' other did expreſs:
Where-e'er your Parts between your ſelves lay, we,
In all things, which you did, but one Thread ſee;
So evenly drawn out, ſo gently ſpun,
That Art with Nature ne'er did ſmoother run.
Where ſhall I fix my Praiſe then? or what part
Of all your numerous Labours hath deſert

[17] *J. Berkinhead.*] *Berkinhead* was firſt *Amanuenſis* to Biſhop *Laud*, and Fellow of *All-Souls*. He was Author of the *Mercurious Aulicus*, a very Loyal Paper in the Time of the Rebellion. He was perſecuted much in *Cromwell's* Days, and lived by his Wits; afterwards he had good Places under King *Charles* the Second, was Member of Parliament, and Knighted.

More

More to be fam'd than other? Shall I ſay,
I've met a Lover ſo drawn in your Play,
So paſſionately written, ſo inflam'd,
So jealouſly inrag'd, then gently tam'd.
That I in reading have the Perſon ſeen,
And your Pen hath Part Stage and Actor been?
Or ſhall I ſay, that I can ſcarce forbear
To clap, when I a Captain do meet there;* [*Beſſus
So lively in his own vain Humour dreſt,
So braggingly, and like himſelf expreſt,
That modern Cowards, when they ſaw him play'd,
Saw, bluſh'd, departed guilty, and betray'd?
You wrote all Parts right; whatſoe'er the Stage
Had from you, was ſeen there as in the Age,
And had their equal Life: Vices which were
Manners abroad, did grow corrected there:
They who poſſeſt a Box, and half Crown ſpent
To learn Obſceneneſs, return'd innocent,
And thank'd you for this Coz'nage, whoſe chaſte Scene
Taught Loves ſo noble, ſo reform'd, ſo clean,
That they, who brought foul fires, and thither came
To bargain, went thence with a holy flame.
Be't to your Praiſe too, that [18] *your Stock and Vein*
Held both to Tragic and to Comic Strain;
Where-e'er you liſted to be high and grave,
No Buskin *ſhew'd more ſolemn; no Quill gave*

[18] ——*your Stock and Vein*
Held both to Tragic and to Comic Strain.] Mr. *Theobald* would read *Sock* and *Vein*; but then *Tragic* and *Comic* in the next Line are miſplac'd, and the Deſcriptions of Tragedy and Comedy in the eight next Lines are equally ſo; beſides, *Vein* by no means makes a proper Antitheſis to *Sock* or *Comedy*, and if one Word is abſolutely explicit, *Sock* for *Comedy*, the other ſhould be ſo too, and *Buskin* is the Word that anſwers it. The old Reading, which is, I doubt not, the true one, will bear this Senſe: Your *Stock* of Underſtanding and Knowledge, and your *Vein* of Wit and Humour are equally excellent in Tragedy and Comedy.

Such feeling Objects to draw Tears from Eyes,
Spectators ſate Parts in your Tragedies.
And where you liſted to be low and free,
Mirth turn'd the whole Houſe into Comedy;
So piercing (where you pleas'd) hitting a fault,
That Humours from your Pen iſſued all Salt.
Nor were you thus in Works and Poems knit,
As to be two halfs, and to make one Wit;
But as ſome things, we ſee, have double cauſe,
And yet the effect itſelf from both whole draws;
So though you were thus twiſted and combin'd,
[19] *As in two Bodies t' have but one fair Mind;*
Yet if we praiſe you rightly, we muſt ſay,
Both join'd, and both did wholly make the Play.
For that you could write ſingly, we may gueſs
[20] *By the divided pieces which the Preſs*
Hath ſeverally ſent forth; nor were [21] *join'd ſo,*
Like ſome our Modern Authors, made to go *One*

[19] *As two Bodies to have but one fair Mind;*] Both Senſe and Meaſure are here much confus'd, ſhould I inſert the Reading that pleaſes beſt, it ſhould be,

As your two Bodies had but one fair Mind.

Greater Alterations than from this to the old Text have been often made at Preſs by mere Overſights, but ſhould not be ſuppos'd where a ſmaller Change will reſtore a Senſe and Meaſure quite ſuitable to the Author's general Stile. I read therefore,

As in two Bodies t' have but one fair Mind.

[20] *By the divided Pieces which the Preſs*
Hath ſeverally ſent forth;] I have before ſhew'd that there were two Comedies wrote by *Beaumont* ſingly, and given ſome Reaſons why the *Nice Valour* ought to be deem'd one of them. Whether Mr. *Maine* in this Place referr'd to theſe two Comedies, knowing which they were; or whether he only meant the Mask at *Gray's-Inn*, which was the only Piece which we know to have been publiſh'd in *Beaumont*'s Name before theſe Commendatory Poems were publiſh'd; or whether he ſpoke in general Terms, without a ſtrict adherence to Facts, muſt be left uncertain.

[21] ——— —— *nor were* gone *ſo,*
Like ſome our Modern Authors, made to go
On *merely by the help of th' other,*] The Word *go* which ends the next Line, ſeems to have ran in the Printer's Head, and made him put *gone* here inſtead

One merely by the help of th' other, who
To purchaſe Fame do come forth one of two;
Nor wrote you ſo, that one's part was to lick
The other into Shape; nor did one ſtick
The other's cold Inventions with ſuch Wit,
As ſerv'd, like Spice, to make them quick and fit;
Nor, out of mutual Want, or Emptineſs,
Did you conſpire to go ſtill Twins to th' Preſs;
But what, thus join'd, you wrote, might have come forth
As good from each, and ſtor'd with the ſame worth
That thus united them; you did join Senſe;
In you 'twas League, in others Impotence;
[22] *And the Preſs, which both thus amongſt us ſends,*
Sends us one Poet in a pair of Friends.

[23] Jaſper Maine.

inſtead of ſome other Word. Mr. *Theobald* had prevented me in the Emendation: We read *join'd ſo*, and as I have his Concurrence, I have the leſs doubt in preferring it to Mr. *Sympſon*'s Conjecture — *Nor were one ſo* — tho' this latter is very good Senſe and nearer the trace of the Letters, but it would make *one* be repeated too often, for it is already in the third and fourth Lines after, and 'tis very evident to me that it ſhould have been in the Second, for *On merely*, I read *One merely*.

[22] *And the Preſs which both thus amongſt us ſends*,] I believe few of the ancient *Engliſh* Poets knew any Rule of *Engliſh* Verſe but its Number of Syllables, and therefore when their Ear fail'd them, even the beſt of them often make the Accents fall upon wrong Syllables. Tho' 'tis poſſible, that the Miſtakes of the Preſs often ſpoil'd their Meaſure by tranſpoſing Monoſyllables. A ſmall Tranſpoſition would cure this Line:

And thus the Preſs which both amongſt us ſends,

See the Rule for *Engliſh* Verſe at Note 5. *Wit without Money.*

[23] *Jaſper Maine.*] This Gentleman was Author of the *City Match*, a Comedy, and the *Amorous War*, a Tragi-Comedy. He was an eminent Preacher in the Civil War, but warmly adhering to the King was depriv'd of all his Preferments in *Cromwell*'s Time, and taken for Charity into the Earl of *Devonſhire*'s Family, where his Learning, Piety, and Wit, render'd him a proper Advocate for Religion againſt the famous Mr. *Hobbs*, then a Tutor in that Family. After the Reſtoration he was made Canon of *Chriſt-Church*, and Arch-Deacon of *Chicheſter*.

Upon the Report of the printing of the Dramatical Poems of Maſter JOHN FLETCHER, collected before, and now ſet forth in one Volume.

IX.

THough when all Fletcher *writ, and the entire*
Man was indulged to that ſacred fire,
His Thoughts, and his Thoughts Dreſs, appear'd Both ſuch,
That 'twas his happy fault to do too much:
Who therefore wiſely did ſubmit each Birth
To knowing Beaumont *e'er it did come forth,*
Working again until he ſaid, 'twas fit,
And made him the Sobriety of his Wit;
Though thus he call'd his Judge into his Fame,
And for that aid allow'd him half the Name;
'Tis known, that ſometimes he did ſtand alone,
That both the Spunge and Pencil were his own;
That himſelf judg'd himſelf, could ſingly do;
And was at laſt Beaumont *and* Fletcher *too:*
[24] *Elſe we had loſt his* Shepherdeſs, *a piece*
Even and ſmooth, ſpun from a finer fleece;
Where ſoftneſs reigns, where Paſſions Paſſions greet,
Gentle and high, as floods of Balſam meet.
Where dreſs'd in white Expreſſions ſit bright Loves,
Drawn, like their faireſt Queen, by milky Doves;

[24] *Elſe we had loſt his* Shepherdeſs.] Mr. *Cartwright* was a very bright but a very young Man, and ſeems to taſte our Authors Plays extremely well, but to have known nothing of their Dates and Hiſtory. He ſuppoſes the *Shepherdeſs* wrote after *Beaumont*'s Death, ſo that his Teſtimony ought to have no ſort of Weight in excluding *Beaumont* from all ſhare in the Compoſition of the Plays. He had taken up the Suppoſition of *Beaumont*'s being only a Corrector, perhaps merely becauſe *Jonſon* had celebrated his Judgment; not conſidering that he celebrated his Fancy too.

A piece, which Jonſon *in a Rapture bid*
Come up a glorify'd Work; and ſo it did.
Elſe had his Muſe ſet with his Friend; the Stage
Had miſs'd thoſe Poems, which yet take the Age;
The World had loſt thoſe rich Exemplars, where
Art, Language, Wit, ſit ruling in one Sphere;
Where the freſh matters ſoar above old Themes,
As Prophets' Raptures do above our Dreams;
Where in a worthy ſcorn he dares refuſe
All other Gods, and makes the Thing his Muſe;
Where he calls Paſſions up, and lays them ſo,
As Spirits, aw'd by him to come and go;
Where the free Author did what-e'er he would,
And nothing will'd but what a Poet ſhould.
No vaſt uncivil bulk ſwells any Scene,
The Strength's ingenious, and the Vigour Clean;
None can prevent the Fancy, and ſee through
At the firſt Opening; all ſtand wondring how
The thing will be, until it is; which thence
With freſh Delight ſtill cheats, ſtill takes the Senſe;
The whole Deſign, the Shadows, the Lights ſuch,
That none can ſay he ſhews, or hides too much:
Buſineſs grows up, ripened by juſt encreaſe,
And by as juſt Degrees again doth ceaſe;
The Heats and Minutes of Affairs are watch'd,
And the nice Points of Time are met, and ſnatch'd:
Nought later than it ſhould, nought comes before;
Chymiſts, and Calculators, do err more:
Sex, Age, Degree, Affections, Country, Place,
The inward Subſtance, and the outward Face,
All kept preciſely, all exactly fit;
What he would write, he was, before he writ.
'Twixt Jonſon's *grave, and* Shakeſpear's *lighter Sound,*
His Muſe ſo ſteer'd, that ſomething ſtill was found,

Nor this, nor that, nor both, but ſo his own,
That 'twas his Mark, and he was by it known;
Hence did he take true Judgments, hence did ſtrike
All Palates ſome way, though not all alike:
The God of Numbers might his Numbers crown,
And, liſtning to them, wiſh they were his own.
Thus, welcome forth, what Eaſe, or Wine, or Wit
Durſt yet produce; that is, what Fletcher *writ!*

ANOTHER.

X.

FLetcher, *though ſome call it thy fault, that Wit*
So overflow'd thy Scenes, that e'er 'twas fit
To come upon the Stage, Beaumont *was fain*
To bid thee be more dull; that's, write again,
And bate ſome of thy Fire; which from thee came
In a clear, bright, full, but too large a Flame;
And after all (finding thy Genius ſuch)
That blunted, and allay'd, 'twas yet too much;
Added his ſober Spunge; and did contract
Thy Plenty to leſs Wit, to make't exact:
Yet we through his Corrections could ſee
Much Treaſure in thy ſuperfluity;
Which was ſo fil'd away, as, when we do
Cut Jewels, that that's loſt, is Jewel too:
Or as Men uſe to waſh Gold, which we know
By loſing makes the Stream thence wealthy grow.
They who do on thy Works ſeverely ſit,
And call thy ſtore the Over-Births of Wit,
Say thy Miſcarriages were rare, and when
Thou wert ſuperfluous, that thy fruitful Pen
Had no fault but abundance, which did lay
Out in one Scene what might well ſerve a Play;

And

And hence do grant, that, what they call Excefs,
Was to be reckon'd as thy happineſs,
From whom Wit iſſued in a full Spring-tide;
Much did inrich the Stage, much flow'd beſide.
For that thou couldſt thine own free Fancy bind
In ſtricter Numbers, and run ſo confin'd
As to obſerve the Rules of Art, which ſway
In the contrivance of a true-born Play;
Thoſe Works proclaim, which thou didſt write retir'd
From Beaumont, *by none but thyſelf inſpir'd.*
Where, we ſee, 'twas not Chance that made them hit,
Nor were thy Plays the Lotteries of Wit;
[25] *But, like to* Durer's *Pencil, which firſt knew*
The Laws of Faces, and then Faces drew:
Thou knew'ſt the Air, the Colour, and the Place,
The Symmetry, which gives a Poem Grace.
Parts are ſo fitted unto Parts, as do
Shew thou hadſt Wit, and Mathematicks too:
Knew'ſt where by Line to ſpare, where to diſpenſe,
And didſt beget juſt Comedies from thence:
Things unto which thou didſt ſuch Life bequeath,
[26] *That they, (their own* Black-Friers) *unacted, breath.*
Jonſon *hath writ things laſting, and Divine,*
Yet his Love-Scenes, Fletcher, *compar'd to thine,*
Are cold and froſty; and expreſs Love ſo,
As Heat with Ice, or warm Fires mix'd with Snow;

[25] *like to* Durer's *Pencil,*] *Albert Durer* was a moſt excellent *German* Painter, (born in 1471.) much admired even by the great *Raphael* himſelf; and in ſo high Eſteem with the Emperor *Maximilian* the Firſt, that he preſented him with a Coat of Arms as the Badge of Nobility. Mr. *Theobald.*

[26] *That they,* (*their own* Black-Friers] *i. e.* their own Theatre: meaning, that *Fletcher*'s Plays were ſo ſprightly, that, tho' then unacted (by reaſon of the troubleſome times, and Civil War which raged againſt King *Charles* the Firſt) they wanted no Advantage of a Stage to ſet them off. One of the Seven Playhouſes, ſubſiſting in our Author's Time, was in *Black-Fryers.* Mr. *Theobald.*

Thou, as if ſtruck with the ſame generous Darts,
Which burn, and reign, in noble Lovers' Hearts,
Haſt cloath'd Affections in ſuch native tires,
And ſo deſcrib'd them in their own true Fires;
Such moving Sighs, ſuch undiſſembled Tears,
Such Charms of Language, ſuch Hopes mix'd with Fears;
Such Grants after Denials, ſuch Purſuits
After Deſpair, ſuch amorous Recruits,
That ſome, who ſate Spectators, have confeſt
Themſelves transform'd to what they ſaw expreſt:
And felt ſuch ſhafts ſteal through their captiv'd Senſe,
As made them riſe Parts, and go Lovers thence.
Nor was thy Stile wholly compos'd of Groves,
Or the ſoft Strains of Shepherds and their Loves;
When thou would'ſt Comick be, each ſmiling Birth,
In that kind, came into the World all Mirth,
All Point, all Edge, all Sharpneſs; we did ſit
Sometimes five Acts out in pure ſprightful Wit;
Which flow'd in ſuch true Salt, that we did doubt
In which Scene we laugh'd moſt two Shillings out.
[27] Shakeſpear *to thee was dull, whoſe beſt Jeſt lies*
I'th' Ladies queſtions, and the Fools Replies;

Old

[27] Shakeſpear *to thee was dull,*] This falſe Cenſure aroſe from the uſual fault of Panageriſts, of depreciating others to extol their Favourite. Had he only ſaid, as in the former Copy, that *Fletcher* was in a due Medium between *Jonſon*'s Correctneſs and *Shakeſpear*'s Fancy, he had done *Fletcher* as well as himſelf more real Honour. But it muſt be obſerv'd, that *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* were ſo much the general Taſte of the Age, both in *Charles* the Firſt and Second's Reign, that Mr. *Cartwright* only follows the common Judgment. The Reaſon ſeems to be this, *Jonſon* ſurviv'd both *Shakeſpear* and our *Authors* many Years, and as he warmly oppos'd the ſtrange Irregularities of the *Engliſh* Theatre, at the head of which Irregularities was ſo great a Genius as *Shakeſpear*, he form'd a ſtrong Party againſt him. But Nature frequently ſpoke in *Shakeſpear* ſo directly to the Heart, and his Excellences as well as Faults were ſo glaring, that the Prejudices againſt the latter could not wholly blind Men

to

Old faſhion'd Wit, which walk'd from Town to Town
[28] *In trunk-hoſe, which our Fathers call'd the Clown;*
Whoſe Wit our nice times would Obſceneneſs call,
And which made Bawdry paſs for Comical.
Nature was all his Art; thy Vein was free
As his, but without his Scurrility;
From whom Mirth came unforc'd, no Jeſt perplex'd,
But without labour clean, chaſt, and unvex'd.
Thou wert not like ſome, our ſmall Poets, who
Could not be Poets, were not we Poets too;
Whoſe Wit is pilfring, and whoſe Vein and Wealth
In Poetry lyes meerly in their ſtealth;
Nor didſt thou feel their Drought, their Pangs, their Qualms,
Their Rack in Writing, who do write for Alms;
Whoſe wretched Genius, and dependent Fires,
But to their Benefactors' Dole aſpires.
Nor hadſt thou the ſly Trick, thyſelf to praiſe
Under thy Friends' Names; or, to purchaſe Bays,
Didſt write ſtale Commendations to thy Book,
Which we for Beaumont's *or* Ben Jonſon's *took:*

to the former. As our Authors reſembled him in theſe Excellences more than *Jonſon*, and yet often follow'd *Jonſon*'s Correctneſs and Manner, the Partiſans both of *Shakeſpear* and *Jonſon* were willing to compromiſe it, and allow them the firſt Honours, as partaking of both their Excellences. After the Reſtoration, *French* Rules of the Drama were introduc'd, and our Authors being nearer them than *Shakeſpear*, they ſtill held their Superiority.

[28] *In turn'd Hoſe,*] This is Nonſenſe; and a Corruption either by the Tranſcribers, or at Preſs. We muſt read, *Trunk-hoſe*; i. e. a kind of large Slops, or Trowzers, worn by the Clowns. So in the 25th Copy of Verſes;

——*You Two thought fit*
To wear juſt Robes, and leave off Trunk-hoſe *Wit.*

Mr. *Theobald.*

That

That Debt thou left'ſt to us, which none but he
Can truly pay, Fletcher, *who writes like thee.*

[29] William Cartwright.

To the Manes of the celebrated Poets and Fellow-writers, FRANCIS BEAUMONT and JOHN FLETCHER, upon the Printing of their Excellent Dramatick POEMS.

XI.

DIſdain not, gentle Shades, the lowly Praiſe
Which here I tender your immortal Bays :
Call it not Folly, but my Zeal, that I
Strive to Eternize You, that cannot dye.
And though no Language rightly can commend
What you have writ, ſave what your ſelves have penn'd;
Yet let me wonder at thoſe curious Strains
(The rich Conceptions of your Twin-like Brains)
Which drew the Gods attention; who admir'd
To ſee our Engliſh *Stage by you inſpir'd:*
Whoſe chiming Muſes never fail'd to ſing
A Soul-affecting Muſick; raviſhing

[29] *William Cartwright.*] Mr. *Cartwright* was eſteem'd one of the beſt Poets, Orators, and Philoſophers of his Age; he was firſt a King's Scholar at *Weſtminſter*, then Student of *Chriſt-Church, Oxon.* *Wood* calls him the moſt Seraphical Preacher of his Age, another *Tully* and another *Virgil:* He died about the Age of Thirty in 1643, in the Year of his Proctorſhip, when King *Charles* the Firſt was at *Oxford*, by whom his Death was moſt affectionately mourned. He wrote the *Lady Errant*, *The Royal Slave*, and *Love's Convert*, Tragi-Comedies. And a Volume of his Poems were printed after his Death. See *Wood's Athenæ.*

Both

Both Ear and Intellect; while you do Each
Contend with Other who ſhall higheſt reach
In rare Invention; Conflicts, that beget
New ſtrange Delight, to ſee two Fancies met,
That could receive no foil: two Wits in growth
So juſt, as had one Soul informed Both.
Thence (Learned Fletcher*) ſung the Muſe alone,*
As both had done before, thy Beaumont *gone.*
In whom, as thou, had he out-liv'd, ſo he
(Snatch'd firſt away) ſurvived ſtill in thee.
What though Diſtempers of the preſent Age
Have baniſh'd your ſmooth Numbers from the Stage?
You ſhall be gainers by't; it ſhall confer
To th' making the vaſt World your Theater;
The Preſs ſhall give to every Man his part,
And we will all be Actors; learn by heart
Thoſe Tragic Scenes and Comic Strains you writ,
Unimitable both for Art and Wit;
And, at each Exit, *as your Fancies riſe,*
Our Hands ſhall clap deſerved Plaudities.

[30] John Webb.

[30] *John Webb.*] I find no other Traces of a *John Webb* who was likely to be Author of this ingenious Copy of Verſes; but that in 1629, four Years after *Fletcher*'s Death, one *John Webb*, M. A. and Fellow of *Magdalene* College in *Oxford*, was made Maſter of *Croydon* School. He was probably our Mr. *Webb*, and much nearer the Times of our Authors than Mr. *Cartwright*, and had I diſcovered this ſoon enough, he ſhould have took place of him; but his Teſtimony of *Beaumont*'s Abilities, as a Writer, is a proper Antidote againſt Mr. *Cartwright*'s traditional Opinion.

On

On the WORKS of the moſt excellent Dramatic Poet, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, never before printed.

XII.

HAIL, Fletcher! *welcome to the World's great Stage;*
For our two Hours, we have thee here an Age
In thy whole Works, and may th' Impreſſion *call*
The Pretor *that preſents thy Plays to all:*
Both to the People, and the Lords *that ſway*
That Herd, *and Ladies whom thoſe* Lords *obey.*
And what's the Loadſtone can ſuch Gueſts invite
But moves on two Poles, Profit *and* Delight?
Which will be ſoon, as on the Rack, confeſt,
When every one is tickled with a Jeſt:
[31] *And that pure* Fletcher's *able to ſubdue*
A Melancholy *more than* Burton *knew.*
And though upon the by, to his Deſigns
The Native *may learn Engliſh from his Lines,*
And th' Alien, *if he can but conſtrue it,*
May here be made free Deniſon *of Wit.*
But his main End does drooping Virtue *raiſe,*
And crowns her Beauty with eternal Bays;
In Scenes where ſhe inflames the frozen Soul,
While Vice *(her Paint waſh'd off) appears ſo foul;*
She muſt this bleſſed Iſle *and* Europe *leave,*
And ſome new Quadrant *of the* Globe *deceive:*
Or hide her Bluſhes on the Afric *Shore,*
Like Marius, *but ne'er riſe to* triumph *more;*

[31] *And that pure* Fletcher, *able to ſubdue*
A Melancholy *more than* Burton *knew.*] Mr. *Sympſon* obſerv'd that the Comma ſtood in the place of *'s*, Fletcher *is able*. *Burton* was Author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, a *Folio*.

That

That Honour *is reſign'd to* Fletcher's *Fame*;
Add to his Trophies, that a Poet's Name
(*Late grown as odious to our* Modern States,
As that of King *to* Rome) *he vindicates*
From black Aſperſions, caſt upon't by thoſe
Which only are inſpir'd to lie in Proſe.
And, By the Court of Muſes be't Decreed,
What Graces ſpring from Poeſy's richer Seed,
When we name Fletcher, *ſhall be ſo proclaim'd,*
As all, that's Royal, *is when* Cæſar's *nam'd.*
[32] Robert Stapylton, *Kt.*

To the Memory of my moſt honoured Kinſman,
Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

XIII.

I'*LL not pronounce how ſtrong and clean thou writ'ſt,*
Nor by what new hard Rules thou took'ſt thy Flights,
Nor how much Greek *and* Latin *ſome refine,*
Before they can make up ſix Words of thine;
But this I'll ſay, thou ſtrik'ſt our Senſe ſo deep,
At once thou mak'ſt us bluſh, rejoice, and weep.
Great Father Jonſon *bow'd himſelf, when he*
(*Thou writ'ſt ſo nobly*) *vow'd,* he envy'd thee.
Were thy Mardonius *arm'd; there would be more*
Strife for his Sword than all Achilles *wore;*

[32] Sir *Robert Stapylton* of *Carelton* in *Yorkſhire*, a Poet of much Fame, was at the Battle of *Edgehill* with King *Charles* the 1ſt. and had an honorary Degree giv'n him at *Oxford* for his Behaviour on that Occaſion. He wrote *The Slighted Maid*, a Comedy; *The Step-Mother*, a Tragi-Comedy; and *Hero and Leander*, a Tragedy; beſides ſeveral Poems and Tranſlations.

Such

Such wiſe juſt Rage, had he been lately try'd,
My Life on't, he had been o'th' better ſide;
And, where he found falſe odds, (through Gold or Sloth)
There brave Mardonius *would have beat them both.*
Behold, here's Fletcher *too! the World ne'er knew*
Two Potent Wits co-operate, till you;
For ſtill your Fancies are ſo wov'n and knit,
'Twas Francis Fletcher, *or* John Beaumont *writ.*
Yet neither borrow'd, nor were ſo put to't
To call poor Gods and Goddeſſes to do't;
Nor made nine Girls your Muſes *(you ſuppoſe,*
Women ne'er write, ſave Love-Letters in Proſe)
But are your own Inſpirers, and have made
Such powerful Scenes, as, when they pleaſe, invades
Your Plot, Senſe, Language, all's ſo pure and fit,
He's Bold, not Valiant, dare diſpute your Wit.

[33] George Liſle, *Kt.*

[33] *George Liſle,* Knight.] This I take to be the ſame with Sir *John Liſle* one of King *Charles*'s Judges; for *Wood,* in his Index to his *Athenæ,* calls Sir *John* by the Name of *George:* He might perhaps have had two Chriſtian Names. If this was he, he was admitted at *Oxford* in the Year 1622, ſeven Years after *Beaumont*'s Death, and as he was a Kinſman might be ſuppoſed to know more of his Compoſitions than a Stranger. His Teſtimony therefore adds Strength to what has been before advanc'd concerning *Beaumont*, nay it does ſo whether Sir *George Liſle* be the Regicide or not. If he was, he was an eminent Lawyer and Speaker in the Houſe of Commons, and made Lord Commiſſioner of the Privy-Seal by the Parliament. After the Reſtoration he fled to *Loſanna* in *Switzerland,* where he was treated as Lord Chancellor of *England,* which ſo irritated ſome furious *Iriſh* Loyaliſts that they ſhot him dead as he was going to Church.

On

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's WORKS.

XIV.

SO ſhall we joy, when all whom Beaſts and Worms
Had turn'd to their own Subſtances and Forms,
Whom Earth to Earth, or Fire hath chang'd to Fire,
We ſhall behold, more than at firſt intire,
As now we do, to ſee all thine, thine own
In this thy Muſe's Reſurrection:
Whoſe ſcatter'd Parts, from thy own Race, more Wounds
Hath ſuffer'd, than Acteon *from his Hounds;*
Which firſt their Brains, and then their Bellies, fed,
And from their Excrements new Poets bred.
But now thy Muſe enraged from her Urn,
Like Ghoſts of murder'd Bodies, doth return
T' accuſe the Murderers, to right the Stage,
And undeceive the long-abuſed Age;
Which caſts thy Praiſe on them, to whom thy Wit
Gives not more Gold than they give Droſs to it:
Who, not content like Felons to purloin,
Add Treaſon to it, and debaſe thy Coin.
But whither am I ſtray'd? I need not raiſe
Trophies to thee from other Mens Diſpraiſe;
Nor is thy Fame on leſſer Ruins built,
Nor needs thy juſter Title the foul Guilt
Of Eaſtern Kings, who, to ſecure their Reign,
Muſt have their Brothers, Sons, and Kindred ſlain.
Then was [34] *Wit's Empire at the fatal height,*
When, lab'ring and ſinking with its weight,

34 — *Wit's Empire at the fatal Height,*] *i. e.* The higheſt Pitch which Fate allows it to riſe to. The following Account of *Shakeſpear*, *Jonſon*, and *Fletcher*, tho' rather too favourable to the laſt, is as much preferable to all the former Poets Encomiums as Sir *John* was preferable to them in Abilities as a Poet.

From

From thence a thouſand leſſer Poets ſprung,
Like petty Princes from the fall of Rome.
When Jonſon, Shakeſpear, *and thyſelf did ſit,*
And ſway'd in the Triumvirate of Wit.
Yet what from Jonſon's *Oil and Sweat did flow,*
Or what more eaſy Nature did beſtow
On Shakeſpear's *gentler Muſe, in thee full grown*
Their Graces both appear; yet ſo, that none
Can ſay, here Nature ends, and Art begins;
But mixt, like th' Elements, and born like Twins;
So interweav'd, ſo like, ſo much the ſame,
None this mere Nature, that mere Art can name:
'Twas this the Ancients meant; Nature and Skill
Are the two Tops of their Parnaſſus *Hill.*

J. Denham.

Upon Mr. JOHN FLETCHER'S Plays.

XV.

FLetcher, *to thee, we do not only owe*
All theſe good Plays, but thoſe of others too:
Thy Wit, repeated, does ſupport the Stage;
Credits the laſt, and entertains this Age:
No Worthies form'd by any Muſe, but thine,
Could purchaſe Robes to make themſelves ſo fine:
What brave Commander is not proud to ſee
Thy brave Melantius *in his Gallantry?*
Our greateſt Ladies love to ſee their Scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themſelves have worn:
Th' impatient Widow, e'er the Year be done,
Sees thy Aſpaſia *weeping in her Gown:*

I never yet the Tragic Strain assay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid :
And when I venture at the Comic Stile,
[35] *Thy* Scornful Lady *seems to mock my toil :*
Thus has thy Muse, at once, improv'd and marr'd
Our Sport in Plays, by rend'ring it too hard.
So when a sort of lusty Shepherds throw
The Bar by turns, and none the rest outgo
So far, but that the best are measuring Casts,
Their Emulation and their Pastime lasts ;
But if some Brawny Yeoman of the Guard
Step in, and tos's the Axle-tree a Yard,
Or more, beyond the fartheſt Mark, the rest
Despairing stand, their Sport is at the best.

Edw. Waller.

To *FLETCHER* Reviv'd.

XVI.

HOW have I been Religious? what strange Good
Has 'scap'd me, that I never understood?
Have I Hell-guarded Heresy *o'erthrown?*
Heal'd wounded States? made Kings and Kingdoms one?
That Fate *should be so merciful to me,*
To let me live t'have said, I have read thee.

[35] *Thy* Scornful Lady—] Many great Men, as well as Mr. *Waller*, have celebrated this Play. *Beaumont*'s Hand is visible in some high Caracatures, but I must own my Dissent to its being call'd a First-rate Comedy ; I propos'd to have put it in the second Class in the Preface, where I have divided our Authors Plays into three Classes, but by an unfortunate Oversight this Play was omitted.

Fair Star, aſcend! the Joy! the Life! the Light
Of this tempeſtuous Age, this dark World's Sight!
Oh, from thy Crown of Glory dart one Flame
May ſtrike a ſacred Reverence, whilſt thy Name
(Like holy Flamens *to their God of Day)*
We, bowing, ſing; and whilſt we praiſe, we pray.
Bright Spirit! whoſe Eternal Motion
Of Wit, like Time, *ſtill in itſelf did run;*
Binding all others in it, and did give
Commiſſion, how far this, or that, ſhall live:
[36] *Like* Deſtiny, *thy Poems; who, as ſhe*
Signs Death to all, herſelf can never dye.
And now thy Purple-robed Tragedy,
In her imbroider'd Buskins, *calls mine Eye,*
Where brave Aëtius *we ſee betray'd,* Valentinian.
T' obey his Death, whom thouſand Lives obey'd;
Whilſt that the Mighty Fool *his Scepter breaks,*
And through his Gen'ral's *Wounds his own Doom ſpeaks;*
Weaving thus richly Valentinian,
The coſtlieſt Monarch with the cheapeſt Man.

[36] *Like* Deſtiny *of Poems, who, as ſhe Signs Death to all, herſelf can never dye.*] This is extremely obſcure: He ſays firſt, that *Fletcher* is the Spirit of Poetry, that he is the God of it, and has decreed the Fate of all other Poems, whether they are to live or dye; after this he is like the Deſtiny of Poems, and living only himſelf ſigns Death to all others. This is very high-ſtrain'd indeed, and rather ſelf-contradictory, for *Fletcher*'s Spirit gives Commiſſion how far ſome ſhall live and yet ſigns Death to all. A ſlight Change will make ſomewhat eaſier and clearer Senſe. I underſtand the four firſt Lines thus; *Fletcher*'s Poetry is the ſtandard of Excellence; whatever is not form'd by that Model muſt dye, therefore I read,

Like Deſtiny, thy Poems; i. e. Thy Poems being the ſtandard of Excellence, are like Deſtiny, which determines the Fate of others, but herſelf remains ſtill the ſame. I republiſh this Poem as there are ſtrong Marks of Genius in it, particularly in ſome of the following Paragraphs.

Soldiers

Soldiers may here to their old Glories add,
The Lover *love, and be with reaſon* Mad : The Mad Lover.
Not as of old Alcides *furious,*
Who, wilder than his Bull, did tear the Houſe ;
(Hurling his Language with the Canvas Stone)
'Twas thought, the Monſter roar'd the ſob'rer Tone.
But, ah! when thou thy ſorrow didſt inſpire
With Paſſions black as is her dark Attire,
Virgins, as Sufferers, *have wept to ſee* Arcas.
So white a Soul, ſo red a Cruelty ; Bellario.
That thou haſt griev'd, and, with unthought Redreſs,
Dry'd their wet Eyes who now thy Mercy bleſs ;
Yet, loth to loſe thy watry Jewel, when
Joy wip'd it off, Laughter ſtrait ſprung't agen.
Now ruddy-cheeked Mirth *with roſy Wings* Comedies.
Fans ev'ry Brow with gladneſs, whilſt ſhe ſings The Spaniſh Curate.
Delight to all ; and the whole Theatre The Humorous Lieutenant.
A Feſtival in Heaven doth appear,
Nothing but Pleaſure, Love ; and (like the The Tamer Tam'd.
Morn)
Each Face a general ſmiling doth adorn. The little French Lawyer.
Hear, ye foul Speakers, that pronounce the Air
Of Stews and Sewers, I will inform you where,
And how, to cloath aright your wanton Wit ;
Without her naſty Bawd attending it. The Cuſtom of the Country.
View here a looſe Thought ſaid with ſuch a
Grace,
Minerva *might have ſpoke in* Venus' *Face ;*
So well diſguis'd, that 'twas conceiv'd by none,
But Cupid *had* Diana's *Linnen on ;*
And all his naked Parts ſo vail'd, t' expreſs
The Shape with clouding the Uncomelineſs ;
That if this Reformation, which we
Receiv'd, had not been buried with thee,

The Stage, as this Work, might have liv'd and lov'd;
Her Lines the auſtere Scarlet had approv'd;
And th' Actors *wiſely been from that Offence*
As clear, as they are now from Audience.
Thus with thy Genius *did the* Scene *expire,*
Wanting thy active and enliv'ning Fire,
That now (to ſpread a Darkneſs over all,)
Nothing remains but Poeſy *to fall.*
And though from theſe thy Embers *we receive*
Some Warmth, ſo much as may be ſaid, we live;
That we dare praiſe thee, bluſhleſs, in the Head
Of the beſt piece Hermes *to* Love *e'er read;*
That we rejoice and glory in thy Wit,
And feaſt each other with remembring it;
That we dare ſpeak thy Thought, thy Acts recite:
Yet all Men henceforth be afraid to write.

[37] Rich. Lovelace.

Upon the unparallel'd PLAYS written by thoſe renowned Twins of Poetry, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

XVII.

WHAT's here? [38] *another Library of Praiſe,*
Met in a Troop t' advance contemned Plays,
And

[37] *Rich. Lovelace.*] This Gentleman was eldeſt Son of a good Family, extremely accompliſh'd, being very eminent for Wit, Poetry, and Muſic, but ſtill more ſo for Politeneſs of Manners and Beauty of Perſon. He had an ample Fortune and every Advantage that ſeem'd to promiſe Happineſs in Life; but his ſteady Attachment to the Royal Cauſe, and a Liberality that perhaps approach'd too near Profuſeneſs, reduc'd him to extreme Poverty. Something of the Gaiety of the Soldier appears in the beginning of this Poem. His Poems were publiſhed in 1749.

[38] —— *another Library of Praiſe,*] This alludes to the numerous commendatory Copies of Verſes on *Tom. Coryate's Crudities*, which ſwell'd into

And bring exploded Wit *again in Faſhion?*
I can't but wonder at this Reformation.
My skipping Soul ſurfeits with ſo much good,
To ſee my Hopes into Fruition *bud.*
A happy Chymiſtry! *bleſt Viper,* Joy!
That through thy Mother's Bowels gnaw'ſt thy way!
Wits flock in Shoals, [39] *and club to re-erect*
In ſpite of Ignorance *the Architect*
Of Occidental Poeſy; *and turn*
Gods, to recal Wits *Aſhes from their Urn.*
Like huge Coloſſes, [40] *they've together knit*
Their Shoulders to ſupport a World of Wit.
The Tale of Atlas (*though of Truth it miſs*)
We plainly read Mythologiz'd *in this;*

into an entire Volume. This is touch'd at in the 23d Copy of Verſes, by *Richard Brome.*

For the witty Copies took,
Of his Encomiums *made themſelves a Book.* Mr. *Theobald.*

39 ——— *and club to* re-elect
In ſpite of Ignorance the Architect
Of Occidental Poeſy;—] I am now correcting the foul ſheet from the Preſs, at thirty Miles diſtance from my old Editions, ſo know not whether *re-elect* be the Error of former Preſſes or only of the preſent. I read *re-erect*, which better correſponds with the Metaphors both in this and the following Sentence. As an Architect his Poems are re-built; as he was dead he was raiſed to Life.

40 ——— *they've together* met
Their Shoulders to ſupport a World of Wit.] I ſhould not find fault with *Met* and *Wit* being made Rhimes here, (the Poets of thoſe Times giving themſelves ſuch a Licence) but that two Perſons *meeting their Shoulders* is neither Senſe nor *Engliſh!* I am therefore perſuaded the Author wrote *knit*. So twice in the VIIIth Copy by *Jaſper Maine,*

In Fame, as well as Writings, both ſo knit,
That no Man knows where to divide your Wit.

And again,

Nor were you thus in Works and Poems knit, &c.
Mr. *Theobald.*

Orpheus *and* Amphion, *whoſe undying Stories*
Made Athens *famous, are but* Allegories.
'Tis Poetry has Power to civilize
Men, worſe than Stones, more blockiſh than the Trees.
I cannot chooſe but think (now things ſo fall)
That Wit is paſt its Climacterical;
And though the Muſes *have been dead and gone,*
I know, they'll find a Reſurrection.
'Tis vain to praiſe; they're to themſelves a Glory,
And Silence is our ſweeteſt Oratory.
For he, that names but Fletcher, *muſt needs be*
Found guilty of a loud Hyperbole.
His Fancy ſo tranſcendently aſpires,
He ſhows himſelf a Wit, who but admires.
Here are no Volumes ſtuft with cheverel Senſe,
The very Anagrams *of Eloquence;*
Nor long-long-winded Sentences that be,
Being rightly ſpell'd, but Wit's Stenography;
Nor Words, as void of Reaſon, as of Rhime,
Only cæſura'd to ſpin out the time.
But here's a Magazine *of pureſt Senſe,*
Cloth'd in the neweſt Garb of Eloquence:
Scenes that are quick and ſprightly, in whoſe Veins
Bubbles the Quinteſſence of ſweet-high Strains.
Lines, like their Authors, *and each Word of it*
Does ſay, 'twas writ b' a Gemini *of Wit.*
How happy is our Age! how bleſt our Men!
When ſuch rare Souls live themſelves o'er again.
We err, that think a Poet dies; for this
Shews, that 'tis but a Metempſychoſis.
Beaumont *and* Fletcher *here, at laſt, we ſee*
Above the reach of dull Mortality,

Or

Or Pow'r of Fate: and thus the Proverb hits,
(That's ſo much croſs'd) Theſe Men live by their Wits. *Alex. Brome.*

On the *DEATH* and *WORKS* of Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.

XVIII.

MY Name, ſo far from great, that 'tis not known,
Can lend no Praiſe but what thou'dſt bluſh to own;
And no rude Hand, or feeble Wit, ſhould dare
To vex thy Shrine with an unlearned Tear.
I'd have a State of Wit convok'd, which hath
A Power to take up on the common Faith;
That, when the Stock of the whole Kingdom's ſpent
In but Preparative to thy Monument,
The prudent Council may invent freſh Ways
To get new Contribution to thy Praiſe;
And rear it high, and equal to thy Wit;
Which muſt give Life and Monument to it.
[41] *So when, late,* Eſſex *dy'd, the publick Face*
Wore Sorrow in't; and to add mournful Grace
To the ſad Pomp of his lamented Fall,
The Commonwealth ſerv'd at his Funeral,
And by a ſolemn Order built his Hearſe;
—But not like thine, built by thyſelf in Verſe.
Where thy advanced Image ſafely ſtands
Above the reach of ſacrilegious Hands.

[41] *So when, late,* Eſſex *dy'd,*] The Earl of *Eſſex*, who had been General for the Parliament in the Civil War againſt King *Charles* the Firſt, dyed on the 14th of *September*, 1646, and the firſt *Folio* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s Works was publiſh'd in 1647. Mr. *Theobald.*

Baſe Hands, how impotently you diſcloſe
Your Rage 'gainſt Camden's *learned Aſhes, whoſe*
Defaced Statua and martyr'd Book,
Like an Antiquity and Fragment look.
Nonnulla deſunt's *legibly appear,*
So truly now Camden's Remains *lye there.*
Vain Malice! how he mocks thy Rage, while Breath
Of Fame ſhall ſpeak his great Elizabeth!
'Gainſt Time and thee he well provided hath;
Britannia *is the Tomb and Epitaph.*
Thus Princes Honours; but Wit only gives
A Name which to ſucceeding Ages lives.
Singly we now conſult Ourſelves and Fame,
Ambitious to twiſt ours with thy great Name.
Hence we thus bold to praiſe. For as a Vine,
With ſubtle Wreath and cloſe Embrace, doth twine
A friendly Elm, by whoſe tall Trunk it ſhoots
And gathers Growth and Moiſture from its Roots;
About its Arms the thankful Cluſters cling
Like Bracelets, and with Purple ammelling
The blue-cheek'd Grape, ſtuck in its vernant Hair,
Hangs like rich Jewels in a beauteous Ear.
So grow our Praiſes by thy Wit; we do
Borrow Support and Strength, and lend but Show.
Oh for a Spark of that diviner Fire,
Which thy full Breaſt did animate and inſpire;
That Souls could be divided, thou traduce
But a ſmall Particle of thine to us!
Of thine; which we admir'd when thou didſt ſit
But as a Joint-commiſſioner in Wit;
When it had Plummets hung on to ſuppreſs
Its too luxuriant growing Mightineſs:
'Till as that Tree which ſcorns to be kept down,
Thou grew'ſt to govern the whole Stage alone.

In

In which Orb thy throng'd Light did make the Star,
Thou wer't th' Intelligence did move that Sphere.
Thy Fury was compos'd; Rapture no Fit
That hung on thee; nor thou far gone in Wit
As Men in a Diſeaſe; thy Fancy clear,
Muſe chaſt, as thoſe Flames whence they took their Fire;[42]
No ſpurious Compoſures amongſt thine
Got in Adultery 'twixt Wit and Wine.
And as th' hermetical Phyſicians draw
From things that Curſe of the firſt-broken Law,
That Ens Venenum, *which extracted thence*
Leaves nought but primitive Good and Innocence:
So was thy Spirit calcin'd; no Mixtures there
But perfect, ſuch as next to Simples are.
Not like thoſe Meteor-wits which wildly fly
In Storm and Thunder through th' amazed Sky;
Speaking but th' Ills and Villanies in a State,
Which Fools admire, and wiſe Men tremble at,
Full of Portent and Prodigy, whoſe Gall
Oft 'ſcapes the Vice, and on the Man doth fall.
Nature us'd all her Skill, when thee ſhe meant
A Wit at once both Great and Innocent.
Yet thou hadſt Tooth; but 'twas thy Judgment, not
For mending one Word a whole Sheet to blot.

[42] *Muſe chaſt, as thoſe* Frames *whence they took their Fire*;] This ſeems obſcure, for what are thoſe *Frames* whence *Fletcher* took his Fire? The Stars? Ev'n if this was meant, I ſhould think *Flames* the better Word; but as *Flames* will ſignify *heavenly Fire* in general, either the Stars, Sun, Angels, or even the Spirit of God himſelf, who maketh his *Miniſters Flames of Fire:* I much prefer the Word, and believe it the Original. As this Poet was a Clergyman of Character, with regard to his Sanctity, and much celebrates *Fletcher*'s Chaſtity of Sentiments and Language, it is very evident that many Words which appear groſs to us were not ſo in King *Charles* the Firſt's Age. See Page 54, 55, and 56 of the Preface.

Thou

Thou couldſt anatomiſe with ready Art,
And skilful Hand, Crimes lockt cloſe up i' th' Heart.
Thou couldſt unfold dark Plots, and ſhew that Path
By which Ambition climb'd to Greatneſs hath;
Thou couldſt the Riſes, Turns, and Falls of States,
How near they were their Periods and Dates;
Couldſt mad the Subject into popular Rage,
And the grown Seas of that great Storm aſſwage;
Dethrone uſurping Tyrants, and place there
The lawful Prince and true Inheriter;
Knew'ſt all dark Turnings in the Labyrinth
Of Policy, which who but knows he ſinn'th,
Save thee, who un-infected didſt walk in't
As the great Genius of Government.
And when thou laidſt thy Tragic Buskin by
To court the Stage with gentle Comedy,
How new, how proper th' Humours, how expreſs'd
In rich Variety, how neatly dreſs'd
In Language, how rare Plots, what Strength of Wit
Shin'd in the Face and every Limb of it!
The Stage grew narrow while thou grewſt to be
In thy whole Life an Exc'llent Comedy.
To theſe a Virgin-modeſty which firſt met
Applauſe with Bluſh and Fear, as if he yet
Had not deſerv'd; 'till bold with conſtant Praiſe
His Brows admitted the unſought for Bays.
Nor would he raviſh Fame; but let Men free
To their own Vote and Ingenuity.
When his fair Shepherdeſs *on the guilty Stage,*
Was martyr'd between Ignorance and Rage;
At which the impatient Virtues of thoſe few
Could judge, grew high, cry'd Murder: though he knew
The Innocence and Beauty of his Child,
He only, as if unconcerned, ſmil'd.

Princes

[43] *Princes have gather'd ſince each ſcatter'd Grace,*
Each Line and Beauty of that injur'd Face ;
And on th' united Parts breath'd ſuch a Fire
As ſpight of Malice ſhe ſhall ne'er expire.
Attending, not affecting, thus the Crown,
Till every Hand did help to ſet it on,
He came to be ſole Monarch, and did reign
In Wit's great Empire, abs'lute Sovereign.

[44] John Harris.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, and his WORKS, never before Publiſhed.

XIX.

TO flatter living Fools is eaſy Slight:
But hard, to do the living-dead Men Right.

[43] *Princes have gather'd ſince each ſcatter'd Grace,*
Each Line and Beauty of that injur'd Face;] This relates to King *Charles* the Firſt cauſing *The Faithful Shepherdeſs* to be reviv'd, and acted before him. The Lines are extremely beautiful, and do honour to the King's Taſte in Poetry, which as it comes from an Adverſary (tho' certainly a very candid one, and who before condemn'd the Fire-brand-Scriblers and Meteor-Wits of his Age) is a ſtrong Proof of its being a very good one. Queen *Elizabeth* may be call'd the Mother of the *Engliſh* Poets; *James* the Firſt was a Pedagogue to them, encourag'd their Literature but debas'd it with Puns and Pedantry; *Charles* the Firſt reviv'd a good Taſte, but the Troubles of his Reign prevented the great Effects of his Patronage.

[44] *John Harris* was of *New-College*, *Oxford*, Greek Profeſſor of the Univerſity, and ſo eminent a Preacher that he was call'd a ſecond *Chryſoſtom*. In the Civil Wars he ſided with the Presbyterians, and was one of the *Aſſembly of Divines*, and is the only Poet in this Collection whom we certainly know to have been for the Parliament againſt the King. His Poem has great Merit; the fine Break after the mention of the Earl of *Eſſex*, and the Simile of the Elm and Cluſters of Grapes, deſerve a particular Attention. After this Simile I have ſtruck out ſome Lines that were unequal in Merit to their Brethren, leſt the Reader, tired with theſe, ſhould ſtop too ſhort; for thoſe which now follow, tho' unjuſt with regard to *Beaumont*, are poetically good.

To

To praiſe a landed Lord, is gainful Art:
But thankleſs to pay Tribute to Deſert.
This ſhould have been my Task: I had Intent
To bring my Rubbiſh to thy Monument,
To ſtop ſome Crannies there, but that I found
No Need of leaſt Repair; all firm and ſound.
Thy well-built Fame doth ſtill itſelf advance
Above the World's mad Zeal and Ignorance.
Though thou dieſt not poſſeſt of that ſame Pelf,
Which nobler Souls call Dirt, the City, Wealth:
Yet thou haſt left unto the Times ſo great
A Legacy, a Treaſure ſo compleat,
That 'twill be hard, I fear, to prove thy Will:
Men will be Wrangling, and in Doubting ſtill,
How ſo vaſt Sums of Wit were left behind;
And yet nor Debts, nor Sharers, they can find.
'Twas the kind Providence of Fate to lock
Some of this Treaſure up; and keep a Stock
For a Reſerve until theſe ſullen Days:
When Scorn, and Want, and Danger, are the Bays
That crown the Head of Merit. But now he,
Who in thy Will hath part, is rich and free.
But there's a Caveat enter'd by Command,
None ſhould pretend, but thoſe can underſtand.

[45] Henry Moody, *Bart.*

[45] Sir *Henry Moody* was of the Number of thoſe Gentlemen who had honorary Degrees conferr'd by King *Charles* the Firſt at his Return to *Oxford* after the Battle of *Edgehill*. The Poem has ſome ſtrong Marks of Genius in it, particularly in theſe Lines,

> ——— *until theſe ſullen Days:*
> *When Scorn, and Want, and Danger, are the Bays*
> *That crown the Head of Merit.*

I confeſs myſelf a great Admirer of Verſes in Rhime, whoſe Pauſes run into each other as boldly as blank Verſe itſelf. When our Moderns corrected many Faults in the Meaſure of our Verſe by making the Accents always fall on right Syllables, and laying aſide thoſe harſh Eliſions us'd by

On the Deceaſed Author, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, his Plays; and eſpecially, *The Mad Lover.*

XX.

46 *WHilſt his well-organ'd Body doth retreat*
To its firſt Matter, and the Formal Heat
Triumphant ſits in Judgment to approve
Pieces above our Cenſure, *and our Love*;

by our ancient Poets, they miſtook this Run of the Verſes into each other after the Manner of *Virgil*, *Homer*, &c. for a Fault, which depriv'd our Rhime of that Grandeur and Dignity of Numbers which ariſes from a perpetual change of Pauſes, and turn'd whole Poems into Diſtichs.

46 The firſt four Lines of this Copy of Verſes, I own, are quite above my Comprehenſion. What *formal Heat* can mean, and *Heat ſitting in Judgment*, is a Riddle too intricate for me to gueſs at. Then, why any Piece ſhould be *above our Candour*, I am equally at a loſs to underſtand. If theſe Verſes are printed among Sir *Aſton Cokaine*'s Poems, they may, perhaps, ſtand in a more intelligible Plight. But, as I never met with that Gentleman's Writings, I'll venture to ſubjoin my Suſpicion how the Text might have originally ſtood.

Whilſt his well-organ'd Body is retir'd
To its firſt Matter, and the formal Herd
Triumphant ſits in Judgment, to approve
Pieces above our Cenſure, *and our Love*;

The *formal Herd* I would interpret to be the Croud of Fanatics, that ſwarm'd at the Time of the firſt Publication of *Beaumont*'s and *Fletcher*'s Works. Then, as to the Correction in the fourth Line, it gives an *Antitheſis* that makes good Senſe: whereas *Candour* and *Love* are merely Tautology. An excellent Work may, with Reaſon, be ſaid to be as much above *Cenſure*, as it is above our *Admiration* and *Praiſes*. The Word *approve*, I conceive, is to be taken in an equivocal Senſe; not, directly, to *commend*; but to ſee whether the Piece, under Judgment, will ſtand the Teſt of being *approved*. Mr. *Theobald*.

This Note of Mr. *Theobald*'s is ingenious; but there are great Liberties taken, and the Senſe is, I believe, made totally different from the true one, which at beſt is very obſcure. *Formal Heat*, I take to be a metaphyſical and logical Term for the *Soul*, as the *Formal Cauſe* is that which conſtitutes the Eſſence of any thing. *Fletcher*'s Soul therefore now ſits in Judgment, to approve Works deſerving of Praiſe As to *Cenſure* for *Candour*, it is certainly a very probable Conjecture.

Such,

Such, as dare boldly venture to appear
Unto the curious Eye, and Critic Ear:
Lo, the Mad Lover *in these various Times*
Is pres'd to Life, t'accuse us of our Crimes.
While Fletcher *liv'd, who equal to him writ*
Such lasting Monuments of natural Wit?
Others might draw their Lines with Sweat, like those
That (with much Pains) a Garrison incloſe;
Whilſt his sweet, fluent, Vein did gently run,
As uncontrol'd and smoothly as the Sun.
After his Death, our Theatres did make
Him in his own unequal Language speak:
And now, when all the Muses out of their
Approved Modesty silent appear,
This Play of Fletcher's *braves the envious Light,*
As Wonder of our Ears once, now our Sight.
Three-and-fourfold-bleſt Poet, who the Lives
Of Poets, and of Theatres, survives!
A Groom, or Oſtler of some Wit, may bring
His Pegaſus *to the* Caſtalian *Spring;*
Boaſt, he a Race o'er the Pharſalian *Plain,*
Or happy Tempe's *Valley, dares maintain:*
Brag, at one Leap, upon the double Cliffe
(Were it as high as monſtrous Tenariffe)
Of far-renown'd Parnaſſus *he will get,*
And there (t' amaze the World) confirm his Seat:
When our admired Fletcher *vaunts not Aught,*
And ſlighted every thing he writ as Naught:
While all our Engliſh *wondring World (in's Cauſe)*
Made this great City echo with Applauſe.
Read him, therefore, all that can read; and thoſe,
That cannot, learn; if y'are not Learning's Foes;
And wilfully reſolved to refuſe
The gentle Raptures of this happy Muſe.

From

From thy great Conſtellation (noble Soul)
Look on this Kingdom; ſuffer not the whole
Spirit of Poeſy retire to Heaven;
But make us entertain what thou haſt given.
Earthquakes and Thunder Diapaſons make;
The Seas vaſt Roar, and irreſiſtleſs Shake
Of horrid Winds, a Sympathy compoſe;
So in theſe things there's Muſick in the Cloſe:
And though they ſeem great Diſcords in our Ears,
They are not ſo to them above the Spheres.
Granting theſe Muſick, how much ſweeter's That
Mnemoſyne's *Daughters' Voices do create?*
Since Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas, and Air conſent
To make an Harmony, (the Inſtrument,
Their own agreeing ſelves) ſhall we refuſe
The Muſick which the Deities do uſe?
Troy's *raviſht* Ganymede *doth ſing to* Jove,
And Phœbus *ſelf plays on his Lyre Above.*
The Cretan *Gods, or glorious Men, who will*
Imitate right, muſt wonder at thy Skill;
Beſt Poet of thy Times! or they will prove
As mad, as thy brave Memnon *was with Love.*

[47] Aſton Cokaine, *Bart.*

47 *Aſton Cokaine,* Bart.] This Gentleman who claim'd being made a Baronet by King *Charles* I. at a Time when the King's Diſtreſs prevented the Creation paſſing the due Forms, was a Poet of ſome Repute, for which Reaſon this Copy is inſerted more than for its intrinſic Worth. He was Lord of the Manors of *Pooley* in *Polefworth* Pariſh, *Warwickſhire*, and of *Aſhburn* in *Derbyſhire*; but with a Fate not uncommon to Wits, ſpent and ſold both; but his Deſcendants of this Age have been and are Perſons of diſtinguiſh'd Merit and Fortune.

On the Edition of Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT's, and Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's PLAYS, never printed before.

XXI.

I Am *amaz'd*; and this ſame *Extaſy*
Is both my *Glory* and *Apology*.
Sober Joys are dull Paſſions; they muſt bear
Proportion to the *Subject*: if *ſo*, where
Beaumont and *Fletcher* ſhall vouchſafe to be
The Subject, *That Joy* muſt be *Extaſy*.
Fury is the *Complexion* of *great Wits*;
The *Fool's Diſtemper*: He, that's *Mad* by *Fits*,
Is *wiſe ſo* too. It is the *Poet's Muſe*;
The *Prophet's God*; the *Fool's*, and *my Excuſe*.
For (in *Me*) nothing *leſs* than *Fletcher's Name*
Could have *begot*, or *juſtify'd*, this *Flame*.
Beaumont } *Return'd!* methinks, it ſhould not be:
Fletcher }
No, not in's *Works*; *Plays* are as *Dead* as *He*.
The *Palate* of *this Age* guſts nothing *High*;
That has not *Cuſtard* in't, or *Bawdery*.
Folly and *Madneſs* fill the *Stage*: The *Scene*
Is *Athens*; *where*, the *Guilty*, and the *Mean*,
The *Fool 'ſcape* well enough; *Learned* and *Great*,
Suffer an *Oſtraciſm*; ſtand *exulate*.
Mankind is *fall'n again*, *ſhrunk* a *Degree*,
A *Step* below his very *Apoſtacy*.
Nature her *Self* is out of *Tune*; and *Sick*
Of *Tumult* and *Diſorder*, *Lunatick*.
Yet *what World* would not cheerfully *endure*
The *Torture*, or *Diſeaſe*, t' *enjoy* the *Cure*?

This

This Book's the *Balſam*, and the *Hellebore*,
Muſt *preſerve bleeding Nature*, and *reſtore*
Our *crazy Stupor* to a *juſt quick Senſe*
Both of *Ingratitude*, and *Providence*.
That teaches us (at *Once*) to *feele* and *know*,
Two deep Points: What we *Want*, and what we *Owe*.
Yet *Great Goods have their Ills:* Should we *tranſmit*,
To *future Times*, the *Pow'r* of *Love* and *Wit*,
In *this Example:* would they not *combine*,
To make *Our Imperfections Their Deſign?*
They'd *ſtudy* our *Corruptions*; and take more
Care to be *Ill*, than to be *Good*, *before*.
For *nothing*, *but ſo great Infirmity*,
Could make Them worthy of ſuch Remedy.
Have you not ſeen the Sun's almighty Ray
Reſcue th' *affrighted World*, and *redeem Day*
From *black Deſpair?* how his *victorious Beam*
Scatters the *Storm*, and *drowns* the *petty Flame*
Of *Lightning*, in the *Glory* of his *Eye:*
How *full* of *Pow'r*, how *full* of *Majeſty?*
When, to *us Mortals*, *nothing* elſe was *known*,
But the *ſad Doubt*, whether to *burn*, or *drown*.
Choler, and *Phlegme*, *Heat*, and *dull Ignorance*,
Have caſt *the People* into *ſuch* a *Trance*,
That *Fears* and *Danger* ſeem *Great equally*,
And no *Diſpute* left now, but *how* to *die*.
Juſt in *this nick*, Fletcher *ſets the World clear*
Of all Diſorder, and reforms us here.
The *formal Youth*, that knew *no* other *Grace*,
Or *Value*, but his *Title*, and his *Lace*,
Glaſſes himſelf: and, in *this faithful Mirror*,
Views, *diſapproves*, *reforms*, *repents* his *Error*.
The *credulous*, *bright Girl*, that *believes all*
Language, in *Oaths* (if *good*) *Canonical*,

Is *fortify'd*, and *taught*, *here*, to *beware*
Of *ev'ry* ſpecious *Bait*, of *ev'ry Snare*
Save *one*; and *that* ſame *Caution* takes her *more*,
Than *all* the *Flattery* ſhe *felt before.*
She finds her *Boxes*, and her *Thoughts betray'd*
By the *Corruption* of the *Chamber-Maid*;
Then throws her *Waſhes* and *Diſſemblings* by;
And *vows* nothing but *Ingenuity.*
The *ſevere Stateſman quits* his *ſullen Form*
Of *Gravity* and *Buſ'neſs*; The *Lukewarm*
Religious, his *Neutrality*; The *hot*
Brainſick Illuminate, his *Zeal*; The *Sot*,
Stupidity; The *Soldier*, his *Arrears*;
The *Court*, its *Confidence*; The *Plebs*, their *Fears*;
Gallants, their *Apiſhneſs* and *Perjury*;
Women, their *Pleaſure* and *Inconſtancy*;
Poets, their *Wine*; the *Uſurer*, his *Pelf*;
The *World*, its *Vanity*; and *I*, my *Self.*

[48] Roger L'Eſtrange.

On the EDITION.

XXII.

FLetcher (*whoſe Fame no Age can ever waſte*;
Envy of ours, and Glory of the laſt)
Is now alive again; *and with his Name*
His ſacred Aſhes wak'd into a Flame;
Such as before, did by a ſecret Charm
The wildeſt Heart ſubdue, the coldeſt warm;

[48] For the ſame Reaſon that Sir *Aſton Cockain*'s Poem is reprinted, Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*'s keeps its Place. His Name is well known to the learned World, but this Copy of Verſes does no great Honour either to himſelf or our Authors.

And

And lend the Ladies' Eyes a Power more bright,
Diſpenſing thus to either, Heat and Light.
He to a Sympathy thoſe Souls betray'd,
Whom Love, or Beauty, never could perſwade;
And in each mov'd Spectator could beget
A real Paſſion by a Counterfeit:
When firſt Bellario *bled, what Lady there*
Did not for every Drop let fall a Tear?
And when Aſpaſia *wept, not any Eye*
But ſeem'd to wear the ſame ſad Livery;
By him inſpir'd, the feign'd Lucina *drew*
More Streams of melting Sorrow than the true;
But then the Scornful Lady *did beguile*
Their eaſy Griefs, and teach them all to ſmile.
Thus he Affections could, or raiſe, or lay;
Love, Grief, and Mirth, thus did his Charms obey;
He Nature taught her Paſſions to out-do,
How to refine the old, and create new;
Which ſuch a happy Likeneſs ſeem'd to bear,
As if that Nature Art, Art Nature were.
Yet all had nothing been, obſcurely kept
In the ſame Urn wherein his Duſt hath ſlept;
Nor had he ris' the Delphic *Wreath to claim,*
Had not the dying Scene expir'd his Name;
Deſpair our Joy hath doubled, he is come;
Thrice welcome by this Poſt-liminium.
His Loſs preſerv'd him; They, that ſilenc'd Wit,
Are now the Authors to Eternize it;
Thus Poets are in ſpight of Fate reviv'd,
And Plays by Intermiſſion longer-liv'd.

[49] Tho. Stanley.

49 Mr. *Stanley* educated at *Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge*, was a Poet of ſome Eminence, and his Verſes have Merit; and contain a Proof of what is aſſerted in the Preface, of Plays being kept unpubliſh'd for the Benefit of the Players.

To the Memory of the Deceaſed but Ever-living Author, in theſe his Poems, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.

XXIII.

ON the large Train of Fletcher's *Friends let me*
(Retaining ſtill my wonted Modeſty,)
Become a Writer, in my ragged Verſe,
As Follower to the Muſes *Followers.*
Many here are of Noble Rank and Worth,
That have, by ſtrength of Art, ſet Fletcher *forth*
In true and lively Colours, as they ſaw him,
And had the beſt Abilities to draw him;
Many more are abroad, that write, and look
To have their Lines ſet before Fletcher's *Book;*
Some, that have known him too; ſome more, ſome leſs;
Some only but by Hear-ſay, ſome by Gueſs;
And ſome for Faſhion-ſake would take the Hint,
To try how well their Wit will ſhew in Print.
You, that are here before me, Gentlemen,
And Princes of Parnaſſus *by the Pen,*
And your juſt Judgments of his Worth, that have
Preſerv'd this Author's *Mem'ry from the Grave,*
And made it glorious; let me, at your Gate,
Porter it here, 'gainſt thoſe that come too late,
And are unfit to enter. Something I
Will deſerve here: For, where you verſify
In flowing Numbers, lawful Weight, and Time,
I'll write, though not rich Verſes, honeſt Rhime.
I am admitted. Now, have at the Rout
Of thoſe that would crowd in, but muſt keep out.
Bear back, my Maſters; Pray, keep back; Forbear:
You cannot, at this time, have Entrance here.

You,

You, that are worthy, may, by Interceſſion,
Find Entertainment at the next Impreſſion.
But let none then attempt it, that not know
The Reverence due, which to this Shrine they owe:
All ſuch muſt be excluded; and the Sort,
That only upon Truſt, or by Report,
Have taken Fletcher *up, and think it trim*
To have their Verſes planted before Him:
Let them read firſt his Works, and learn to know him;
And offer, then, the Sacrifice they owe him.
But far from hence be ſuch, as would proclaim
Their Knowledge of this Author, *not his Fame;*
And ſuch, as would pretend, of all the reſt,
To be the beſt Wits *that have known him beſt.*
Depart hence all ſuch Writers; and, before
Inferior ones thruſt in, by many a Score;
As formerly, before Tom Coryate,
Whoſe Work, before his Praiſers, had the Fate
To periſh: for the witty Copies took
Of his Encomiums *made themſelves a* Book.
Here's no ſuch Subject for you to out-do,
Out-ſhine, out-live, (though well you may do too
In other Spheres:) for Fletcher's *flouriſhing Bays*
Muſt never fade, while Phœbus *wears his Rays.*
Therefore forbear to preſs upon him thus.
Why, what are you, (cry ſome) that prate to us?
Do not we know you for a flaſhy Meteor?
And ſtil'd (at beſt) the Muſes' *Serving-Creature?*
Do you comptrole? Y' have had your Jeer: Sirs, no;
But, in an humble manner, let you know,
Old Serving-Creatures oftentimes are fit
T' inform young Maſters, as in Land, in Wit,
What they inherit; and how well their Dads
Left one, and wiſh'd the other, to their Lads.

And from departed Poets I can gueſs
Who has a greater ſhare of Wit, who leſs.
'Way Fool, another ſays. * *I, let him rail,* i. e. *Ay.*
And 'bout his own Ears flouriſh his Wit-Flail,
Till with his Swingle he his Noddle break;
While this of Fletcher, *and his* Works, *I ſpeak:*
His Works? *(ſays* Momus) *nay, his* Plays, *you'd ſay:*
Thou haſt ſaid right, for that to him was Play
Which was to others' Brains a Toil: with eaſe
He play'd on Waves, which were Their troubled Seas.
His nimble Births have longer liv'd than theirs
That have, with ſtrongeſt Labour, divers Years
Been ſending forth the Iſſues of their Brains
Upon the Stage; *and ſhall, to th'* Stationer's *Gains,*
Life after Life take, till ſome After-Age
Shall put down Printing, *as this doth the* Stage;
Which nothing now preſents unto the Eye,
But in Dumb-ſhews *her own ſad* Tragedy.
'Would, there had been no ſadder Works abroad,
Since her Decay, acted in Fields of Blood!
But to the Man again, of whom we write,
The Writer *that made Writing his Delight,*
Rather than Work. He *did not pump, nor drudge,*
To beget Wit, *or manage it; nor trudge*
To Wit-Conventions with Note-Book, to glean,
Or ſteal, ſome Jeſts to foiſt into a Scene:
He ſcorn'd thoſe Shifts. You, that have known him, know
The common Talk, that from his Lips did flow,
And run at waſte, did ſavour more of Wit,
Than any of his Time, or ſince, have writ
(But few excepted) in the Stage's way:
His Scenes *were* Acts, *and every* Act *a* Play.

I knew him in his Strength; even then, when He,
That was the [50] *Maſter of his Art and Me,*
Moſt knowing Jonſon (*proud to call him* Son)
In friendly Envy ſwore, He had out-done
His very Self. *I knew him, till he died;*
And, at his Diſſolution, what a Tide
Of Sorrow overwhelm'd the Stage; *which gave*
Vollies of Sighs to ſend him to his Grave.
And grew Diſtracted in moſt violent Fits,
For She *had loſt the beſt part of her* Wits.
In the firſt Year, our famous Fletcher *fell,*
Of good King Charles, *who grac'd theſe* Poems *well,*
Being then in Life of Action: But they dy'd,
Since the King's Abſence; or were laid aſide,
As is their Poet. *Now, at the Report*
Of the King's *ſecond Coming to his Court,*
The Books *creep from the* Preſs *to Life, not* Action;
Crying unto the World, that no Protraction
May hinder Sacred Majeſty *to give*
Fletcher, *in them, Leave on the* Stage *to live.*
Others may more in lofty Verſes move;
I only, thus, expreſs my Truth and Love.

Richard Brome.

[50] —*Maſter of his Art and Me,*] Mr. *Richard Brome* was many Years a Servant to *Ben Jonſon*, (an Amanuenſis, I preſume;) and learn'd the Art of writing Comedy under him, Upon this, *Ben* compliments him in a ſhort Poem prefix'd to *Brome*'s *Northern Laſs.*

I had you for a Servant, once Dick Brome,
And you perform'd a Servant's faithful Parts;
Now you are got into a nearer Room
Of Fellowſhip, profeſſing my old Arts, &c. Mr. *Theobald.*

Upon the Printing of Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's WORKS.

XXIV.

WHat means this numerous Guard? or do we come
To file our Names, or Verſe, upon the Tomb
Of Fletcher, *and, by boldly making known*
His Wit, betray the Nothing of our Own?
For, if we grant him dead, it is as true
Againſt ourſelves, No Wit, no Poet now;
Or if he be return'd from his cool Shade,
To us, this Book his Reſurrection's made;
We bleed ourſelves to Death, and but contrive
By our own Epitaphs to ſhew him alive.
But let him live! and let me propheſy,
As I go Swan-like out, our Peace is nigh;
A Balm unto the wounded Age I ſing;
And nothing now is wanting, but the King.

[51] Ja. Shirley.

[51] Mr. *Shirley* was Publiſher of the firſt Folio Edition in 1647.

Introduction to the Preface of the Edition of 1711.

By *J. SYMPSON.*

'TIS really surprising that all we know of two such Illustrious Authors as Mr. *Beaumont* and Mr. *Fletcher* were is, That we know nothing. The Composer of the following Preface, and Editor of their Works in 1711, *calls* it *An Account of the Lives*, &c. *of his Authors*. But he greatly *miscalls* it, for that they were born in such a Year, and dy'd in such a one, is all he has given us of their History and Actions; and by what I can find, had they never wrote a Comedy, we should not have known, but upon Mr. *Shirley*'s Word, that in Conversation they ever had talked one.

Our Authors, 'tis true, take up Articles in two Dictionaries, but these contain little more than Remarks on their *Dramatic* Performances. Believing therefore that the *no Account*, of the following Preface, contains as *good an Account* of our Authors as any can be given, I submit it to the Reader pure and unmix'd, as it came out of the Editor's Hands, without any Alteration or Interpolation at all, only striking out a long Quotation from a very imperfect Answer of Mr. *Dryden*'s

Dryden's to the Objections made againſt *Shakeſpear* and *our Authors* by Mr. *Rhymer*.

But their *Dramatic* is no better known than their *Civil Hiſtory*; I mean, what Part each ſuſtain'd in their Poetical Capacities. Did *Beaumont* plan, and *Fletcher* raiſe the Superſtructure? Then 'tis no wonder the Work ſhould be all of a Piece.

But if each ſuſtain'd both Characters (as I think is ſo plain as not to be doubted) 'tis ſtrange there ſhould appear no greater diverſity in their Writings, when the ſeparate Parts came to be put together.

For, unleſs I be greatly miſtaken, we can't ſay that *here* one laid down the Pencil, and *there* the other took it up, no more than we can ſay of any two contiguous Colours in the Rainbow, here *this* ends and there *that* begins, ſo fine is the Tranſition, that

——— *Spectantia Lumina fallit,*
Uſque adeo quod tangit idem eſt.———

Mr. *Seward* will lay before the Reader what *internal Evidence* he thinks he has diſcover'd of a diſtinction of their Hands; but in general *Beaumont*'s Accuracy, and *Fletcher*'s Wit, are ſo undiſtinguiſhable, that were we not ſure, to a Demonſtration, that the *Maſque* was the former's, and the *Shepherdeſs* the latter's ſole Production, they might each have paſſed for the concurrent Labour of both, or have changed Hands, and the *laſt* been taken for *Beaumont*'s and the *former* for *Fletcher*'s.

And where is the Wonder, that *Fletcher*'s Works, which he wrote ſingly after *Beaumont*'s Death, ſhou'd carry the ſame Strength, Wit, Manner, and Spirit in them, ſo as not to be diſcern'd from what both wrote

wrote in Conjunction, when as Sir *J. Berkenhead* tells us,

Beaumont *dy'd: yet left in Legacy*
His Rules and Standard-wit (Fletcher) *to thee*;
Still the ſame Planet, though not fill'd ſo ſoon,
A Two-horn'd Creſcent *then, now one* Full-Moon.
Joint Love *before, now* Honour *doth provoke*;
So th' old Twin-Giants forcing a huge Oak,
One ſlip'd his footing, th' other ſees him fall,
Graſp'd the whole Tree and ſingle held up all.

And ſince I have quoted one poetical Authority, let me give another (with a little variation) from the Immortal *Spenſer*, which may farther illuſtrate, if not confirm our Opinion. The Poet ſpeaking of *Priamond*, after he had dy'd by *Cambell*'s Hand in ſingle Combat, ſays

His weary Ghoſt aſſoyl'd from fleſhly band
Did not, as others wont, directly fly
Unto her reſt in Pluto's *grieſly Land,*
Ne into Air did vaniſh preſently,
Ne chaunged was into a Star in Sky,
But by traduction was eftſoon deriv'd
Into his other Brother *that ſurviv'd,*
In whom he liv'd anew, of former Life depriv'd.

The Application of theſe Lines to our Authors, is ſo *eaſy* that no Reader can *miſs* it, and the Reaſon given for the Sameneſs of Manner, Spirit, *&c.* in their *joint* and *ſingle* Performances, ſo clear for a *poetical One*, that no one can *diſpute* it.

And

And as to *external Evidence*, tho' we have enough of it, 'tis ſo little to be depended on, that it has no Weight with me, whatever it may have with the intelligent Reader. The Teſtimony of the Verſifiers, before our Authors Works, is ſo extravagant on the one Side or on the other, that if we truſt *this* Panegyriſt, *Fletcher* was the ſole Author, if *that Beaumont* wrote alone, and if a *third*, the whole was the united Work and Labour of both.

The Printers of the *Quarto* Editions are no more Concordant; for in different Years and Editions, you have ſometimes *Beaumont*'s and *Fletcher*'s Name, and ſometimes the Latter's ſingly before the ſame Play.

The *Prologue* and *Epilogue* Writers may perhaps be more depended upon, but they don't go quite through with their Work; for neither the *Quarto* Copies, nor the Thirty-four Plays in the 1647 Edition, have all their full quotas of Head and Tail-Pieces; and of theſe we have, there are few that ſpeak out, and tell us from whoſe Labours, their Audiences were to expect either Pleaſure or Inſtruction.

However this Evidence, ſuch as it is, I ſhall lay before the Reader, by way of Notes to the Alphabetical Account of our Authors Pieces (as drawn up by Dr. *Langbaine*) towards the concluſion of the following Preface; and leave it to his Judgment to determine, how far upon ſuch Teſtimony, the Authors were ſingly or jointly concern'd; only I muſt give this Caution, that where the Prologue mentions Poet, or Author in the Singular, there I ſuppoſe *Fletcher* is only deſigned, where in the Plural, *Beaumont* is included.

PREFACE,

PREFACE,

(to the EDITION of 1711)

GIVING

Some ACCOUNT *of the* AUTHORS *and their Writings.*

FRancis *Beaumont*, Esq; was descended from the ancient Family of that Name, at *Gracedieu* in *Leicestershire*, and Brother to Sir *Henry Beaumont*, Knight, of the same Place; his Grandfather was *John Beaumont*, Master of the Rolls; and his Father *Francis Beaumont*, Judge of the Common Pleas, who married *Anne* Daughter of *George Pierrepont* of *Home-Pierrepont*, *Nottinghamshire*. He was Educated at *Cambridge*, and after at the *Inner-Temple*. He died before he was 30 Years of Age, and was buried the 9th of *March* 1615, at the Entrance into St. *Benedict*'s Chapel in *Westminster-Abbey*. He left one Daughter behind him, Mrs. *Frances Beaumont*, who died in *Leicestershire* since the Year 1700: She had been possessed of several Poems of her Father's Writing, but they were lost at Sea coming from *Ireland*, where she had sometime lived in the Duke of

of *Ormond*'s Family. There was publiſh'd, after our Author's Death, a ſmall Book containing ſeveral Poems under his Name, and among them the Story of *Salmacis* from the Metamorphoſes of *Ovid*; and a Tranſlation of the *Remedy of Love*, from the ſame Author. The Poem of *Boſworth* Field, which has been univerſally eſteem'd, was written by his Brother *John Beaumont*.

John Fletcher, Eſq; (Son of Dr. *Richard Fletcher*, who was created by Queen *Elizabeth* Biſhop of *Briſtol*, and after removed to *Worceſter*, and from thence, in the Year 1593, to *London*,) was Educated at *Cambridge*, and probably at *Bennet* College, to which his Father was by his Will a Benefactor. He died of the Plague in the firſt Year of the Reign of King *Charles* the Firſt, and was buried in St. *Mary Overy*'s Church in *Southwark*, *Auguſt* the 19th, 1625, in the 49th Year of his Age.

Several of their Plays were Printed in Quarto while the Authors were living; and in the [52] Year 1645 (Twenty Years after the Death of *Fletcher*, and Thirty after that of *Beaumont*) there was Publiſh'd in Folio a Collection of ſuch of their Plays as had not before been Printed, amounting to between thirty and forty. At the beginning of this Volume are inſerted a great many Commendatory Verſes, written in Praiſe of the Authors by Perſons of their Acquaintance, and the moſt Eminent of that Age for Wit and Quality. This Collection was Publiſhed by Mr. *Shirley* after the ſhutting up of the Theatres, and Dedicated to the Earl of *Pembroke* by Ten of the moſt famous Actors, who profeſs to have taken

[52] *Moſeley*'s Preface to the Reader bears date *February* 14, 1646. But the Title Page runs for 1647.

great

great Care in the Edition; they lament their not being able to procure any Picture of Mr. *Beaumont*, from which to take his Effigies, as they had done that of Mr. *Fletcher:* But, through the favour of the preſent Earl of *Dorſet*, that is now ſupplied, the Head of Mr. *Beaumont*, and that of Mr. *Fletcher*, being taken from Originals in the noble Collection his Lordſhip has at *Knowles*.

In the Year 1679, there was an Edition in Folio of all their Plays Publiſh'd, containing thoſe formerly Printed in Quarto, and thoſe in the beforementioned Folio Edition. Several of the Commendatory Verſes are left out before that Impreſſion; (many of them relating to Particulars of the Authors, or their Plays,) but they are all prefix'd to this, and a large Omiſſion of part of the laſt Act of *The Tragedy of* Thierry *and* Theodoret, is ſupply'd in this.

The frequent and great Audiences that ſeveral of their Plays continue to bring, ſufficiently declares the Value this Age has for them is equal to that of the former; and three ſuch extraordinary Writers as Mr. *Waller*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, and *John* late Earl of *Rocheſter*, ſelecting each of them one of their Plays to alter for the Stage, adds not a little to their Reputation.

[53] *The Maids Tragedy* was very frequently Acted after the Reſtoration, and with the greateſt Ap-

[53] As our Authors were planning one of their Plays (*this moſt probably*) in a Tavern, Mr. *Fletcher* was over-heard, by ſome of the Houſe, to ſay, *I'll undertake to Kill the King*. Words in appearance ſo treaſonable as theſe were, cou'd not long be kept conceal'd, and the Diſcovery of 'em had like to have coſt our Poet dear: But it being demonſtrated that this Deſign was only againſt the Perſon of a *Scenical Sovereign*, our Author was freed from any farther Trouble, and the intended Proceſs entirely dropt. *Vide Winſtanley's Engliſh Poets.*

plauſe;

plauſe; Mr. *Hart* playing *Amintor*, Major *Mohun*, *Melantius*, and Mrs. *Marſhal*, *Evadne*, equal to any other Parts for which they were deſervedly famous. But the latter End of that Play, where the King was kill'd, making it upon ſome particular Occaſion not thought proper to be farther repreſented, it was by private Order from Court ſilenc'd. This was the Reaſon Mr. *Waller* undertook the altering the latter part of that Play, as it is now printed in the laſt Edition of his Works——Upon which Alteration, this following Remark was made by an Eminent Hand.

It is not to be doubted who ſat for the two Brothers Characters. 'Twas agreeable to Mr. Waller's *Temper to ſoften the Rigour of the Tragedy, as he expreſſes it; but whether it be agreeable to the Nature of Tragedy itſelf, to make every thing come off eaſily, I leave to the Critics.*

The Duke of *Buckingham*, ſo celebrated for Writing the *Rehearſal*, made the two laſt Acts of the *Chances* almoſt New. Mr. *Hart* play'd the Part of *Don John* to the higheſt Satisfaction of the Audience; the Play had a great Run, and ever ſince has been follow'd as one of the beſt Entertainments of the Stage. His Grace, after that, beſtow'd ſome time in altering another Play of our Authors, called *Philaſter*, or *Love lies a Bleeding:* He made very conſiderable Alterations in it, and took it with him, intending to finiſh it the laſt Journey he made to *Yorkſhire* in the Year 1686. I cannot learn what is become of the Play with his Grace's Alterations, but am very well inform'd it was ſince the Revolution in the Hands of Mr. *Nevil Payne*, who was impriſon'd at *Edinburgh* in the Year 1689.

The

The Alterations in *Valentinian*, by the Earl of *Rocheſter*, amount to about a third part of the whole; but his Lordſhip died before he had done all he intended to it. It was Acted with very great Applauſe, Mr. *Goodman* playing *Valentinian*, Mr. *Batterton*, *Æcius*, and Mrs. *Barry*, *Lucina*. My Lord died in the Year 1680, and the Play was acted in the Year 1684, and the ſame Year publiſh'd by Mr. *Robert Wolſley*, with a Preface, giving a large Account of my Lord, and his Writings. This Play, with the Alterations, is printed at the end of his Lordſhip's Poems in Octavo.

Mr. *Dryden*, in his Eſſay of *Dramatic Poetry*, Page 17, (in the firſt Volume of the Folio Edition of his Works) in a Compariſon of the *French* and *Engliſh* Comedy, ſays, 'As for Comedy, Repartee 'is one of its chiefeſt Graces. The greateſt Pleaſure 'of an Audience is a Chaſe of Wit kept up on both 'Sides, and ſwiftly manag'd: And this our Fore-'fathers (if not we) have had in *Fletcher*'s Plays, 'to a much higher Degree of Perfection than the '*French* Poets can arrive at.

And in the ſame Eſſay, Page 19, he ſays, '*Beau-'mont* and *Fletcher* had, with the Advantage of '*Shakeſpear*'s Wit, which was their Precedent, great 'Natural Gifts, improv'd by Study. *Beaumont* 'eſpecially being ſo accurate a Judge of Plays, that '*Ben Jonſon*, while he liv'd, ſubmitted all his 'Writings to his Cenſure, and 'tis thought us'd his 'Judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his 'Plots. What Value he had for him appears by 'the Verſes he wrote to him, and therefore I need 'ſpeak no farther of it. The firſt Play that brought '*Fletcher* and him in eſteem, was *Philaſter*; for

'before that, they had written two or three very 'unſucceſsfully; as the like is reported of *Ben* 'Jonſon, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour:* 'Their Plots were generally more regular than '*Shakeſpear*'s, eſpecially thoſe that were made before '*Beaumont*'s Death: And they underſtood and 'imitated the Converſation of Gentlemen much 'better; whoſe wild Debaucheries, and quickneſs 'of Wit in Repartees, no Poet can ever paint as 'they have done. Humour, which *Ben Jonſon* 'deriv'd from particular Perſons, they made it not 'their Buſineſs to deſcribe; they repreſented all the 'Paſſions very lively, but above all *Love.* I am apt 'to believe the *Engliſh* Language in them arrived 'to its higheſt Perfection; what Words have ſince 'been taken in, are rather ſuperfluous than ne-'ceſſary. Their Plays are now the moſt pleaſant 'and frequent Entertainments of the Stage, two of 'theirs being Acted through the Year, for one of '*Shakeſpear*'s or *Jonſon*'s; the Reaſon is, becauſe 'there is a certain Gaiety in their Comedies, and '*Pathos* in their more ſerious Plays, which ſuits 'generally with all Mens Humour. *Shakeſpear*'s 'Language is likewiſe a little obſolete, and *Ben* '*Jonſon*'s Wit comes ſhort of theirs.

This Eſſay of Mr. *Dryden*'s was written in the Year 1666.

Mr. *Dryden* ſaid he had been inform'd, that after *Beaumont*'s Death, Mr. *James Shirly* was conſulted by *Fletcher* in the plotting ſeveral of his Plays. It does ſeem that *Shirly* did ſupply many that were left imperfect, and that the old Players gave ſome Remains, or imperfect Plays of *Fletcher*'s to *Shirly* to make up: And it is from hence, that in the firſt

Act

Act of *Love's Pilgrimage*, there is a Scene of an Oſtler, Tranſcribed *Verbatim* out of *Ben Jonſon*'s *New Inn*, Act 3. Scene 1. which Play was written long after *Fletcher* died, and tranſplanted into *Love*'s *Pilgrimage* after the Printing the *New Inn*, which was in the Year 1630. And two of the Plays printed under the name of *Fletcher*, *viz.* the *Coronation*, and *The Little Thief*, have been claimed by *Shirly* to be his; 'tis probable they were left imperfect by one, and finiſh'd by the other.

Mr. *Langbaine*, in his Account of the *Dramatic Poets*, printed in the Year 1691, is very particular upon the ſeveral Plays of our Authors, and therefore I ſhall conclude with Tranſcribing from him, *page* 204. *viz.* 'Mr. *Beaumont* was a Maſter 'of a good Wit, and a better Judgment, that Mr. '*Jonſon* himſelf thought it no Diſparagement to ſub-'mit his Writings to his Correction. Mr. *Fletcher*'s 'Wit was equal to Mr. *Beaumont*'s Judgment, and 'was ſo luxuriant, that like ſuperfluous Branches it 'was frequently prun'd by his judicious Partner. 'Theſe Poets perfectly underſtood Breeding, and 'therefore ſucceſsfully copy'd the Converſation of 'Gentlemen. They knew how to deſcribe the 'Manners of the Age; and *Fletcher* had a peculiar 'Talent in expreſſing all his Thoughts with Life and 'Briskneſs. No Man ever underſtood or drew the 'Paſſions more lively than he; and his witty Rallery 'was ſo deep, that it rather pleas'd than diſguſted 'the modeſt part of his Audience. In a word, '*Fletcher*'s Fancy and *Beaumont*'s Judgment com-'bin'd, produc'd ſuch Plays, as will remain Monu-'ments of their Wit to all Poſterity. Mr. *Fletcher* 'himſelf, after Mr. *Beaumont*'s Death, compos'd

'several Dramatic Pieces, which were worthy the 'Pen of so great a Master.' And this Mr. *Cartwright* alludes to, in his Verses before the Book.

The following Verses, put under his Folio Picture, were written by Sir *John Berkenhead.*

Felicis ævi, ac Præsulis *Natus; comes*
Beaumontio; *sic, quippe Parnassus,* Biceps;
FLETCHERUS unam in Pyramida furcas agens,
Struxit chorum plùs simplicem Vates Duplex;
Plus Duplicem solus: nec ullum transtulit;
Nec transferendus: Dramatum æterni sales,
Anglo *Theatro, Orbi, Sibi, superstites.*
FLETCHERE, facies absque vultu pingitur;
Quantus! vel umbram *circuit nemo tuam.*

There are Fifty-two Plays written by these Authors, each of which I shall mention Alphabetically.

54 *Beggars Bush*, a Comedy. This Play I have seen several times acted with Applause.

Bonduca, a Tragedy. The Plot of this Play is borrow'd from *Tacitus*'s *Annals*, Lib. 14. See *Milton*'s History of *England*, Book 2. *Ubaldino de Vita delle Donne Illustri del Regno d'Inghelterra, & Scotia, pag.* 7. &c.

55 *Bloody Brother*, or *Rollo* Duke of *Normandy*, a Tragedy much in request; and notwithstanding Mr. *Rymer*'s Criticisms on it, has still the good for-

54 Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* and *Hills*, attribute this Play to *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue none.

55 Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* and *Hills*, and Quarto of 1640, attribute this Play to *Fletcher*. *Crooke*, in his Catalogue of our Authors Plays subjoin'd to *Wit without Money* 1661, gives it to both. Prologue and Epilogue none.

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tune to pleaſe: It being frequently acted by the preſent Company of Actors, at the Queen's Play-Houſe in *Dorſet-Garden*. The Deſign of this Play is Hiſtory: See *Herodian, lib.* 4. *Xiphilini Epit. Dion. in Vit. Ant. Caracallæ.* Part of the Language is copy'd from *Seneca*'s *Thebais.*

[56] *Captain*, a Comedy.

[57] *Chances*, a Comedy, revived by the late Duke of *Buckingham*, and very much improv'd; being acted with extraordinary Applauſe at the Theatre in *Dorſet-Garden*, and printed with the Alterations, *Lond.* 4*to*, 1682. This Play is built on a Novel written by the famous *Spaniard Miguel de Cervantes*, call'd *The Lady Cornelia*; which the Reader may read at large in a Fol. Vol. call'd *Six Exemplary Novels.*

[58] *Coronation*, a Tragi-comedy.

[59] *Coxcomb*, a Comedy, which was reviv'd at the Theatre-Royal, the Prologue being ſpoken by *Jo. Hains.*

[60] *Cupid's Revenge*, a Tragedy.

[61] *Cuſtom of the Country*, a Tragi-comedy. This is accounted an excellent Play; the Plot of *Rutilio*, *Duarte*, and *Guyomar*, is founded on one of *Malc-ſpini*'s Novels, Deca. 6. Nov. 6.

[56] Commendatory Verſes by *Hills* and *Gardiner*, attribute this Play to *Fletcher*. *Maine* to both. Prologue to one. Epilogue ſilent.

[57] Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue to one. Epilogue ſilent.

[58] Quarto 1640, attributes this Play to *Fletcher*. *Crooke*'s Catalogue to both. Prologue to one. Epilogue ſilent.

[59] Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* and *Hills*, attribute this Play to *Fletcher*. Prologue to both. Epilogue ſilent.

[60] Quarto of 1630, 1635, and *Crooke*'s Catalogue, attribute this Play to both.

[61] Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* and *Lovelace*, attribute this Play to *Fletcher*. Prologue to both.

[62] *Double Marriage*, a Tragedy, which has been reviv'd some Years ago; as I learn from a new Prologue printed in *Covent-Garden Drollery*, p. 14.

[63] *Elder Brother*, a Comedy, which has been acted with good Applause.

[64] *Faithful Shepherdess*, a Pastoral, writ by Mr. *Fletcher*, and commended by two Copies written by the judicious *Beaumont*, and the learned *Jonson*, which are inserted among the Commendatory Poems at the beginning of this Edition. When this Pastoral was first acted before their Majesties at *Somerset-House* on *Twelfth-Night*, 1633, instead of a Prologue, there was a Song in Dialogue, sung between a Priest and a Nymph, which was writ by Sir *William D'Avenant*; and an Epilogue was spoken by the Lady *Mary Mordant*, which the Reader may read in *Covent-Garden Drollery*, p. 86.

[65] *Fair Maid of the Inn*, a Tragi-comedy. *Mariana*'s disowning *Cæsario* for her Son, and the Duke's Injunction to marry him, is related by *Cauſin* in his *Holy Court*, and is transcrib'd by *Wanley* in his *History of Man*, Fol. Book 3. Chap. 26.

[66] *False One*, a Tragedy. This Play is founded on the Adventures of *Julius Cæsar* in *Ægypt*, and his Amours with *Cleopatra*. See *Suetonius*, *Plutarch*, *Dion*, *Appian*, *Florus*, *Eutropius*, *Orosius*, &c.

Four Plays, or Moral Representations in One; viz. *The Triumph of Honour*; *The Triumph of Love*;

[62] Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner*, attribute this Play to *Fletcher*.

[63] Commendatory Verses by *Hills*, attribute this Play to *Fletcher*. Quarto 1651, and *Crooke*'s Catalogue, to both. Quarto 1661, and the Distich to the Reader, to *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue to one.

[64] Universally ascrib'd to *Fletcher*.

[65] Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*.

[66] Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue to both.

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The Triumph of Death; *The Triumph of Time.* I know not whether ever these Representations appear'd on the Stage, or no. *The Triumph of Honour* is founded on *Boccace* his *Novels*, Day 10. Nov. 5. *The Triumph of Love*, on the same Author, Day 5. Nov. 8. *The Triumph of Death* on a Novel in *The Fortunate, Deceiv'd*, and *Unfortunate Lovers*, part 3. Nov. 3. See besides *Palace of Pleasure*, Nov. 40. *Belleforest*, &c. *The Triumph of Time*, as far as falls within my discovery, is wholly the Author's Invention.

[67] *Honest Man's Fortune*, a Tragi-Comedy. As to the Plot of *Montaign*'s being prefer'd by *Lamira* to be her Husband, when he was in Adversity, and least expected: The like Story is related by *Heywood* in his *History of Women*, Book 9. pag. 641.

[68] *Humourous Lieutenant*, a Tragi-Comedy, which I have often seen acted with Applause. The Character of the *Humorous Lieutenant* refusing to fight after he was cured of his Wounds, resembles the Story of the Soldier belonging to *Lucullus* describ'd in the Epistles of *Horace*, *lib.* 2. *Ep.* 2. but the very Story is related in *Ford*'s *Apothegms*, p. 30. How near the Poet keeps to the Historian I must leave to those that will compare the Play with the Writers of the Lives of *Antigonus* and *Demetrius*, the Father and the Son. See *Plutarch*'s Life of *Demetrius*, *Diodorus*, *Justin*, *Appian*, &c.

[69] *Island Princess*, a Tragi-Comedy. This Play about three Years ago was reviv'd with Alterations by Mr. *Tate*, being acted at the Theatre-Royal,

[67] Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*.

[68] Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner*, *Hills*, and *Lovelace*, to *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue silent.

[69] Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*.

printed in Quarto *Lond.* 1687, and Dedicated to the Right Honourable *Henry* Lord *Walgrave.*

[70] *King and no King*, a Tragi-Comedy, which notwithſtanding its Errors diſcover'd by Mr. *Rymer* in his *Criticiſms*, has always been acted with Applauſe, and has lately been reviv'd on our preſent Theatre with ſo great Succeſs, that we may juſtly ſay with *Horace*,

Hæc placuit ſemel, hæc decies repetita placebit.

[71] *Knight of the burning Peſtle*, a Comedy. This Play was in vogue ſome Years ſince, it being reviv'd by the King's Houſe, and a new Prologue (inſtead of the old one in Proſe) being ſpoken by Mrs. *Ellen Guin.* The bringing the Citizen and his Wife upon the Stage, was poſſibly in imitation of *Ben Jonſon*'s *Staple of News*, who has introduc'd on the Stage Four Goſſips, Lady-like attir'd, who remain during the whole Action, and criticiſe upon each Scene.

[72] *Knight of Malta*, a Tragi-Comedy.

Laws of Candy, a Tragi-Comedy.

[73] *Little French Lawyer*, a Comedy. The Plot is borrow'd from *Guſman*, or *The Spaniſh Rogue*, Part 2. Chap. 4. The Story of *Dinant*, *Clerimont*, and *Lamira*, being borrow'd from *Don Dewis de Caſtro*, and *Don Roderigo de Montalva.* The like Story is in other Novels; as in *Scarron*'s Novel, called *The*

[70] Commendatory Verſes by *Howard* and *Herrick* to *Fletcher*. *Earle* to *Beaumont*. Quartos 1619, 1631, 1639, 1661, 1676, and *Crooke*'s Catalogue, to both.

[71] Quarto of 1613, has no Name in the Title Page, but the Dedication gives it to both; ſo does *Crooke*'s Catalogue. Quarto of 1635, Title Page gives it to both; but in the Preface to the Reader 'tis attributed only to one. Prologue to one.

[72] Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*.

[73] Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner*, *Lovelace*, and *Hills*, to *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue to both.

Fruitleſs

Fruitleſs Precaution; and in *The Complaiſant Companion*, 8vo. p. 263, which is copied from the abovementioned Original.

74 *Love's Cure*, or *The Martial Maid*, a Comedy.

75 *Love's Pilgrimage*, a Comedy. This I take to be an admirable Comedy. The Foundation of it is built on a Novel of *Miguel de Cervantes*, called *The Two Damſels*. The Scene in the firſt Act, between *Diego* the Hoſt of *Oſſuna*, and *Lazaro* his Oſtler, is ſtoln from *Ben Jonſon*'s *New Inn:* which I may rather term borrow'd, for that Play miſcarrying in the Action, I ſuppoſe they made uſe of it with *Ben*'s Conſent.

76 *Lovers Progreſs*, a Tragi-Comedy. This Play is built on a *French* Romance written by M. *Daudiguier*, call'd *Lyſander* and *Caliſta*.

77 *Loyal Subject*, a Tragi-Comedy.

78 *Mad Lover*, a Tragi-Comedy. The Deſign of *Cleanthe*'s Suborning the Prieſteſs to give a falſe Oracle in favour of her Brother *Syphax*, is borrow'd from the Story of *Mundus* and *Paulina*, deſcrib'd at large by *Joſephus*, Lib. 18. Cap. 4. This Play Sir *Aſton Cokain* has chiefly commended in his Copy of Verſes on Mr. *Fletcher*'s Plays. See the Verſes before this Edition; and *Cokain*'s *Poems*, pag. 101.

79 *Maid in the Mill*, a Comedy. This Play, amongſt others, has likewiſe been reviv'd by the

74 Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue to one. Epilogue to both.

75 Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue to both.

76 Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue to one.

77 Commendatory Verſes by *Hills* and *Gardiner*, to *Fletcher*. Prologue to one.

78 Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner*, *Hills*, *Lovelace*, *Herrick*, to *Fletcher*. *Maine*, and Prologue to both.

79 Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* and *Hills*, to *Fletcher*.

Duke's

Duke's Houſe. The Plot of *Antonio*, *Iſmenia*, and *Aminta*, is borrow'd from *Gerardo*, a Romance tranſlated from the *Spaniſh* of *Don Gonzalo de Ceſpides*, and *Moneces*; ſee the Story of *Don Jayme*, pag. 350. As to the Plot of *Otrantes*'s ſeizing *Florimel* the Miller's ſuppoſed Daughter, and attempting her Chaſtity: 'Tis borrow'd from an *Italian* Novel writ by *Bandello*; a Tranſlation of which into *French*, the Reader may find in *Les Hiſtoires Tragiques, par M. Belleforeſt, Tom.* 1. *Hiſt.* 12. The ſame Story is related by M. *Goulart*; See *Les Hiſtoires admirables de nôtre tems*, 8*vo. Tom.* 1. *p.* 212.

[80] *Maids Tragedy*, a Play which has always been acted with great Applauſe at the King's Theatre; and which had ſtill continu'd on the *Engliſh* Stage, had not King *Charles* the Second, for ſome particular Reaſons, forbid its further Appearance during his Reign. It has ſince been reviv'd by Mr. *Waller*, the laſt Act having been wholly alter'd to pleaſe the Court: As the Author of the Preface to the ſecond Part of his Poems informs us, and gives us further the following Account: ' 'Tis not to be doubted, ' who ſat for the Two Brothers Characters. 'Twas ' agreeable to the Sweetneſs of Mr. *Waller*'s Temper, ' to ſoften the Rigor of the Tragedy, as he expreſſes ' it; but whether it be agreeable to the Nature of ' Tragedy itſelf, to make every thing come off eaſily, ' I leave to the Critics.' This laſt Act is publiſh'd in Mr. *Waller*'s *Poems*, printed in Octavo, *Lond.* 1711.

[81] *Maſque* of *Grays-Inn Gentlemen*, and the *Inner Temple*. This Maſque was written by Mr. *Beau-*

[80] Commendatory Verſes by *Howard*, *Stanley*, *Herrick*, and *Waller*, to *Fletcher*. *Earle* to *Beaumont*. Quarto 1619, 1622, Anonymous. 1630, 1650, and *Crooke*'s Catalogue, to both.

[81] *Beaumont* only.

mont

mont alone, and presented before the King and Queen in the Banqueting-House of *Whitehall*, at the Marriage of the Illustrious *Frederick* and *Elizabeth*, Prince and Princess *Palatine* of the *Rhine*.

[82] *Monsieur Thomas*, a Comedy, which not long since appear'd on the present Stage under the Name of *Trick for Trick*.

[83] *Nice Valour*, or *The Passionate Mad-man*, a Comedy.

[84] *Night Walker*, or *The Little Thief*, a Comedy, which I have seen acted by the King's Servants, with great Applause, both in the City and Country.

[85] *Noble Gentleman*, a Comedy which was lately reviv'd by Mr. *Durfey*, under the Title of *The Fools Preferment*, or *The Three Dukes of Dunstable*.

[86] *Philaster*, or *Love lies a Bleeding*: a Tragi-Comedy which has always been acted with Success; and has been the diversion of the Stage, even in these Days. This was the first Play that brought these excellent Authors in Esteem; and this Play was one of those that were represented at the old Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, when the Women acted alone. The Prologue and Epilogue were spoken by Mrs. *Marshal*, and printed in *Covent-Garden Drollery*, pag. 18. About this Time there was a Prologue written on purpose for the Women by Mr. *Dryden*,

[82] Quarto 1639, to *Fletcher*. *Crooke*'s Catalogue to both.

[83] Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue to one.

[84] Quarto 1640, in the Title Page and Dedication, to *Fletcher*. *Crooke*'s Catalogue to both.

[85] Commendatory Verses by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue to both. Epilogue silent.

[86] Commendatory Verses by *Lovelace*, *Stanley*, *Herrick*, to *Fletcher*. *Earle* to *Beaumont*. Quarto 1628, 1634, 1652, and another Edition without a Date, as well as *Crooke*'s Catalogue, to both.

and

and is printed in his *Miſcellany Poems* in Octavo, *p.* 285.

[87] *Pilgrim*, a Comedy which was reviv'd ſome Years ſince, and a Prologue ſpoke, which the Reader may find in *Covent-Garden Drollery*, p. 12.

[88] *Propheteſs*, a Tragical Hiſtory, which has lately been reviv'd by Mr. *Dryden*, under the Title of *The Propheteſs*, or *The Hiſtory of Dioclefian*, with Alterations and Additions after the manner of an *Opera*, repreſented at the Queen's Theatre, and printed Quarto *Lond.* 1690. For the Plot conſult *Euſebius* Lib. 8. *Nicephorus* Lib. 6. and 7. *Vopiſc. Car. & Carin. Aur. Victoris Epitome. Eutropius* Lib. 9. *Baronius* An. 204. *&c.* *Oroſius* L. 7. C. 16. *Coeffeteau* L. 20. *&c.*

[89] *Queen of Corinth*, a Tragi-Comedy.

[90] *Rule a Wife, and have a Wife*, a Tragi-Comedy which within theſe few Years has been acted with Applauſe, at the Queen's Theatre in *Dorſet-Garden.*

[91] *Scornful Lady*, a Comedy acted with good Applauſe, even in theſe Times, at the Theatre in *Dorſet-Garden.* Mr. *Dryden* has condemn'd the Concluſion of this Play, in reference to the Converſion of *Moorcraft* the Uſurer; but whether this Cataſtrophe be excuſable, I muſt leave to the Critics.

[92] *Sea Voyage*, a Comedy lately reviv'd by Mr.

87 Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher.*

88 Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* and *Hills*, to *Fletcher.*

89 Commendatory Verſes by *Hills*, to *Fletcher.*

90 Commendatory Verſes by *Hills*, and Quarto 1640, to *Fletcher.* *Crooke*'s Catalogue to both. Prologue to one.

91 Commendatory Verſes by *Waller* and *Stanley*, to *Fletcher.* Quarto 1630, 1639, and *Crooke*'s Catalogue to both.

92 Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner*, to *Fletcher.*

Durfey,

Durfey, under the Title of *The Commonwealth of Women*. This Play is ſuppoſed by Mr. *Dryden*, (as I have obſerv'd) to be copied from *Shakeſpear*'s *Tempeſt*.

The Storm which vaniſh'd on the neighb'ring Shore,
Was taught by Shakeſpear's Tempeſt *firſt to roar;*
That Innocence and Beauty which did ſmile
In Fletcher, *grew on this Enchanted Iſle.*

93 *Spaniſh Curate*, a Comedy frequently reviv'd with general Applauſe. The Plot of *Don Henrique*, *Aſcanio*, *Violante*, and *Jacintha*, is borrow'd from *Gerardo*'s *Hiſtory of Don John*, p. 202. and that of *Leandro*, *Bartolus*, *Amarantha* and *Lopez*, from the *Spaniſh Curate* of the ſame Author, *pag*, 214. *&c.*

94 *Thierry and Theodoret*, a Tragedy. This Play is accounted by ſome an excellent old Play; the Plot of it is founded on Hiſtory. See the *French* Chronicles in the Reign of *Clotaire* the Second. See *Fredegarius Scholaſticus*, *Aimoinus Monachus Floriacenſis*, *De Serres*, *Mezeray*, *Criſpin*, &c.

95 *Two Noble Kinſmen*, a Tragi-Comedy. This Play was written by Mr. *Fletcher*, and Mr. *Shakeſpear*. *The Story is taken from* Chaucer's Knight's Tale, *which Mr.* Dryden *has admirably put into modern* Engliſh; *it is the firſt Poem in his Fables.*

93 Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* and *Lovelace*, to *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue ſilent.

94 Quarto 1648, to *Fletcher*. Quarto 1649, and *Crooke*'s Catalogue, to both.

95 Quarto 1634, to *Fletcher* and *Shakeſpear*. *Crooke*'s Catalogue to *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. Prologue and Epilogue ſilent.

Valentinian,

96 *Valentinian*, a Tragedy reviv'd not long ago by that great Wit, the Earl of *Rocheſter*; acted at the Theatre-Royal, and printed in Quarto 1685, with a Preface concerning the Author and his Writings. For the Plot ſee the Writers of thoſe Times; as *Caſſidori Chron. Amm. Marcell. Hiſt. Evagrius* Lib 2. *Procopius*, &c.

97 *Wife for a Month*, a Tragi-Comedy. This Play is in my poor Judgment well worth reviving, and with the alteration of a judicious Pen, would be an excellent Drama. The Character and Story of *Alphonſo*, and his Brother *Frederick*'s Carriage to him, much reſembles the Hiſtory of *Sancho* the Eighth, King of *Leon*. I leave the Reader to the peruſal of his Story in *Mariana*, and *Loüis de Mayerne Turquet*.

98 *Wild-Gooſe Chaſe*, a Comedy valued by the beſt Judges of Poetry.

99 *Wit at ſeveral Weapons*, a Comedy which by ſome is thought very diverting; and poſſibly was the Model on which the Characters of the Elder *Palatine* and Sir *Morglay Thwack* were built by Sir *William D'Avenant*, in his Comedy call'd *The Wits*.

100 *Wit without Money*, a Comedy which I have ſeen acted at the Old Houſe in *Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields* with very great Applauſe; the Part of *Va-*

96 Commendatory Verſes by *Lovelace* and *Stanley*, to *Fletcher*. Prologue none. Epilogue ſilent.

97 Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Prologue to one. Epilogue ſilent.

98 Commendatory Verſes by *Hills* to *Fletcher*.

99 Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* to *Fletcher*. Epilogue to both.

100 Quarto 1639, 1661, and *Crooke*'s Catalogue, to both.

lentine

lentine being play'd by that compleat Actor Major *Mohun*, deceas'd. This was the firſt Play that was acted after the Burning the King's Houſe in *Drury-Lane*; a new Prologue being writ for them by Mr. *Dryden*, printed in his *Miſcellany Poems* in Octavo, *p.* 285.

101 *Woman Hater*, a Comedy. This Play was reviv'd by Sir *William D'Avenant*, and a new Prologue (inſtead of the old One writ in Proſe) was ſpoken, which the Reader may peruſe in Sir *William*'s Works in Fol. p. 249. This Play was one of thoſe writ by *Fletcher* alone.

102 *Women Pleas'd*, a Tragi-Comedy. The comical Parts of this Play throughout between *Bartello*, *Lopez*, *Iſabella*, and *Claudio*, are founded on ſeveral of *Boccace*'s Novels: See Day 7. Nov. 6. and 8. Day 8. Nov. 8.

103 *Woman's Prize*, or *The Tamer Tam'd*, a Comedy, written on the ſame foundation with *Shakeſpear*'s *Taming of the Shrew*; or which we may better call a Second Part or Counter-part to that admirable Comedy. This was writ by Mr. *Fletcher*'s Pen likewiſe.

101 Quarto 1649, and *Crooke*'s Catalogue to both. Prologue to one.
102 Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* and *Hills*, to *Fletcher*.
103 Commendatory Verſes by *Gardiner* and *Lovelace*, to *Fletcher*. Prologue to one. Epilogue ſilent.

Names of the principal Actors who perform'd in BEAUMONT's *and* FLETCHER's *Plays.*

N. B. *The Names marked thus* * *are the Names of the Players who dedicated the Edition of* 1647 *to the Earl of* Pembroke.

William Allen
Hugh Atawell
Richard Burbadge
Theophilus Byrd
* Robert Benfield
George Birch
William Barkſted
Thomas Baſſe

Henry Condel
Alexander Cooke
* Hugh Clearke

William Egleſtone

Nathaniel Field.

Sander Gough
Giles Gary.

Thomas Holcombe
* Stephen Hammerton
John Honyman
James Horn.

* John Lowin.

William Oſtler.

* Thomas Pollard
William Penn.

Emanuel Read
John Rice
* Richard Robinſon
William Rowly.

Richard Sharpe
Eylæard Swanſton
John Shank.

* Joſeph Taylor
Nicholas Toolie
William Trigg
John Thomſon.

John Underwood.

An Account *of the preſent Edition.*

By *T. SEWARD.*

IN the Year Forty Two, Mr. *Theobald* publiſh'd an Advertiſement, that he was preparing an Edition of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* for the Preſs, and deſired the Aſſiſtance of all Gentlemen who had made any Comments upon them. My perſonal Friendſhip with the Proprietors of the Book engag'd me to give him ſome little Aſſiſtance; and Mr. *Sympſon* ſoon after added his. We had then only the late Editions to conſult, but Mr. *Theobald* had made a very valuable Collection of the old *Quarto's*. When we had ſent him our Notes on two or three Plays, he began to print; but the firſt Play had not all paſs'd the Preſs, when I thought I had ſome ſmall grounds of Complaint. He omitted ſeveral Emendations which ſeem ſtill to me more deſerving of Notice than many which are inſerted, of which the Reader has a Specimen at Page 30 of my *Preface*; and I ſhall add ſome others in a Poſtſcript to the Firſt Volume. After he had been prevail'd on by the Proprietors to ſend me a Promiſe of a full Liberty to publiſh what Poſtſcript I pleas'd at the end of each Volume, he never after gave the leaſt Offence but by a Profuſion of very undeſerved Compliments. Theſe ſhould be inevitably expung'd, could I take the liberty of altering any of Mr. *Theobald*'s Notes: But this would be unjuſt, as it would leave the Reader uncertain what were his. I have therefore only cancell'd one ſingle Leaf which Mr. *Theobald* printed, and there have chang'd no Syllable of his, but only a Remark of my own, which was ſomething I had ſaid to him in a Letter, without the leaſt thought of his publiſhing it. As I was very ſoon ſenſible how liable we all were to Miſtakes, I begg'd that he would change every Syllable in my Notes that carry'd the leaſt Air of Certainty or Poſitiveneſs: But as he had no Objection to ſuch a Stile himſelf, he did

not think it neceſſary to take that trouble. Mr. *Theobald* printed under his Care the following Plays:

Volume the Firſt.

The Maid's Tragedy,
Philaſter,
A King and No King,
The Scornful Lady.

Volume the Second.

The Cuſtom of the Country,
The Elder Brother, And the three firſt Acts of
The Spaniſh Curate, to Page 231.

Of the Third Volume, part of

The Humourous Lieutenant, to Page 69.
And by his Death left the Edition thus imperfect.

I then took the Care of the two laſt Acts (in Volume the Second) of

The Spaniſh Curate, and the whole of
Wit without Money, and
The Beggar's Buſh.

Volume the Third, from Page 69 of

The Humourous Lieutenant, and the whole of
The Faithful Shepherdeſs,
The Mad Lover,
The Loyal Subject, and
Rule a Wife and have a Wife.

Volume the Fourth.

The Laws of Candy,
The Falſe One,
The Little French Lawyer,
Valentinian,
Monſieur Thomas.

Volume

Volume the Fifth. The two firſt Plays.

The Chances, and
The Bloody Brother.

Volume the Ninth. The two laſt Plays.

The Fair Maid of the Inn, and
Cupid's Revenge.

Volume the Tenth.

The two Noble Kinſmen,
Thierry and Theodoret,
The Woman-Hater,
The Nice Valour,
The Honeſt Man's Fortune,
The Maſque,
Four Plays, or Moral Repreſentations, in one.

Mr. *Sympſon* printed under his Inſpection, of Volume the Fifth, the four laſt Plays,

The Wild Gooſe Chaſe,
A Wife for a Month,
The Lover's Progreſs,
The Pilgrim.

Volume the Sixth.

The Captain,
The Propheteſs,
The Queen of Corinth,
Bonduca,
The Knight of the Burning Peſtle.

Volume the Seventh.

Love's Pilgrimage,
The Double Marriage,
The Maid in the Mill,
The Knight of Malta,
The Martial Maid.

Volume

Volume the Eighth.

Women Pleas'd,
The Night-Walker,
The Woman's Prize,
The Iſland Princeſs,
The Noble Gentleman.

Volume the Ninth. The four firſt Plays.

The Coronation,
The Sea Voyage,
The Coxcomb,
Wit at ſeveral Weapons.

E R R A T A.

Page 20, Line 30, for *Right* read *Night*
127, 24, for *World* read *Word*
131, 25, for *Regarded* read *Rewarded*
138, 10, for *Paſt* read *Faſt*
168, 20, for *that* read *than*
258, 9, for *now* read *no*
341, Line the laſt, inſtead of Note 34, read
——— *dry Bones can reach at nothing now,*
But Gords or Nine-pins] *Gords*, i. e. Inſtruments of Game then in common uſe; we meet with the ſame Term again in *Shakeſpear's Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act 1.
If Gord and Fullam holds.

THE

THE

MAID'S TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King *of* Rhodes.
Lyſippus, *Brother to the King.*
Amintor, *a noble Gentleman.*
Melantius, Diphilus, } *Brothers to* Evadne.
Calianax, *an old humorous Lord, and Father to* Aſpatia.
Cleon, Strato, } *Gentlemen.*
Diagoras, *a Servant to* Calianax.

WOMEN.

Evadne, *Wife to* Amintor.
Aſpatia, *Troth-plight Wife to* Amintor.
Antiphila, Olympias, } *Waiting-Gentlewomen to* Aſpatia.
Dula, *a Lady.*
Night, Cynthia, Neptune, Æolus, } *Maſquers.*

SCENE, *RHODES.*

THE

THE MAID's TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Lysippus, *and* Diphilus.

STRATO.

THE reſt are making ready, Sir. (1) *Lyſ.* So let them;
There's Time enough. *Diph.* You are the Brother to
The King, my Lord; we'll take your Word.
(2) *Lyſ. Strato*, thou haſt ſome Skill in Poetry;

(1) Strat. *So let them; there's Time enough.*
Diph. *You are the Brother to the King, my Lord;*
We'll take your Word.] 'Tis very early to begin blundering at the ſecond Line of the firſt Play. *Strato* was not Brother to the King, but *Lyſippus*. This Line therefore is to be placed to *Lyſippus*, and not to *Strato*: And ſo it is in the *Quarto* Edition publiſh'd in the Year 1619. Another *Quarto* in 1650, and the *Folio* Edition in 1679, have fall'n into the Error of placing it to *Strato*.

(2) Lyſ. Strato, *thou haſt ſome Skill in Poetry*;
What think'ſt thou of a Maſque?] It ſhould be, *the* Maſque. It was not then to be form'd; nor does the Prince mean to ask, whether it will be well to have One; but whether This, which is prepared, will be a good One. This *Strato*'s Anſwer and the Sequel of the Play plainly ſhew. Mr. *Seward.*

What think'ſt thou of the Maſque? Will it be well?
Strat. As well as Maſque can be. *Lyſ.* As Maſque can be? *Strat.* Why, yes;
They muſt commend their King, and ſpeak in Praiſe
Of the Aſſembly; bleſs the Bride and Bridegroom,
In Perſon of ſome God; they're tyed to Rules
Of Flattery. *Cle.* See, good my Lord, who is Return'd!

Enter Melantius.

Lyſ. Noble *Melantius!* The Land
By me welcomes thy Virtues home to *Rhodes:*
Thou, that with Blood abroad buy'ſt us our Peace!
The Breath of Kings is like the Breath of Gods;
My Brother wiſh'd thee here, and thou art here;
He will be e'en too kind, and weary thee
With often Welcomes; (3) but the Time doth give thee
A Welcome above his, or all the World's. [of mine
Mel. My Lord, my Thanks; but theſe ſcratch'd Limbs
Have ſpoke my Love and Truth unto my Friends,
More than my Tongue e'er could. My Mind's the ſame
It ever was to You; where I find Worth,
I love the Keeper till he let it go,
And then I follow it. *Diph.* Hail, worthy Brother!
He, that rejoices not at your Return
In Safety, is mine Enemy for ever.
Mel. I thank thee, *Diphilus:* but thou art faulty;
I ſent for thee to exerciſe thine Arms
With me at *Patria:* thou cam'ſt not, *Diphilus:*
'Twas ill. *Diph.* My noble Brother, my Excuſe
Is my King's ſtraight Command; which you, my Lord,
Can witneſs with me. *Lyſ.* 'Tis moſt true, *Melantius;*
He might not come, till the Solemnity
Of this great Match was paſt. *Diph.* Have you heard of it?
Mel. Yes; and have given cauſe to thoſe, that here
Envy my Deeds abroad, to call me gameſome;

(3) —— *but the Time doth give thee*
A Welcome above this, *or all the World's.*] *Lyſippus* is ſpeaking in particular of the King, his Brother's, Welcome to *Melantius*; therefore, I think, I have adopted the genuine Reading, which is authoriz'd by the *Quarto* in 1619; and the ſecond Impreſſion in 1622.

I have

I have no other Buſineſs here at *Rhodes*.

Lyſ. We have a Maſque to Night, and you muſt tread
A Soldier's Meaſure. ———

Mel. Theſe ſoft and ſilken Wars are not for me;
The Muſick muſt be ſhrill, and all confus'd,
That ſtirs my Blood, and then I dance with Arms:
But is *Amintor* wed? *Diph.* This Day.

Mel. All Joys upon him! for he is my Friend:
(4) (Wond'r not, I call a Man ſo young my Friend;)
His Worth is great; Valiant he is, and Temperate;
And one that never thinks his Life his own,
If his Friend need it: When he was a Boy,
As oft as I return'd (as, without Boaſt,
I brought home Conqueſt) he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one Limb
The Virtue lay to do thoſe things he heard:
Then would he wiſh to ſee my Sword, and feel
The quickneſs of the Edge, and in his Hand
Weigh it; he oft would make me ſmile at this;
His Youth did promiſe much, and his ripe Years
Will ſee it all perform'd. ———

Enter Aſpatia, *paſſing with Attendants.*

Hail, Maid and Wife!
Thou fair *Aſpatia!* may the holy Knot,
That thou haſt tyed to day, laſt till the Hand
Of Age undo it! may'ſt thou bring a Race
Unto *Amintor*, that may fill the World
Succeſſively with Soldiers! *Aſp.* My hard Fortunes
Deſerve not Scorn; for I was never proud,
When they were good. *Mel.* How's this?
[*Exit* Aſp. *with her Attendants.*

Lyſ. You are miſtaken,
For ſhe's not married. *Mel.* You ſaid, *Amintor* was.

Diph. 'Tis true; but— *Mel.* Pardon me, I did receive
Letters at *Patria* from my *Amintor*,

(4) (*Wond'r not, I call a Man ſo young my Friend;*)] This Verſe, loſt in the modern Editions, I have retriev'd from the *Quarto*'s of 1619, and 1650; and the *Folio* of 1679. I have taken the Liberty to give it its true Metre and Verſification.

That he ſhould marry her. *Diph.* And ſo it ſtood
In all Opinion long; but your Arrival
Made me imagine, you had heard the Change.
Mel. Who hath he taken then? *Lyſ.* A Lady, Sir,
That bears the Light above her, and ſtrikes dead
With Flaſhes of her Eye; the fair *Evadne*,
Your virtuous Siſter. *Mel.* Peace of Heart betwixt them!
But this is ſtrange. *Lyſ.* The King, my Brother, did it
To honour you; and theſe Solemnities
Are at his Charge.
Mel. 'Tis Royal, like himſelf; but I am ſad,
My Speech bears ſo unfortunate a Sound
To beautiful *Aſpatia*; there is Rage
Hid in her Father's Breaſt, *Calianax*,
Bent long againſt me; and he ſhould not think,
If I could call it back, that I would take
So baſe Revenges, as to ſcorn the State
Of his neglected Daughter: Holds he ſtill
His Greatneſs with the King? *Lyſ.* Yes; but this Lady
Walks diſcontented, with her watry Eyes
Bent on the Earth: The unfrequented Woods
Are her Delight; where, when ſhe ſees a Bank
Stuck full of Flowers, ſhe with a Sigh will tell
Her Servants what a pretty place it were
To bury Lovers in; and make her Maids
Pluck 'em, and ſtrow her over like a Corſe.
She carries with her an infectious Grief,
That ſtrikes all her Beholders; ſhe will ſing
The mournful'ſt things that ever Ear hath heard,
And ſigh, and ſing again; and when the reſt
Of our young Ladies, in their wanton Blood,
Tell mirthful Tales in Courſe that fill the Room
With Laughter, ſhe will with ſo ſad a Look
Bring forth a Story of the ſilent Death
Of ſome forſaken Virgin; which her Grief
Will put in ſuch a Phraſe, that, e'er ſhe end,
She'll ſend them weeping one by one away.
(5) *Mel.* She has a Brother under my Command,
Like

(5) *She has a Brother, under my Command,*
Like her;] The Criticks in all Ages, upon *Dramatick* Poems, have

Like her; a Face, as womaniſh as hers;
But with a Spirit that hath much out-grown
The number of his Years.

Enter Amintor.

Cle. My Lord, the Bridegroom!
Mel. I might run fiercely, not more haſtily,
Upon my Foe: I love thee well, *Amintor*,
My Mouth is much too narrow for my Heart;
I joy to look upon thoſe Eyes of thine;
Thou art my Friend, but my diſorder'd Speech
Cuts off my Love. *Amin.* Thou art *Melantius*;
All Love is ſpoke in that. A Sacrifice
To thank the Gods, *Melantius* is return'd
In Safety! — Victory ſits on his Sword,
As ſhe was wont; may ſhe build there and dwell,
And may thy Armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy Valour and thy Innocence!
What endleſs Treaſures would our Enemies give,
That I might hold thee ſtill thus! *Mel.* I'm but poor
In Words, but credit me, young Man, thy Mother

have laid it down for a Rule, that an *Incident* ſhould be prepared, but not prevented; that is, not foreſeen, ſo as to take off the Surprize: For then the whole Pleaſure of the *Incident* is pall'd, and has no Effect upon the Audience or Readers. Theſe Preparatives, therefore, muſt ſeem by Chance to the Spectators, tho' they are always deſignedly thrown in by the Poet. " *In multis Oeconomia Comicorum Poetarum* " *ità ſe habet, ut* Caſu *putet Spectator veniſſe quod* Conſilio *Scripto-* " *rum factum ſit:*" ſays DONATUS upon TERENCE. This is the moſt artful Preparation, that I remember in all *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s Plays, for an *Incident* which is in no kind ſuſpected. *Melantius* ſays, he has a Brother of *Aſpatia* under his Command, moſt like her in the Softneſs of Face and Feature. This Brother never appears in any Scene thro' the Play: But when *Aſpatia* comes in Boy's Cloaths to fight with *Amintor*, to obtain her Death from his Hand, and tells him,

For till the Change of War mark'd this ſmooth Face
With theſe few Blemiſhes, People would call me
My Siſter's Picture; and her, mine; In ſhort,
I am the Brother to the wrong'd Aſpatia.

This Fore-Mention of the Brother, here, makes the *Incident* the more probable, and ſtriking; as *Amintor* muſt have heard of ſuch a Brother, and could have no Suſpicion that he was going to draw his Sword againſt *Aſpatia*. The Audience are equally amuſed with the Fallacy.

Could do no more but weep for Joy to ſee thee
After long Abſence; all the Wounds I have
Fetch'd not ſo much away, nor all the Cries
Of widowed Mothers too: but this is Peace;
And that was War. *Amin.* Pardon, thou holy God
Of Marriage-bed, and frown not, I am forc'd,
In anſwer of ſuch noble Tears as thoſe,
To weep upon my Wedding-day.

(6) *Mel.* I fear, thou art grown too fickle; for, I hear,
A Lady mourns for thee; Men ſay, to Death;
Forſaken of thee; on what terms, I know not.

Amin. She had my Promiſe, but the King forbad it;
And made me make this worthy Change, thy Siſter,
Accompanied with Graces far above her;
With whom I long to loſe my luſty Youth,
And grow old in her Arms. *Mel.* Be proſperous!

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, the Maſquers rage for you.

Lyſ. We are gone. *Cleon, Strato, Diphilus,* ——

[*Exeunt* Lyſippus, Cleon, Strato, *and* Diphilus.

Amin. We'll all attend you: We ſhall trouble You
With our Solemnities. *Mel.* Not ſo, *Amintor*;
But if you laugh at my rude Carriage
In Peace, I'll do as much for you in War,
When you come thither. Yet I have a Miſtreſs,
To bring to your Delights; rough though I am,
I have a Miſtreſs, and ſhe has a Heart,
She ſays; but, truſt me, it is Stone, no better;
(7) There's no place I can challenge gentle in't.

But

(6) Mel. *I fear, thou art grown too* fick; *for I hear,*] This Verſe halts in the Metre, thro' a ſlight Corruption in the modern Editions. The oldeſt *Quarto*, in 1619, has it, *cruel:* but the next, in 1622, *fickle*; from which Word it was miſtakenly alter'd to *fick*.

(7) *There is no Place that I can challenge in't.*] The *Quarto*, in 1619, reads it thus;

There is no Place that I can challenge, Gentlemen.

But the *Gentlemen* were all gone off, except Himſelf and *Amintor*. I believe, from the Traces of the old Text, that the Emendation, which I have ventured to adopt, may reſtore the Authors' genuine Reading: and, as it is conſonant in Senſe to what he ſays in the preceding Verſe, I hope,

But you ſtand ſtill, and here my way lies. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Calianax *with* Diagoras.

Cal. Diagoras, look to the Doors better for ſhame; you let in all the World, and anon the King will rail at me; why, very well ſaid; by *Jove*, the King will have the Show i'th' Court.

Diag. Why do you ſwear ſo, my Lord?
You know, he'll have it here.

Cal. By this Light, if he be wiſe, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wiſe, you are forſworn.

Cal. One may wear out his Heart with Swearing, and get thanks on no ſide; I'll be gone, look to't, who will.

Diag. My Lord, I ſhall never keep them out.
Pray, ſtay; your Looks will terrify them.

Cal. My Looks terrify them, you Coxcombly Aſs, you! I'll be judg'd by all the Company, whether thou haſt not a worſe Face than I——

Diag. I mean, becauſe they know you and your Office.

Cal. Office! I would I could put it off; I am ſure, I ſweat quite through my Office. I might have made room at my Daughter's Wedding, they ha' near kill'd her among them. And now I muſt do ſervice for him that hath forſaken her; ſerve, that will. [*Exit* Calianax.

Diag. He's ſo humorous ſince his Daughter was forſaken: hark, hark; there, there; ſo, ſo;——
What now? [*Knock within.*

Mel. Open the Door. *Diag.* Who's there? *Mel. Melantius.*

Diag. I hope, your Lordſhip brings no Troop with you; for, if you do, I muſt return them.

Enter Melantius, *and a Lady.*

Mel. None but this Lady, Sir.

Diag. The Ladies are all plac'd above, ſave thoſe that come in the King's Troop; the beſt of *Rhodes* ſit there, and there's room.

Mel. I thank you, Sir. When I have ſeen you plac'd,

I hope, the Change will not be look'd upon as an arbitrary Conjecture. By *gentle* we muſt underſtand *ſoft*, in oppoſition to the Hardneſs of *Stone*.

Madam,

Madam, I muſt attend upon the King;
But, the Maſque done, I'll wait on you again.

Diag. Stand back there, room for my Lord *Melantius*; pray, bear back; this is no place for ſuch Youths and their Trulls; let the Doors be ſhut again; no! do your Heads itch? I'll ſcratch them for you: ſo, now thruſt and hang: again,—who is't now? I cannot blame my Lord *Calianax* for going away; 'would, he were here! he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiſer Heads than his own in the twinkling of an Eye: what's the news now?

Within.] I pray, can you help me to the Speech of the Maſter-Cook?

Diag. If I open the Door, I'll cook ſome of your Calves-heads. Peace, Rogues. — again, — who is't?

Mel. Melantius. [*Within.*

Enter Calianax.

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O, my Lord, I muſt; make room there for my Lord. Is your Lady plac'd? [*To* Mel.

Mel. Yes, Sir,
I thank you. My Lord *Calianax*, well met;
Your cauſeleſs Hate to me, I hope, is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do ſervice for your Siſter here,
That brings my own poor Child to timeleſs Death;
She loves your Friend *Amintor*, ſuch another
Falſe-hearted Lord as you. *Mel.* You do me wrong,
A moſt unmanly one, and I am ſlow
In taking Vengeance; but be well adviſ'd.

Cal. It may be ſo: Who plac'd the Lady there,
So near the preſence of the King? *Mel.* I did.

Cal. My Lord, ſhe muſt not ſit there. *Mel.* Why?

Cal. The place is kept for Women of more Worth.

Mel. More Worth than ſhe? it miſ-becomes your Age,
And Place, to be thus womaniſh; forbear;
What you have ſpoke, I am content to think
The Palſey ſhook your Tongue to. *Cal.* Why, 'tis well,
If I ſtand here to place Men's Wenches for them.

Mel. I ſhall forget this Place, thy Age, my Safety,
And

And, thorough all, cut that poor ſickly Week,
Thou haſt to live, away from thee.
Cal. Nay, I know,
You can fight for your Whore. *Mel.* Bate me the King,
And be he Fleſh and Blood, he lyes, that ſays it;
Thy Mother at fifteen was black and ſinful
To her. *Diag.* Good my Lord! [Man,
Mel. Some God pluck threeſcore Years from that fond
That I may kill him, and not ſtain mine Honour;
It is the Curſe of Soldiers, that in Peace
(8) They ſhall be brav'd by ſuch ignoble Men,
As (if the Land were troubled) would with Tears
And Knees beg Succour from 'em. 'Would, that Blood
(That Sea of Blood) that I have loſt in fight,
Were running in thy Veins, that it might make thee
Apt to ſay leſs, or able to maintain,
Shouldſt thou ſay more!—This *Rhodes*, I ſee, is nought
But a Place privileg'd to do Men Wrong.
Cal. Ay, you may ſay your Pleaſure.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. What vile Wrong
Has ſtirr'd my worthy Friend, who is as ſlow
To fight with Words, as he is quick of Hand?
Mel. That heap of Age, which I ſhould reverence
If it were temperate; but teſty Years
Are moſt contemptible. *Amin.* Good Sir, forbear.
Cal. There is juſt ſuch another as yourſelf.
Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any Man;
And talk as if he had no Life to loſe,
Since this our Match: The King is coming in;
I would not for more Wealth than I enjoy,
He ſhould perceive you raging; he did hear,
You were at difference now, which haſtned him.
Cal. Make room there.—— [*Hoboyes play within.*

(8) *They ſhall be* brain'd *by ſuch ignoble Men*] Thus, all the vulgar and modern Editions: But ſuch ignoble Men, as *Melantius* is deſcribing, durſt not knock a Soldier's Brains out; tho' they might venture to inſult him. The *Quarto* of 1619 gives us the genuine Reading, which I have inſerted in the Text.

Enter

Enter King, Evadne, Aſpatia, *Lords and Ladies.*

King. *Melantius*, thou art welcome, and my Love
Is with thee ſtill; but this is not a Place
To brabble in; *Calianax*, join hands.
Cal. He ſhall not have my hand. *King.* This is no time
To force you to it; I do love you Both:
Calianax, you look well to your Office;
And you, *Melantius*, are welcome home.
Begin the Maſque.
Mel. Siſter, I joy to ſee you, and your Choice.
You look'd with my Eyes when you took that Man;
Be happy in him! [*Recorders play.*
Evad. O my deareſt Brother!
Your Preſence is more joyful than this Day
Can be unto me.

THE MASQUE.

NIGHT *riſes in Miſts.*

Night. Our Reign is now; for in the quenching Sea
The Sun is drown'd, and with him fell the Day;
Bright *Cinthia*, hear my Voice; I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'ſt about thy borrow'd Light;
Appear, no longer thy pale Viſage ſhroud,
But ſtrike thy Silver Horns quite through a Cloud,
And ſend a Beam upon my ſwarthy Face;
By which I may diſcover all the Place
And Perſons, and how many longing Eyes
Are come to wait on our Solemnities. [*Enter* Cinthia.
How dull and black am I? Can I not find
This Beauty without thee, am I ſo blind?
Methinks, they ſhew like to thoſe Eaſtern Streaks
That warn us hence, before the Morning breaks;
Back, my pale Servant, for theſe Eyes know how
To ſhoot far more and quicker Rays than thou.
Cinth. Great Queen, they be a Troop for whom alone
One of my cleareſt Moons I have put on;
A Troop, that looks as if thyſelf and I
Had pluckt our Reins in, and our Whips laid by,

To

To gaze upon these Mortals, that appear
Brighter than we. *Night.* Then let us keep 'em here;
And never more our Chariots drive away,
But hold our Places, and out-shine the Day.

Cinth. Great Queen of Shadows, you are pleas'd to speak
Of more than may be done; we may not break
The Gods' Decrees, but when our time is come,
Must drive away, and give the Day our room.
(9) Yet, while our Reign lasts, let us stretch our Pow'r
To give our Servants one contented Hour,
With such unwonted solemn Grace and State,
As may for ever after force them hate
Our Brother's glorious Beams; and wish the Night
Crown'd with a thousand Stars, and our cold Light:
For almost all the World their service bend
To *Phœbus*, and in vain my Light I lend;
Gaz'd on unto my Setting from my Rise
Almost of none, but of unquiet Eyes.

Night. Then shine at full, fair Queen, and by thy Pow'r
Produce a Birth, to crown this happy hour,
Of Nymphs and Shepherds; let their Songs discover,
Easy and sweet, who is a happy Lover;
Or, if thou woo't, thine own *Endymion*
From the sweet flow'ry Bank he lies upon,
On *Latmus'* top, thy pale Beams drawn away;
And of this long Night let him make a Day. [mine,

Cinth. Thou dream'st, dark Queen; that fair Boy was not
Nor went I down to kiss him; Haste and Wine
Have bred these bold Tales; Poets, when they rage,
Turn Gods to Men, and make an Hour an Age;
But I will give a greater State and Glory,
And raise to time a nobler Memory
Of what these Lovers are: Rise, rise, I say,
(10) Thou Pow'r of Deeps, thy Surges lade away,
Neptune,

(9) *Yet while our Reign lasts*, &c.] This and the nine subsequent Verses are wanting in the old *Quarto* of 1619: But we meet with them in that of 1630.

(10) —— *thy Surges* laid *away*,] The printed Word hitherto has been, *laid*; but I think it scarce Sense. *Neptune* in leaving the Ocean is never supposed either to bring his Surges with him, or lay them aside,

Neptune, great King of Waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded. [Neptune *rises.*
Nept. Cinthia, ſee,
Thy word hath fetch'd me hither; let me know,
Why I aſcend.
Cinth. Doth this Majeſtick Show
Give thee no knowledge yet? *Nept.* Yes, now I ſee
Something intended *(Cinthia)* worthy thee;
Go on, I'll be a Helper. *Cinth.* Hie thee then,
And charge the Wind fly from his rocky Den.
Let looſe thy Subjects; only *Boreas*,
Too foul for our Intention, as he was,
Still keep him faſt chain'd; we muſt have none here
But vernal Blaſts, and gentle Winds appear;
Such as blow Flow'rs, and through the glad Boughs ſing
Many ſoft welcomes to the luſty Spring.
Theſe are our Muſick: Next, thy watry Race
Bring on in Couples; (we are pleas'd to grace
This noble Night,) each in their richeſt things
Your own Deeps, or the broken Veſſel, brings;
Be prodigal, and I ſhall be as kind,
And ſhine at full upon you.
(11) *Nept.* Ho! the Wind- [*Enter* Æolus *out of a Rock.*
Commanding *Æolus!* *Æol.* Great *Neptune!* *Nept.* He.
Æol. What is thy Will? *Nept.* We do command thee free

aſide, but barely to leave them. The Word *lade* will ſignify his parting the Waves with his Trident to give him a free Paſſage; which is an Image quite poetical! Mr. *Seward.*

(11) *Ho! the Wind!*

Commanding Æolus!] All the Editions have miſtaken the Intention of the Authors here. 'Tis well known, *Æolus*, in poetick Fable, was the Maſter and Controuler of the Winds; which he was ſuppoſed to keep bound in a Cave, and to let looſe upon the Ocean as he was commanded by *Neptune*. He is therefore call'd here the Wind-commanding *Æolus*; a compound Adjective which muſt be wrote with an *Hyphen*, as I have reform'd the Text. The Editors were led into a Miſtake by the Word being divided, and put into two Lines for the Preſervation of the Rhyme. I ought to take Notice, for two Reaſons, that both Mr. *Seward* and Mr. *Sympſon* join'd with me in ſtarting this Correction: Becauſe it is doing Juſtice to the Sagacity of my Friends; and, beſides, it is certainly a great Confirmation of the Truth of an Emendation, where three Perſons, all diſtant from one another, ſtrike out the ſame Obſervation.

Favonius,

Favonius, and thy milder Winds, to wait
Upon our *Cinthia*; but tie *Boreas* ſtraight;
(12) He's too rebellious. *Æol.* I ſhall do it. *Nept.* Do.
Æol. Great Maſter of the Flood, and all below,
Thy full Command has taken.——Ho! the Main!
Neptune!— *Nept.* Here. *Æol. Boreas* has broke his Chain,
And, ſtruggling with the reſt, has got away.
Nept. Let him alone, I'll take him up at Sea;
I will not long be thence; go once again,
And call out of the bottoms of the Main
Blue *Proteus*, and the reſt; charge them put on
Their greateſt Pearls, and the moſt ſparkling Stone
The beaten Rock breeds; 'till this Night is done
By me a ſolemn honour to the Moon.
Fly, like a full Sail. *Æol.* I am gone. *Cinth.* Dark Night,
Strike a full Silence, do a thorough right
To this great *Chorus*; that our Muſick may
Touch high as Heav'n, and make the Eaſt break Day
At Mid-night. [*Muſick.*

S O N G.

Cinthia, *to thy Power, and Thee,*
We obey.
Joy to this great Company!
And no Day
Come to ſteal this Night away,

(12) Nept. *Do, great Maſter of the Flood, and all below,*
Thy full Command has taken. Æol. *Ho! the Main!*] I have ventur'd at a ſmall, but, as I think, at a very neceſſary Tranſpoſition here in the Characters ſpeaking. How can *Neptune* with any Propriety call *Æolus* great Maſter of the Floods and all below, when he himſelf, according to the Poetical Syſtem, bore that ſupreme Command? *Æolus*, 'tis true, was ſuppos'd to have a Controul over the Winds; a ſort of limitary Charge, in which he was a Subſtitute to *Neptune*. In ſhort, I believe that the Poets intended, ſo ſoon as *Neptune* had given out his Orders, *Æolus*, (whoſe Operations as a God were not confined to Time and vulgar Motion;) ſhould immediately tell *Neptune* his Commands were obey'd; and then finding that *Boreas* had eſcap'd amongſt the other Winds, He calls out again to acquaint *Neptune* with it. Thus all is clear, and they act in their diſtinct proper Offices.

'Till

'Till the Rites of Love are ended;
And the luſty bridegroom ſay,
Welcome, Light, of all befriended.
Pace out, you watry Powers below,
Let your Feet,
Like the Gallies when they row,
Even beat.
Let your unknown Meaſures, ſet
To the ſtill Winds, tell to all,
That Gods are come, immortal, great,
To honour this great Nuptial.

The Meaſure. Second Song.

Hold back thy Hours, old Night, *till we have done;*
The Day will come too ſoon;
Young Maids will curſe thee if thou ſteal'ſt away,
(13) *And leav'ſt their Loſſes open to the Day.*
Stay, ſtay, and hide
The Bluſhes of the Bride.
Stay, gentle Night, and with thy Darkneſs cover
The Kiſſes of her Lover.
Stay, and confound her Tears, and her ſhrill Cryings,
Her weak Denials, Vows, and often Dyings;
Stay, and hide all;
But help not, though ſhe call.

(14) *Nept.* Great Queen of us and Heav'n, hear what I bring
To make this hour a full one. *Cinth.* Speak, Sea's King. *Nept.*

(13) *And leav'ſt their* Bluſhes] As the Word *Bluſhes* immediately recurrs, I have choſe to adopt the Reading of the old *Quarto* of 1619, *Loſſes. i. e.* "Maidens will curſe thee, *Night*, if thou leav'ſt the *Loſs* "of their Virginity open to the Day; Stay therefore, and hide the "Bride's *Bluſhes.*"

(14) *Great Queen of us and Heav'n,*
Hear what I bring to make this hour a full one,
If not her meaſure.—— Cinth. *Speak, Sea's King.*
This Paſſage, I am afraid, has been ſadly mangled: The Verſe and Rhyme have been diſconcerted; and the Senſe quite loſt by an extraordinary Interpolation. I think, I have apply'd a Remedy to both. What can be the meaning of *making this hour a full one, if not her Meaſure?*

(15) *Nept.* The Tunes my *Amphitrite* joys to have,
When ſhe will dance upon the riſing Wave,
And court me as ſhe ſails. My *Tritons*, play
Muſick to lead a Storm; I'll lead the way.
[Maſquers *dance*; Neptune *leads it.*

S O N G. Meaſure.

To Bed, to Bed; *come*, Hymen, *lead the Bride,*
And lay her by her Husband's Side:
Bring in the Virgins every one,
That grieve to lie alone:
That they may kiſs while they may ſay, a Maid;
To-morrow, 'twill be other kiſt, and ſaid:
Heſperus *be long a ſhining,*
Whilſt theſe Lovers are a twining.

Æol. Ho! *Neptune!* *Nept. Æolus!*
Æol. The Seas go high,
Boreas hath rais'd a Storm; go and apply
Thy Trident, elſe, I propheſy, e'er Day
Many a tall Ship will be caſt away:
Deſcend with all thy Gods, and all their Power,
(16) To ſtrike a Calm. *Cinth.* We thank you for this Hour:
My Favour to you all. To gratulate
So great a Service done at my deſire,
Ye ſhall have many Floods, fuller and higher

Meaſure? i. e. if not a full one? The Words are certainly to be ſtruck out. Some careful Annotator had made a marginal *Quære*, at the Cloſe of the ſecond Song; *If not her Meaſure: i. e.* Whether this Meaſure is not to be ſung by *Cinthia*; as it undoubtedly is: But the Note of Reference to this *Quære* being forgot, it was miſtaken at Preſs for a Part of the Text, and caſually clap'd to *Neptune*'s Speech.

(15) *Thy Tunes my* Amphitrite *joys to have*
When they *will dance upon the riſing Wave,*
And court me as the Sails. *&c.*] The Reformation, in theſe four Lines of *Neptune*, from the vulgar Editions, are preſcribed by the ingenious Mr. *Seward*; they are, as he ſays, extremely Picturesque; and, if expreſs'd as well in Colouring, would rival the *Acis* and *Galatea* of *Raphael.*

(16) *To ſtrike a Call.*] This is Nonſenſe. The two *Quarto*'s of 1619 and 1630 come in to our Aſſiſtance, who both read *a* Calm. As the Rhymes are interrupted in the ſubſequent Speech of *Cinthia*, Something muſt be loſt; a Defect which is not to be ſupplied by Conjecture. Both Mr. *Seward* and Mr. *Sympſon* hit upon the Emendation authoriz'd by the old Copies.

Than you have wiſhed for; no Ebb ſhall dare
To let the Day ſee where your Dwellings are:
Now back unto your Government in haſte,
Leſt your proud Charge ſhould ſwell above the Waſte,
And win upon the Iſland. *Nept.* We obey.
[Neptune *deſcends, and the Sea-Gods.*

Cinth. Hold up thy Head, dead Night; ſeeſt thou not
The Eaſt begins to lighten; I muſt down, [Day?
And give my Brother Place. *Night.* Oh! I could frown
To ſee the Day, the Day that flings his Light
Upon my Kingdom, and contemns old Night;
(17) Let him go on and flame; I hope to ſee
Another Wild-fire in his Axletree;
And all fall drench'd: But I forget; ſpeak, Queen;
The Day grows on, I muſt no more be ſeen.

Cin. Heave up thy drouſy Head again, and ſee
A greater Light, a greater Majeſty,
(18) Between our Set and us; whip up thy Team;
The Day breaks here, and yon ſame flaſhing Stream
Shot from the South; ſay, wilt thou go? which way?

Night. I'll vaniſh into Miſts. [*Exit.*

Cinth. I into Day. [*Exit. Maſque ends.*

King. Take lights there; Ladies, get the Bride to Bed;
We will not ſee you laid. Good-night, *Amintor*,
We'll eaſe you of that tedious Ceremony;
Were it my Caſe, I ſhould think Time run ſlow.
If thou be'ſt Noble, Youth, get me a Boy,
That may defend my Kingdom from my Foes.

Amin. All Happineſs to you!

King. Good-night, *Melantius.* [*Exeunt.*

(17) —— *I hope to ſee*
Another Wild-fire in his Axletree,
And all falſe *drench'd:*] This alludes to the Fable of *Phaeton*, borrowing the Chariot of the Sun, and ſetting the World on Fire. The old *Quarto*'s have it right, *And all* fall *drench'd*: For *Phaeton*, and the Chariot, both fell headlong from the Sky into the Ocean.

(18) *Between our* Sect *and us*;] This is Nonſenſe. The *Night* and *Cinthia* both talk of the Morning's Approach, and that they muſt go down; till the Latter finds out, that they are only the Rays of Light ſhot from the King and Court, which they miſtook for the Day-break. Hence it's plain, it ſhould be wrote —— *Between our* Set *and us. i. e.* our Setting, or, going down. Mr. *Seward.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *an Antechamber to* Evadne's *Bedchamber.*

Enter Evadne, Aſpatia, Dula, *and other Ladies.*

Dula. MAdam, ſhall we undreſs you for this Fight? The Wars are naked, you muſt make to Night.

Evad. You are merry, *Dula.*

Dula. *I ſhould be merrier far, if 'twere*
With me as 'tis with you. [Singing.

(19) *Evad.* How's that?

Dula. *That I might go to Bed with him*
Wi' th' Credit that you do.

Evad. Why, how now, Wench?

Dula. Come, Ladies, will you help?

Evad. I am ſoon undone.

Dula. And as ſoon done:
Good ſtore of Clothes will trouble you at both.

Evad. Art thou drunk, *Dula?*

Dula. Why, here's none but we.

Evad. Thou think'ſt, belike, there is no Modeſty
When we are alone.

Dula. Ay, by my Troth, you hit my Thoughts aright.

Evad. You prick me, Lady. *Dula.* 'Tis againſt my Will:
Anon you muſt endure more, and lie ſtill.
You're beſt to practiſe. *Evad.* Sure, this Wench is mad.

Dula. No, faith, this is a Trick that I have had

(19) Evad. *How's that?*
Dula. *That I might go to Bed with him with Credit that you do.*]
Theſe Words I have retriev'd from the old *Quarto* of 1619: And as *Dula* is, through the whole Scene, remarkably a merry and a wanton Wench; I have a ſtrong Suſpicion that ſhe is here ſinging a Stanza from ſome old known Ballad. I have therefore ventured to replace the whole in the Text, as, I verily believe, the Authors intended it; And eſpecially as I had Mr. *Seward*'s Approbation for ſo doing. Nor was it a bad Wiſh in *Dula* for herſelf, that ſhe might be match'd with ſuch a Man as *Amintor.*

Since I was fourteen. *Evad.* 'Tis high time to leave it.
Dula. Nay, now I'll keep it, 'till the trick leave me;
A dozen wanton Words, put in your Head,
Will make you livelier in your Husband's Bed.
Evad. Nay, faith, then take it.—
Dula. Take it, Madam? where?
We all, I hope, will take it, that are here.
Evad. Nay, then, I'll give you o'er. *Dula.* So will I make
The ableſt Man in *Rhodes*, or his Heart ake.
Evad. Wilt take my Place to Night?
Dula. I'll hold your Cards
'Gainſt any two I know. *Evad.* What wilt thou do?
Dula. Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave Play too.
Evad. Aſpatia, take her part. *Dula.* I will refuſe it.
She will pluck down aſide, ſhe does not uſe it.
Evad. Why, do, I prethee. *Dula.* You will find the
Quickly, becauſe your Head lies well that way. [Play
Evad. I thank thee, *Dula*; 'would, thou could'ſt inſtill
Some of thy Mirth into *Aſpatia!*
Nothing but ſad Thoughts in her Breaſt do dwell;
Methinks, a Mean betwixt you would do well.
Dula. She is in Love; hang me, if I were ſo,
But I could run my Country: I love too
To do thoſe things, that People in Love do.
Aſp. It were a timeleſs Smile ſhould prove my Cheek;
It were a fitter Hour for me to laugh,
When at the Altar the religious Prieſt
Were pacifying the offended Powers
With Sacrifice, than now. This ſhould have been
My Right; and all your Hands have been imploy'd
In giving me a ſpotleſs Offering
To young *Amintor*'s Bed, as we are now
For you. Pardon, *Evadne*; 'would, my Worth
Were great as yours, or that the King, or He,
Or Both, thought ſo! Perhaps, he found me worthleſs;
But, till he did ſo, in theſe Ears of mine
(Theſe credulous Ears) he pour'd the ſweeteſt Words
That Art or Love could frame; if he were falſe,
Pardon it, Heaven! and if I did want
Virtue, you ſafely may forgive that too;

For

(20) For I have loſt none that I had from you.

Evad. Nay, leave this ſad Talk, Madam.

Aſp. 'Would, I could!
Then ſhould I leave the Cauſe.

Evad. See, if you have not ſpoil'd all *Dula*'s Mirth.

Aſp. Thou think'ſt thy Heart hard, but if thou be'ſt Remember me; thou ſhalt perceive a Fire [caught,
Shot ſuddenly into thee.

Dula. That's not ſo good; let 'em ſhoot any thing but Fire, I fear 'em not.

Aſp. Well, Wench, thou may'ſt be taken.

Evad. Ladies, Good-night;
I'll do the reſt myſelf. *Dula.* Nay, let your Lord do ſome.

Aſp. *Lay a Garland on my Hearſe of the diſmal Yew.* [Singing.

Evad. That's one of your ſad Songs, Madam.

Aſp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

Evad. How is it, Madam?

S O N G.

Aſp. *Lay a Garland on my Hearſe of the diſmal Yew;*
Maidens, Willow Branches bear; ſay, I died true:
My Love was falſe, but I was firm from my Hour of Birth;
Upon my buried Body lye lightly, gentle Earth!

Evad. Fie on't, Madam! the Words are ſo ſtrange, they are able to make one Dream of Hobgoblins. *I could never have the Pow'r*; Sing that, *Dula.*

Dula. *I could never have the Pow'r*
To love one above an Hour,

(20) ——— *And if I did want*
Virtue, you ſafely may forgive that too;
For I have left *none that I had from you.*] *Left none* muſt ſignify here *none left*, I think, or nothing: And then, ſurely, it is a ſtrange Mock-plea in *Aſpatia*, to ſay that the Heavens may ſafely forgive her for it. The Abſurdity of the Reaſoning makes it abſolutely neceſſary that we ſhould have recourſe to the Reading of the three eldeſt *Quarto*'s, which I have reſtored to the Text. Then the meaning is clear and obvious. Her Expoſtulation is with the Heavens to this Purpoſe: If I wanted Virtue, you may forgive that; Why did you not grant me a larger Portion of it? For by my Conduct and Actions I have not *loſt*, or forfeited, any Part of what you beſtow'd on me.

But my Heart would prompt mine Eye
On ſome other Man to fly;
Venus, *fix mine Eyen faſt,*
Or if not, give me all that I ſhall ſee at laſt.

Evad. So, leave me now.

Dula. Nay, we muſt ſee you laid.

Aſp. Madam, Good-night; may all the Marriage-joys,
That longing Maids imagine in their Beds,
Prove ſo unto you; may no Diſcontent
Grow 'twixt your Love and you! But, if there do,
Enquire of me, and I will guide your Moan;
Teach you an artificial Way to grieve,
To keep your Sorrow waking. Love your Lord
No worſe than I; but if you love ſo well,
Alas, you may diſpleaſe him; ſo did I.
This is the laſt time you ſhall look on me:
Ladies, farewel; as ſoon as I am dead,
Come all, and watch one Night about my Hearſe;
Bring each a mournful Story, and a Tear,
To offer at it when I go to Earth.
(21) With flatt'ring Ivy claſp my Coffin round;
Write on my Brow my Fortune; let my Bier
Be borne by Virgins that ſhall ſing, by courſe,
The Truth of Maids, and Perjuries of Men.

Evad. Alas, I pity thee. [*Exit* Evadne.

Omnes. Madam, Good-night.

1 *Lady.* Come, we'll let in the Bridegroom.

Dula. Where's my Lord?

1 *Lady.* Here, take this Light.

Enter Amintor.

Dula. He will find her in the dark.

(21) *With* flatt'ring *Ivy*] It is the Suſpicion of the ingenious Mr. *Sympſon* to me, that the Poets' Word here might have been, *flow'ring:* A very pretty, as well as proper, Epithet. But as it has not the Countenance of any of the Copies, I only mention it as a Conjecture; and have not ventured to diſturb the Text. And, indeed, *Aſpatia*'s Idea ſeems to be, that the Flattery of the Ivy, in its Quality of claſping whatever it is placed to, reſembles the flattering and deceitful Embraces of falſe Men. For all her Sentiments ariſe from the Subject of Sorrow and Diſappointment.

1 *Lady.*

1 *Lady.* Your Lady's ſcarce a-Bed yet, you muſt help her.

Aſp. Go, and be happy in your Lady's Love;

May all the Wrongs, that you have done to me,
Be utterly forgotten in my Death!
I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
A parting Kiſs, and will not be deny'd.
You'll come, my Lord, and ſee the Virgins weep
When I am laid in Earth, though you yourſelf
Can know no Pity. Thus I wind myſelf
Into this Willow Garland, and am prouder
That I was once your Love, (though now refus'd)
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my Prayers I leave you, and muſt try
Some yet unpractis'd Way to grieve and die.

Dula. Come, Ladies, will you go? [*Exit* Aſpatia.

Omnes. Good-night, my Lord.

Amin. Much Happineſs unto you all! [*Exeunt Ladies.*

I did that Lady Wrong: Methinks, I feel
A Grief ſhoot ſuddenly through all my Veins;
Mine Eyes rain; this is ſtrange at ſuch a Time.
It was the King firſt mov'd me to't, but he
Has not my Will in keeping.—Why do I
Perplex myſelf thus? Something whiſpers me,
Go not to Bed. My Guilt is not ſo great
As mine own Conſcience (too ſenſible)
Would make me think; I only brake a Promiſe,
And 'twas the King inforc'd me: Timorous Fleſh,
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? away, my idle Fears!

Enter Evadne, *from the Bedchamber.*

Yonder is ſhe, the Luſtre of whoſe Eye
Can blot away the ſad Remembrance
Of all theſe things: Oh, my *Evadne*, ſpare
That tender Body, let it not take Cold;
The Vapours of the Night ſhall not fall here.
To Bed, my Love; *Hymen* will puniſh us
For being ſlack Performers of his Rites.
Cam'ſt thou to call me? *Evad.* No.

Amin. Come, come, my Love,
And let us loſe ourſelves to one another.

Why art thou up ſo long? *Evad.* I am not well.
Amin. To Bed then; let me wind thee in theſe Arms,
'Till I have baniſh'd Sickneſs. *Evad.* Good my Lord,
I cannot ſleep. *Amin. Evadne*, we will watch,
I mean no ſleeping. *Evad.* I'll not go to Bed.
Amin. I prethee, do. *Evad.* I will not for the World.
Amin. Why, my dear Love?
Evad. Why? I have ſworn, I will not.
Amin. Sworn! *Evad.* Ay.
Amin. How? ſworn, *Evadne*?
Evad. Yes, ſworn, *Amintor*, and will ſwear again,
If you will wiſh to hear me.
Amin. To whom have you ſworn this?
Evad. If I ſhould name him, the Matter were not great.
Amin. Come, this is but the Coyneſs of a Bride.
Evad. The Coyneſs of a Bride? *Amin.* How prettily
That Frown becomes thee! *Evad.* Do you like it ſo?
Amin. Thou canſt not dreſs thy Face in ſuch a Look,
But I ſhall like it. *Evad.* What Look will like you beſt?
Amin. Why do you ask?
Evad. That I may ſhew you one leſs pleaſing to you.
Amin. How's that?
Evad. That I may ſhew you one leſs pleaſing to you.
Amin. I prethee, put thy Jeſts in milder Looks.
It ſhews as thou wert angry. *Evad.* So, perhaps,
I am indeed. *Amin.* Why, who has done thee Wrong?
Name me the Man, and by thyſelf I ſwear,
Thy yet unconquer'd ſelf, I will revenge thee.
Evad. Now I ſhall try thy Truth; if thou doſt love me,
Thou weigh'ſt not any thing compar'd with me:
Life, Honour, Joys eternal, all Delights
This World can yield, or hopeful People feign
Are in the Life to come, are light as Air
To a true Lover when his Lady frowns,
And bids him do this: Wilt thou kill this Man?
Swear, my *Amintor*, and I'll kiſs the Sin
Off from thy Lips. *Amin.* I will not ſwear, ſweet Love,
Till I do know the Cauſe. *Evad.* I wou'd, thou woud'ſt;
Why, it is thou that wrong'ſt me; I hate thee;
Thou ſhould'ſt have kill'd thyſelf ——

Amin.

Amin. If I ſhould know that, I ſhould quickly kill
The Man you hated. *Evad.* Know it then, and do't.
Amin. Oh, no; what Look ſoe'er thou ſhalt put on
To try my Faith, I ſhall not think thee falſe;
I cannot find one Blemiſh in thy Face,
Where Falſhood ſhould abide. Leave, and to Bed;
If you have ſworn to any of the Virgins,
That were your old Companions, to preſerve
Your Maiden-head a Night, it may be done
Without this means. (22) *Evad.* A Maiden-head, *Amintor*,
At my Years? *Amin.* Sure, ſhe raves; this cannot be
Thy natural Temper; ſhall I call thy Maids?
Either thy healthful Sleep hath left thee long,
Or elſe ſome Fever rages in thy Blood.
Evad. Neither, *Amintor*; think you, I am mad,
Becauſe I ſpeak the Truth? *Amin.* Is this the Truth?
Will you not lie with me to Night? *Evad.* To Night?
You talk, as if you thought I would hereafter.
Amin. Hereafter? Yes, I do. *Evad.* You are deceiv'd.
Put off Amazement, and with Patience mark
What I ſhall utter; for the Oracle
Knows nothing truer; 'tis not for a Night,
Or two, that I forbear thy Bed, but ever.
Amin. I dream; —— awake, *Amintor!*
Evad. You hear right;
I ſooner will find out the Beds of Snakes,
And with my youthful Blood warm their cold Fleſh,
Letting them curl themſelves about my Limbs,
Than ſleep one Night with thee; this is not feign'd,
Nor ſounds it like the Coyneſs of a Bride.
(23) *Amin.* Is Fleſh ſo earthy to endure all this?

Are

(22) —— —— *A Maiden-head*, Amintor,
At my Years?] Mr. *Rymer*, (in his *Tragedies* of the laſt Age *conſider'd* and *examin'd* by the Practice of the *Ancients*) not without Juſtice exclaims againſt the Effrontery and Impudence of *Evadne*'s Character. But as the Colouring of his critical Reflections is generally ſo groſs and glaring, I ſhall refer thoſe Readers, who have Curioſity enough, to his Book, without quoting from him on this Subject.

(23) *Is Fleſh ſo* earthly] Tho' all the Copies agree in this Reading, I dare ſay, the Poets' Word was, *earthy*. The firſt only comprehends this

Are these the Joys of Marriage? *Hymen*, keep
This Story (that will make succeeding Youth
Neglect thy Ceremonies) from all Ears:
Let it not rise up for thy Shame and mine
To After-ages; we will scorn thy Laws,
If thou no better bless them; touch the Heart
Of her that thou hast sent me, or the World
Shall know this; not an Altar then will smoak
In Praise of thee; we will adopt us Sons;
Then Virtue shall inherit, and not Blood.
If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,
Serving our selves as other Creatures do;
And never take Note of the Female more,
Nor of her Issue. —— I do rage in vain,
She can but jeast; Oh! pardon me, my Love;
So dear the Thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must break forth: Satisfy my Fear;
It is a Pain, beyond the Pain of Death,
To be in Doubt; confirm it with an Oath,
If this be true. *Evad.* Do you invent the Form:
Let there be in it all the binding Words
Devils and Conjurers can put together,
And I will take it. I have sworn before,
And here, by all things holy, do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy Bed.
Is your Doubt over now?

Amin. I know too much; 'would, I had doubted still!
Was ever such a Marriage-Night as this!
You Pow'rs above, if you did ever mean
Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a Way
How he may bear himself, and save his Honour;
Instruct me in it; for to my dull Eyes
There is no Mean, no moderate Course to run;
I must live scorn'd, or be a Murderer:

this Idea, belonging to Earth, mortal: The other takes in a farther Sense; Is Flesh so entirely made up of that gross Element, Earth, that it participates of no Spirit, no enlivening Fire, to kindle a Resentment, a Feeling of Injuries?

(24) Is there a third? Why is this Night ſo calm?
Why does not Heaven ſpeak in Thunder to us,
And drown her Voice?

Evad. This Rage will do no Good.

Amin. Evadne, hear me; Thou haſt ta'en an Oath,
But ſuch a raſh one, that, to keep it, were
Worſe than to ſwear it; call it back to thee;
(Such Vows, as that, never aſcend the Heav'n;)
A Tear or two will waſh it quite away.
Have Mercy on my Youth, my hopeful Youth,
If thou be pitiful; for (without Boaſt)
This Land was proud of me: what Lady was there,
That Men call'd fair and virtuous in this Iſle,
That would have ſhun'd my Love? It is in thee
To make me hold this Worth —— Oh! we vain Men,
That truſt out all our Reputation,
To reſt upon the weak and yielding Hand
Of feeble Woman! But thou art not Stone;
Thy Fleſh is ſoft, and in thine Eyes doth dwell
The Spirit of Love; thy Heart cannot be hard.
Come, lead me from the bottom of Deſpair,
To all the Joys thou haſt; I know, thou wilt;
And make me careful, leſt the ſudden Change
O'ercome my Spirits. *Evad.* When I call back this Oath,
The Pains of Hell environ me! *Amin.* I ſleep,
And am too temperate; come Thou to Bed,
Or by thoſe Hairs, which, if thou had'ſt a Soul
Like to thy Locks, were Threads for Kings to wear
About their Arms— *Evad.* Why, ſo, perhaps, they are.

Amin. I'll drag thee to my Bed, and make thy Tongue
Undo this wicked Oath, or on thy Fleſh
I'll print a thouſand Wounds to let out Life.

Evad. I fear thee not, do what thou dar'ſt to me;

(24) —— *Why is this Night ſo calm?*
Why does not Heaven ſpeak in Thunder to us] The Poets ſeem manifeſtly to have had in their Eye this Paſſage of *Seneca*, in his *Hippolytus*.

—— *Magne Regnator Deûm,*
Tam lentus audis Scelera? tàm lentus vides?
Ecquando fævâ Fulmen emittes *manu,*
Si nunc ſerenum eſt?

Ev'ry

Ev'ry ill-ſounding Word, or threatning Look,
Thou ſhew'ſt to me, will be reveng'd at full.
Amin. It will not, ſure, *Evadne?* ——
Evad. Do not you hazard that.
Amin. Ha' you your Champions?
Evad. Alas, *Amintor*, think'ſt thou, I forbear
To ſleep with thee, becauſe I have put on
A Maiden's Strictneſs? Look upon theſe Cheeks,
And thou ſhalt find the hot and riſing Blood
Unapt for ſuch a Vow. No, in this Heart
There dwells as much Deſire, and as much Will
To put th' wiſh'd Act in practice, as e'er yet
Was known to Woman, and they have been ſhown
Both; but it was the Folly of thy Youth
To think this Beauty (to what Land ſoe'er
It ſhall be call'd) ſhall ſtoop to any Second.
I do enjoy the beſt, and in that height
Have ſworn to ſtand or die: You gueſs the Man.
Amin. No; let me know the Man, that wrongs me ſo,
That I may cut his Body into Motes,
And ſcatter it before the Northern Wind.
Evad. You dare not ſtrike him.
Amin. Do not wrong me ſo;
Yes, if his Body were a pois'nous Plant,
That it were Death to touch, I have a Soul
Will throw me on him. *Evad.* Why, 'tis the King.
Amin. The King!
Evad. What will you do now? *Amin.* It is not the King.
Evad. What did he make this Match for, dull *Amintor!*
Amin. Oh! thou haſt nam'd a Word, that wipes away
All Thoughts revengeful; in that Sacred Word,
The King, there lies a Terror; what frail Man
Dares lift his Hand againſt it? Let the Gods
Speak to him when they pleaſe; 'till when, let us
Suffer, and wait. ——
Evad. Why ſhould you fill yourſelf ſo full of Heat,
And haſte ſo to my Bed? I am no Virgin.
Amin. What Devil put it in thy Fancy then
To marry me? *Evad.* Alas, I muſt have one
To father Children, and to bear the Name

Of

Of Husband to me, that my Sin may be
More honourable. *Amin.* What a ſtrange Thing am I?
Evad. A miſerable one; one that myſelf
Am ſorry for. *Amin.* Why, ſhew it then in this;
If thou haſt Pity, though thy Love be none,
Kill me; and all true Lovers, that ſhall live
In After-ages croſt in their Deſires,
Shall bleſs thy Memory, and call thee good;
Becauſe ſuch Mercy in thy Heart was found,
To rid a lingring Wretch. *Evad.* I muſt have one
To fill thy Room again, if thou wert dead,
Elſe, by this Night, I would: I pity thee.
Amin. Theſe ſtrange and ſudden Injuries have fall'n
So thick upon me, that I loſe all Senſe
Of what they are. Methinks, I am not wrong'd;
Nor it is aught, if from the cenſuring World
I can but hide it —— Reputation,
Thou art a Word, no more: But thou haſt ſhown
An Impudence ſo high, that to the World,
I fear, thou wilt betray or ſhame thyſelf.
Evad. To cover Shame, I took thee; never fear,
That I would blaze myſelf.
Amin. Nor let the King
Know, I conceive he wrongs me; then mine Honour
Will thruſt me into Action, that my Fleſh
Could bear with Patience; and it is ſome Eaſe
To me in theſe Extreams, that I knew this
Before I touch'd thee; elſe, had all the Sins
Of Mankind ſtood betwixt me and the King,
I had gone through 'em to his Heart and thine.
(25) I have left one Deſire; ('tis not his Crown

Shall

(25) *I have* loſt *one Deſire, 'tis not his Crown*
Shall buy me to thy Bed: Now I reſolve
He has diſhonour'd thee;] In this mangled Condition does this Paſſage ſtand in all the Vulgar Editions. But what one Deſire was it, which *Amintor* had *loſt?* The old *Quarto* of 1619 reads, *I have* left *one Deſire*, &c. This is the true Reading. I have rectified the Pointing, and now I muſt explain the Senſe of the Paſſage. "I have "one Deſire *left*; (ſays *Amintor*,) for it is not his Crown ſhould buy "me to thy Bed, now I *reſolve*, (i. e. am reſolv'd, aſcertain'd,) "that he has diſhonour'd Thee;" *&c.* But what then was this De-

ſire

Shall buy me to thy Bed, now I resolve,
He has dishonour'd thee;) give me thy Hand,
Be careful of thy Credit, and sin close;
'Tis all I wish. Upon thy Chamber-floor
I'll rest to Night, that Morning-Visiters
May think, we did as married People use.
And, pr'ythee, smile upon me when they come,
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleas'd
With what we did. *Evad.* Fear not, I will do this.
Amin. Come, let us practise; and as wantonly
As ever loving Bride and Bridegroom met,
Let's laugh and enter here. *Evad.* I am content.
Amin. Down all the Swellings of my troubled Heart!
When we walk thus intwin'd, let all Eyes see
If ever Lovers better did agree. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Calianax's *House.*

Enter Aspatia, Antiphila *and* Olympias.

Asp. Away, you are not sad, force it no further;
Good Gods, how well you look! such a full Colour
Young bashful Brides put on: Sure, you are new married.
Ant. Yes, Madam, to your Grief.
Asp. Alas! poor Wenches.
Go learn to love first, learn to lose yourselves;
(26) Learn to be flatter'd, and believe, and bless
The

fire *left* him? The Lines immediately following put it out of all Doubt.

——————— *Give me thy Hand,*
Be careful of thy Credit, and sin close;
'Tis all I wish.

(26) *Learn to be flatter'd, and believe, and bless*
The double Tongue that did it;
Make a Faith out of the Miracles of ancient Lovers.
Did you ne'er love yet, Wenches? speak Olympias,
Such as speak *Truth and dy'd in't,*
And, like me, believe all faithful, and be miserable;
Thou hast an easy Temper, fit for Stamp.] In this mangled Condition, both as to Pointing, Detriment of Sense, Defect of Metre, and Confusion in the Order of the Lines, has this Passage stood in all the Editions. The Readers will at one Glance see, that I have fully cured it in all these Particulars; and I ought to confess, to the Praise of

The double Tongue that did it; make a Faith
Out of the Miracles of ancient Lovers;
Such as ſpake Truth and dy'd in't; and, like me,
Believe all faithful, and be miſerable. ——
— Did you ne'er love yet, Wenches? Speak, *Olympias*;
Thou haſt an eaſy Temper, fit for Stamp.
Olymp. Never. *Aſp.* Nor you, *Antiphila?*
Ant. Nor I.
Aſp. Then, my good Girls, be more than Women, wiſe.
At leaſt, be more than I was; and, be ſure,
You credit any thing the Light gives Light to
Before a Man; rather believe, the Sea
Weeps for the ruin'd Merchant, when he roars;
Rather, the Wind courts but the pregnant Sails,
When the ſtrong Cordage cracks; rather, the Sun
Comes but to kiſs the Fruit in wealthy Autumn,
When all falls blaſted. If you needs muſt love,
(Forc'd by ill Fate) take to your maiden Boſoms
(27) Two dead-cold Aſpicks, and of them make Lovers;
They cannot flatter, nor forſwear; one Kiſs
Makes a long Peace for all; but Man, baſe Man,
Oh, that beaſt Man! — Come, let's be ſad, my Girls;
That Down-caſt of thine Eye, *Olympias*,
Shews a fine Sorrow; mark, *Antiphila*;
Juſt ſuch another was the Nymph *Oenone*,
When *Paris* brought home *Helen:* Now, a Tear,—
And then thou art a Piece expreſſing fully
The *Carthage* Queen, when from a cold Sea-Rock,
Full with her Sorrow, ſhe ty'd faſt her Eyes
To the fair *Trojan* Ships; and, having loſt them,
Juſt as thine Eyes do, down ſtole a Tear; *Antiphila*,
What would this Wench do, if ſhe were *Aſpatia?*
Here ſhe would ſtand, 'till ſome more pitying God
Turn'd her to Marble. 'Tis enough, my Wench;

of Mr. *Seward*'s Sagacity, that he ſtarted the ſame Emendation in every point with me.

(27) *Two* dead cold *Aſpicks*] Theſe muſt not be two diſtinct Epithets, but one compound Adjective with an *Hyphen*, *dead-cold*, i. e. cold as Death: for if the Aſpicks were dead, how could the Kiſs of them do any hurt? Here, again, Mr. *Seward* agreed with me in the Alteration made.

Shew

Shew me the piece of Needlework you wrought.

Ant. Of *Ariadne*, Madam? *Asp.* Yes, that Piece. This should be *Theseus*; h'as a coz'ning Face; You meant him for a Man. *Ant.* He was so, Madam.

Asp. Why, then 'tis well enough; — Never look back, You have a full Wind, and a false Heart, *Theseus*; Does not the Story say, his Keel was split, Or his Masts spent, or some kind Rock or other Met with his Vessel? *Ant.* Not as I remember.

Asp. It should ha' been so; could the Gods know this, And none of all their number raise a Storm? But they are all as ill. Ay, this false Smile Was well expreſt; just such another caught me; (28) You shall not go on so, *Antiphila*; In this Place work a Quicksand, And over it a shallow smiling Water, And his Ship ploughing it; and then a Fear: [Story. Do that Fear bravely, Wench. *Ant.* 'Twill wrong the

Asp. 'Twill make the Story, wrong'd by wanton Poets, Live long and be believ'd. But where's the Lady?

Ant. There, Madam. *Asp.* Oh fie, you have miss'd it here, *Antiphila*, you are much mistaken, Wench; [here, These Colours are not dull and pale enough, To shew a Soul so full of Misery As this sad Lady's was; do it by me, Do it again by me, the lost *Aspatia*; And you shall find all true, (29) but the wild Island. (30) Suppose, I stand upon the Sea-beach now,

Mine

(28) *You shall not go so,*] This should have been printed as a distinct Verse, had not the Omission of a Particle spoil'd both Sense and Measure, which are easily restored. Mr. *Seward.*

(29) ——— *but the wild Island.*] *Ariadne*, the Daughter of *Minos*, King of *Crete*, 'tis well known, was desperately in Love with *Theseus*. She by the help of a Clue extricated him from the Labyrinth to which he was confined; and embark'd with him on his Return for *Athens:* But he ungenerously gave her the Drop on the Shore of the Island *Naxos*. *Aspatia* says, her Case is in every Particular similar, except as to the wild Island.

(30) *Suppose, I stand*] This is one of those Passages, where the Poets, rapt into a glorious Enthusiasm, soar on the rapid Wings of Fancy. Enthusiasm I would call the very Essence of Poetry, since, without it, neither the happy Conduct of the Fable, the Justness of Characters

Mine Arms thus, and mine Hair blown with the Wind,
Wild as that Defart; and let all about me
(31) Be Teachers of my Story; do my Face
(If thou hadſt ever Feeling of a Sorrow)
Thus, thus, *Antiphila*; ſtrive to make me look
Like Sorrow's Monument; and the Trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafeleſs; let the Rocks
Groan with continual Surges, and behind me
Make all a Deſolation; ſee, ſee, Wenches,
(32) A miſerable Life of this poor Picture.

Olym. Dear Madam!

Aſp. I have done, ſit down, and let us
Upon that Point fix all our Eyes, that Point there;
Make a dull Silence, 'till you feel a Sadneſs
Give us new Souls.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. The King may do this, and he may not do it;
My Child is wrong'd, diſgrac'd. — Well, how now, Huſwives?
What, at your Eaſe? Is this a time to ſit ſtill?
Up, you young lazy Whores, up, or I'll ſwinge you.

Olym. Nay, good my Lord.

Cal. You'll lie down ſhortly;—get you in, and work;
(33) What, are you grown ſo reſty? you want Heats?
We

Characters or Sentiments, nor the utmoſt Harmony of Metre, can altogether form the Poet. It is the Frequency of ſuch noble Flights as theſe, and their amazing Rapidity, that ſets the immortal *Shakeſpeare* above all other Dramatick Poets; and ſuffers none of our own Nation in any Degree to approach him, but *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

Mr. *Seward*.

(31) *Tell, that I am forſaken*;] This I ſuſpect to be a ſophiſticated Reading; and, very probably, from the Players. The oldeſt Edition, in 1619, has it; *Be* Teares *of my Story* —— This Reading neither Senſe, nor Metre, will allow of. But I doubt not, but the Emendation, which I have given, retrieves the Authors' true Words and Meaning; *Be* Teachers *of my Story*; i. e. Let every thing about me explain the Story of my Misfortunes.

(32) *A miſerable Life of this poor Picture.*] i. e. See in Me this Picture to the Life.

(33) *What are you grown ſo reſty? You want* Ears,
We ſhall have ſome of the Court Boys do that Office.] Thus

We ſhall have ſome of the Court-Boys heat you ſhortly.

Ant. My Lord, we do no more than we are charg'd:
It is the Lady's Pleaſure we be thus
In Grief; ſhe is forſaken.

Cal. There's a Rogue too,
A young diſſembling Slave; well, get you in,
I'll have a Bout with that Boy; 'tis high time
Now to be valiant; I confeſs, my Youth
Was never prone that way. What, made an Aſs?
A Court-Stale? Well, I will be valiant,
And beat ſome Dozen of theſe Whelps; and there's
Another of 'em, a trim cheating Soldier,
I'll maul that Raſcal; h'as out-brav'd me twice;
But now, I thank the Gods, I'm valiant——
Go, get you in; I'll take a Courſe with all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Amintor's *Houſe.*

Enter Cleon, Strato, *and* Diphilus.

Cle. YOUR Siſter is not up yet.

Diph. Oh, Brides muſt take their Morning's Reſt,
The Night is troubleſome. *Stra.* But not tedious.

Diph. What odds, he has not my Siſter's Maidenhead to Night?

Stra. None; it's odds againſt any Bridegroom living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.

Diph. You're merry with my Siſter, you'll pleaſe to allow me the ſame Freedom with your Mother.

the *Folio* Edition of 1679 exhibits the Text. The *Quarto* of 1630 and 1638. have it, *You want* heares. — But what *Office*, in the Name of Nonſenſe, were the Court-Boys to do for theſe young Wenches? Or what Conſonance is there betwixt being *reſty*, and *wanting Ears?* The old Man, in his Alluſion, compares them to lazy, *reſty* Mares, that want to be rid ſo many *Heats:* and this was the Office, that the young, wanton, Courtiers were to do for them. I have retriev'd the true Reading from the old *Quarto*'s of 1619, and 1622.

Stra.

Stra. She's at your Service.

Diph. Then she's merry enough of herself, she needs no Tickling. Knock at the Door.

Stra. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter, they have the Year before them. Good-morrow, Sister; spare yourself to Day, The Night will come again.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Who's there, my Brother? I am no readier yet; Your Sister's but now up. *Diph.* You look as you Had lost your Eyes to Night; I think, you ha' not slept.

Amin. I'faith, I have not. *Diph.* You have done better then.

Amin. We ventur'd for a Boy; (34) when he is Twelve, He shall command against the Foes of *Rhodes*. Shall we be merry?

Stra. You cannot; you want Sleep. *Amin.* 'Tis true;— but she,

As if she had drunk *Lethe*, or had made [*Aside.*
Even with Heav'n, did fetch so still a Sleep,
So sweet and sound —— *Diph.* What's that?

Amin. Your Sister frets this Morning, and does turn Her Eyes upon me, as People on their Headsman; She does so chafe, and kiss, and chafe again, And clap my Cheeks; she's in another World.

Diph. Then I had lost; I was about to lay, You had not got her Maiden-head to Night.

Amin. Ha!

He does not mock me; you had lost, indeed; I do not use to bungle. *Cleo.* You do deserve her.

Amin. I laid my Lips to hers, and that wild Breath, That was so rude and rough to me last Night,

(34) ——————— *when he is twelve,*
He shall command against the Foes of Rhodes.

Stra. *You cannot; you want Sleep.*] In this stupid Manner, from somewhat before, and ever since, the Year 1650, has the Text stood. *Strato* makes a direct Answer to Something, without any previous Question started, or Point propounded. The *Hemistich*, which I have restored from the three eldest *Quarto*'s, makes, what he replies to, apposite and sensible.

Was ſweet as *April*; I'll be guilty too, [*Aſide.*
If theſe be the Effects.

Enter Melantius.

Mel. Good day, *Amintor*, for to me the Name
Of Brother is too diſtant; we are Friends,
And that is nearer. *Amin.* Dear *Melantius!*
Let me behold thee; Is it poſſible ———
Mel. What ſudden Gaze is this?
Amin. 'Tis wond'rous ſtrange.
Mel. Why does thine Eye deſire ſo ſtrict a View
Of that it knows ſo well? There's nothing here
That is not thine. *Amin.* I wonder much, *Melantius*,
To ſee thoſe noble Looks, that make me think
How virtuous thou art; and on the ſudden
'Tis ſtrange to me, thou ſhouldſt have Worth and Honour;
Or not be baſe, and falſe, and treacherous,
And every Ill. But —— *Mel.* Stay, ſtay, my Friend;
I fear, this Sound will not become our Loves;
(35) No more embrace me. *Amint.* Oh, miſtake me not;
I know thee to be full of all thoſe Deeds,
That we frail Men call good; but by the Courſe
Of Nature thou ſhou'dſt be as quickly chang'd
As are the Winds; diſſembling as the Sea,
That now wears Brows as ſmooth as Virgins' be,
Tempting the Merchant to invade his Face;
And in an Hour calls his Billows up,
And ſhoots 'em at the Sun, deſtroying all
He carries on him.—O, how near am I [*Aſide.*
To utter my ſick Thoughts! *Mel.* But why, my Friend,
Should I be ſo by Nature? *Amin.* I have wed
Thy Siſter, who hath virtuous Thoughts enough
For one whole Family; and it is ſtrange,

(35) *No more, embrace me.*] *Melantius* is diſguſted at *Amintor*'s odd Behaviour, which, not knowing the Source of his Diſorder, he cannot account for: but he thinks, the Tenour of *Amintor*'s Words does not become their wonted Friendſhip: He, therefore, ſeems to demand a Truce of their uſual Intimacies, till his Suſpicions are clear'd up. This miſtaken *Comma* remov'd, we recover *Melantius*'s intended Reſerve; and *Amintor*'s ſubſequent Apology accounts for the Neceſſity of it.

That

That you ſhould feel no Want. ——

Mel. Believe me, this Complement's too cunning for me.

Diph. What ſhould I be then by the Courſe of Nature, They having Both robb'd me of ſo much Virtue?

Stra. O call the Bride, my Lord *Amintor*, that we may ſee her bluſh, and turn her Eyes down; it is the prettieſt Sport.

Amin. Evadne! *Evad.* My Lord! [*Within.*

Amin. Come forth, my Love; Your Brothers do attend to wiſh you Joy.

Evad. I am not ready yet. *Amin.* Enough, enough.

Evad. They'll mock me.

Amin. Faith, thou ſhalt come in.

Enter Evadne.

Mel. Good-morrow, Siſter; he, that underſtands Whom you have wed, need not to wiſh you Joy: You have enough; take heed, you be not proud.

Diph. O Siſter, what have you done!

Evad. I done! why, what have I done?

Stra. My Lord *Amintor* ſwears, you are no Maid now.

Evad. Puſh! *Stra.* I'faith, he does.

Evad. I knew, I ſhou'd be mockt.

Diph. With a Truth.

Evad. If 'twere to do again, in faith, I would not marry.

Amin. Nor I, by Heav'n. [*Aſide.*

Diph. Siſter, *Dula* ſwears, ſhe heard you cry two Rooms off.

Evad. Fie, how you talk! *Diph.* Let's ſee you walk.

Evad. By my troth, you're ſpoil'd. *Mel. Amintor!*

Amin. Ha! *Mel.* Thou art ſad.

Amin. Who, I? I thank you for that. Shall *Diphilus*, thou, and I, ſing a Catch? *Mel.* How!

Amin. Prithee, let's. *Mel.* Nay, that's too much the other way.

Amin. I am ſo lightned with my Happineſs: How doſt thou, Love? kiſs me.

Evad. I cannot love you, you tell Tales of me.

Amin. Nothing but what becomes us. Gentlemen, 'Would, you had all ſuch Wives, and all the World,

That I might be no Wonder! You're all ſad;
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,
On Water, and ne'er ſink, I am ſo light.

Mel. 'Tis well, you are ſo.

Amin. Well? how can I be other, when ſhe looks thus?
Is there no Muſick there? let's dance.

Mel. Why, this is ſtrange, *Amintor!*

Amin. I do not know myſelf;
Yet I could wiſh, my Joy were leſs.

Diph. I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.

Evad. Amintor, hark.

Amin. What ſays my Love? I muſt obey.

Evad. You do it ſcurvily, 'twill be perceiv'd.

Cle. My Lord, the King is here.

Enter King *and* Lyſippus.

Amin. Where? *Stra.* And his Brother.

King. Good morrow, all!
Amintor, Joy on Joy fall thick upon thee!
And, Madam, you are alter'd ſince I ſaw you;
I muſt ſalute you; you are now another's;
How lik'd you your Night's Reſt? *Evad.* Ill, Sir.

Amin. Ay! 'deed, ſhe took but little.

Lyſ. You'll let her take more, and thank her too, ſhortly.

King. Amintor, wert thou truly honeſt 'till thou
Wert married? *Amin.* Yes, Sir. *King.* Tell me then, how ſhews
The Sport unto thee? *Amin.* Why, well. *King.* What did you do?

Amin. No more, nor leſs, than other Couples uſe;
You know, what 'tis; it has but a courſe Name.

King. (36) But, prithee, I ſhould think, by her black Eye,
And her red Cheek, ſhe ſhould be quick and ſtirring In

(36) *But, prithee, I ſhould think,* &c.] This King is a very vicious Character throughout; firſt, in debauching the Siſter of his brave and victorious General; and then in marrying her to a young Nobleman of great Hopes, his General's darling Friend; and forcing him to break a Contract made with the Daughter of his Conſtable, or Keeper, of his Citadel. But why is his Character ſo monſtrouſly overcharged, that he ſhould, to the Impeachment of common Decency, queſtion the abuſed Husband about his Wife's Complexion and Vigour in conjugal

In this ſame buſineſs, ha?

Amin. I cannot tell, I ne'er try'd other, Sir;
But I perceive, ſhe is as quick as you delivered.

King. Well, you will truſt me then, *Amintor*, to chuſe
A Wife for you again? *Amin.* No, never, Sir.

King. Why? like you this ſo ill? *Amin.* So well I like her.
For this I bow my Knee in Thanks to you,
And unto Heav'n will pay my grateful Tribute
Hourly; and do hope we ſhall draw out
A long contented Life together here,
And die both full of gray Hairs in one Day;
For which the Thanks is yours: But if the Pow'rs,
That rule us, pleaſe to call her firſt away,
Without Pride ſpoke, this World holds not a Wife
Worthy to take her Room.

King. I do not like this; all forbear the Room,
[*Exeunt* Lyſ. Melan. Cleon, Strat. *and* Diphilus.
But you, *Amintor*, and your Lady. I've ſome Speech
That may concern your after-living well.

Amin. He will not tell me, he lies with her, if he do,
Something heav'nly ſtay my Heart, for I ſhall be apt
To thruſt this Arm of mine to Acts unlawful.

King. You'll ſuffer me to talk with her, *Amintor*,
And not have jealous Pangs!

Amin. Sir, I dare truſt my Wife
With whom ſhe dares to talk, and not be jealous.

King. How do you like *Amintor?* *Evad.* As I did, Sir.

King. How's that! *Evad.* As one, that, to fulfill your Pleaſure,
I have given Leave to call me Wife and Love.

King. I ſee, there is no laſting Faith in Sin;
They, that break word with Heav'n, will break again
With all the World, and ſo doſt thou with me.

Evad. How, Sir?

King. This ſubtile Woman's Ignorance

jugal Careſſes; and then withdraw her, out of the Husband's Hearing, to ſift whether ſhe had not ſubmitted to let him pay the Rites of an Husband? This is a Piece of Conduct ſo flagrantly impudent, that, abandon'd as we may be in private Enormities, even our worſt Rakes would ſhew ſo much Deference to the Fair Sex, as not to let it paſs without a Rebuke.

Will not excuſe you; thou haſt taken Oaths
So great, methought, they did not well become
A Woman's Mouth; that thou wouldſt ne'er enjoy
A Man but me. *Evad.* I never did ſwear ſo;
You do me Wrong. *King.* The Day and Night have heard it.

Evad. I ſwore, indeed, that I would never love
A Man of lower Place; but if your Fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bad you truſt,
I would forſake you; and would bend to him,
That won your Throne; I love with my Ambition,
Not with mine Eyes; but if I ever yet
Touch'd any other, Leproſie light here
Upon my Face, which for your Royalty
I would not ſtain! *King.* Why, thou diſſembleſt, and
It is in me to puniſh thee. *Evad.* Why, 'tis in me
Then not to love you, which will more afflict
Your Body, than your Puniſhment can mine.

King. But thou haſt let *Amintor* lie with thee.

Evad. I ha' not. *King.* Impudence! he ſays himſelf ſo.

Evad. He lyes. *King.* He does not.

Evad. By this Light, he does;
Strangely, and baſely, and I'll prove it ſo;
I did not only ſhun him for a Night,
But told him, I would never cloſe with him.

King. Speak lower; it is falſe. *Evad.* I am no Man
To anſwer with a Blow; or, if I were,
You are the King; but urge not, 'tis moſt true.

King. Do not I know the uncontrouled Thoughts
That Youth brings with him, when his Blood is high
With Expectation, and Deſire of that
He long hath waited for? Is not his Spirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant Strain
As this our Age hath known? What could he do,
If ſuch a ſudden Speech had met his Blood,
But ruin thee for ever? if he'd not kill'd thee,
He could not bear it thus; he is as we,
Or any other wrong'd Man. *Evad.* It is Diſſembling.

King. Take him; farewel; henceforth I am thy Foe;
And what Diſgraces I can blot thee with, look for.

Evad.

Evad. Stay, Sir; *Amintor* — you ſhall hear; *Amintor* —
Amin. What, my Love?
Evad. Amintor, thou haſt an ingenuous Look,
And ſhouldſt be virtuous; it amazeth me,
That thou canſt make ſuch baſe malicious Lyes.
Amin. What, my dear Wife! *Evad.* Dear Wife! I do deſpiſe thee;
Why, nothing can be baſer, than to ſow
Diſſention amongſt Lovers. *Amin.* Lovers! who?
Evad. The King and me. *Amin.* O Heav'n!
Evad. Who ſhould live long, and love without Diſtaſte,
Were it not for ſuch Pickthanks as thyſelf!
Did you lie with me? ſwear now, and be puniſh'd
In Hell for this. *Amin.* The faithleſs Sin I made
To fair *Aſpatia* is not yet reveng'd;
It follows me. I will not loſe a Word
To this wild Woman; but to you, my King,
The Anguiſh of my Soul thruſts out this Truth,
You are a Tyrant; and not ſo much to wrong
An honeſt Man thus, as to take a Pride
In talking with him of it. *Evad.* Now, Sir, ſee,
How loud this Fellow ly'd. —— [Men
Amin. You that can know to wrong, ſhould know how
Muſt right themſelves: What Puniſhment is due
From me to him that ſhall abuſe my Bed?
It is not Death; nor can That ſatisfy,
(37) Unleſs I ſend your Limbs through all the Land,
To ſhew how nobly I have freed my ſelf.
King. Draw not thy Sword; thou know'ſt, I cannot fear
A Subject's Hand; but thou ſhalt feel the Weight
Of This, if thou doſt rage. *Amin.* The Weight of that?
If you have any Worth, for Heav'n's ſake, think,
I fear not Swords; for as you are meer Man,
I dare as eaſily kill you for this Deed,

(37) *Unleſs I ſend your* Lives *through all the Land.*] To ſend People's *Lives* thro' all the Land is certainly a very odd and unpreſidented Expreſſion. The Poets, doubtleſs, muſt have wrote, *Limbs*, i. e. Unleſs I hew you to pieces, and ſend your Quarters, (as is done by Malefactors) thro' the Kingdom, to let your Subjects know my Injuries, and the Juſtice of my Revenge: Your bare Deaths cannot ſatisfy me. Mr. *Sympſon.*

As

(38) As you dare think to do it: but there is
Divinity about you, that ſtrikes dead
My riſing Paſſions; as you are my King,
I fall before you, and preſent my Sword
To cut mine own Fleſh, if it be your Will.
Alas! I'm nothing but a Multitude
Of walking Griefs; yet, ſhould I murther you,
I might before the World take the Excuſe
Of Madneſs: for compare my Injuries,
And they will well appear too ſad a Weight
For Reaſon to endure; but fall I firſt
Among my Sorrows, e'er my treacherous Hand
Touch holy Things! But why, (I know not what
I have to ſay;) why did you chuſe out me
To make thus wretched? there were thouſand Fools
Eaſy to work on, and of State enough,
Within the Iſland. *Evad.* I would not have a Fool,
It were no Credit for me. *Amin.* Worſe and worſe!
Thou that dar'ſt talk unto thy Husband thus,
Profeſs thy ſelf a Whore, and, more than ſo,
Reſolve to be ſo ſtill, —— it is my Fate
To bear and bow beneath a thouſand Griefs,
To keep that little Credit with the World.
But there were wiſe ones too, you might have ta'en
Another. *King.* No; for I believe thee Honeſt,
As thou art Valiant. *Amin.* All the Happineſs,
Beſtow'd upon me, turns into Diſgrace;
Gods, take your Honeſty again, for I
Am loaden with it. Good my Lord the King,
Be private in it. *King.* Thou may'ſt live, *Amintor*,
Free as thy King, if thou wilt wink at this;
And be a means that we may meet in ſecret.
Amin. A Baud! hold, hold, my Breaſt; a bitter Curſe

(38) —— *but there is*
Divinity about you, that ſtrikes dead
My riſing Paſſions;] So *Shakeſpeare* ſaid, before our Poets, in his *Hamlet:*

Let him go, Gertrude; *do not fear our Perſon:*
There's ſuch Divinity doth hedge a King,
That Treaſon can but peep to what it would;
Acts little of its Will.

Seize

Seize me, if I forget not all Reſpects
That are religious, on another Word
Sounded like that; and through a Sea of Sins
Will wade to my Revenge, though I ſhould call
Pains here, and, after Life, upon my Soul!

(39) *King.* Well; I am reſolute, you lie not with her;
And ſo I leave you. [*Exit King.*

Evad. You muſt needs be prating;
And, ſee, what follows. *Amin.* 'Prithee, vex me not;
Leave me; I am afraid, ſome ſudden Start
Will pull a Murther on me. *Evad.* I am gone;
I love my Life well. [*Exit* Evadne.

Amin. I hate mine as much.
This 'tis to break a Troth; I ſhould be glad,
If all this Tide of Grief would make me mad. [*Exit.*

Enter Melantius.

Mel. I'll know the Cauſe of all *Amintor*'s Griefs,
Or Friendſhip ſhall be idle.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. O *Melantius*,
My Daughter—ſhe will die. *Mel.* Truſt me, I am ſorry;
'Would, thou hadſt ta'en her Room!

Cal. Thou art a Slave,
A cut-throat Slave, a bloody treacherous Slave.

Mel. Take heed, old Man, thou wilt be heard to rave,
And loſe thine Office. *Cal.* I am valiant grown
At all theſe Years, and thou art but a Slave.

Mel. Some Company will come, and I reſpect
Thy Years, not thee, ſo much, that I could wiſh
To laugh at thee alone. *Cal.* I'll ſpoil your Mirth,

(39) *Well, I am reſolute you* lay *not with her,*] The oldeſt *Quarto* leaves out the Negative, and gives us this Reading:

Well, I am reſolute you lay *with her,*

i. e. I am *reſolv'd*, certain in my Opinion, that you have enjoy'd her. But, I think, this is not the Intention of the Authors: The King, 'tis plain, deſires to continue the Poſſeſſion of her ſolely to himſelf; and therefore, to keep up the Strain of his Tyranny, would ſay, I am fix'd in the Determination, that you ſhall not taſte of her Embraces, and ſo I leave you.

I mean

I mean to fight with thee; there lie my Cloak, —
This was my Father's Sword, and he durſt fight;
Are you prepar'd? *Mel.* Why, wilt thou doat thy ſelf
Out of thy Life? Hence get thee to thy Bed,
Have carefull Looking to, and eat warm things,
Trouble not me; my Head is full of Thoughts
More weighty than thy Life, or Death, can be.
Cal. You have a Name in War, where you ſtand ſafe
Amongſt a Multitude; but I will try,
What you dare do unto a weak old Man:
In ſingle Fight, you'll give ground, I fear: Come, draw.
Mel. I will not draw, unleſs thou pull'ſt thy Death
Upon thee with a Stroke; there's no one Blow,
That thou canſt give, hath Strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not ſo far then; the Pow'r of Earth
Shall not redeem thee. *Cal.* I muſt let him alone,
He's ſtout and able; and to ſay the Truth,
However I may ſet a Face, and talk,
I am not valiant: When I was a Youth,
I kept my Credit with a teſty Trick
I had 'mongſt Cowards, but durſt never fight.
Mel. I will not promiſe to preſerve your Life,
If you do ſtay. *Cal.* I would give half my Land
That I durſt fight with that proud Man a little:
If I had Men to hold him, I would beat him,
Till he askt me Mercy. *Mel.* Sir, will you be gone?
Cal. I dare not ſtay, but I will beat my Servants
All over for this. [*Exit* Calianax.
Mel. This old Fellow haunts me;
But the diſtracted Carriage of mine *Amintor*
Takes deeply on me, I will find the Cauſe;
I fear, his Conſcience cries, he wrong'd *Aſpatia.*

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Mens Eyes are not ſo ſubtle to perceive
My inward Miſery; I bear my Grief
Hid from the World; how art thou wretched then?
For aught I know, all Husbands are like me;
And every one, I talk with of his Wife,
Is but a well Diſſembler of his Woes,

As

As I am: 'Would, I knew it; for the Rareneſs
Afflicts me now.

Mel. Amintor, we have not enjoy'd our Friendſhip of late,
(40) For we were wont to change our Souls in Talk.

Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good Jeſt of *Strato* and a Lady the laſt Day. *Mel.* How was't?

Amin. Why, ſuch an odd one.

Mel. I have long'd to ſpeak with you, not of an idle Jeſt that's forc'd, but of matter you are bound to utter to me.

Amin. What is that, my Friend?

Mel. I have obſerv'd, your Words fall from your Tongue
Wildly; and all your Carriage has appear'd
Like one that ſtrove to ſhew his merry Mood,
When he were ill diſpos'd: You were not wont
To put ſuch Scorn into your Speech, or wear
Upon your Face ridiculous Jollity:
Some Sadneſs ſits here, which your Cunning wou'd
Cover o'er with Smiles, and 'twill not be. What is it?

Amin. A Sadneſs here! what Cauſe
Can Fate provide for me, to make me ſo?
Am I not lov'd through all this Iſle? the King
Rains Greatneſs on me: Have I not receiv'd
A Lady to my Bed, that in her Eye
(41) Keeps mounting Fire, and on her tender Cheeks
Inimitable Colour, in her Heart

A Priſon

(40) *For we were wont to* charge *our Souls in Talk.*] This is flat Nonſenſe, by the Miſtake of a ſingle Letter. The ſlight Alteration I have made, gives us the true Meaning. So, in *A King and no King*,

——— *or for Honeſty to* enterchange *my Boſom with*, &c.

And, again,

And then how dare you offer to change *Words with her?*

Mr. *Seward* and Mr. *Sympſon*, concurr'd with me in ſtarting this Emendation.

(41) ——— ——— *and on her tender Cheeks*

Inevitable *Colour*,] This Epithet, I know, ſignifies, not to be *avoided*, not to be *eſchew'd*; but I don't remember that it takes in the Idea of *not to be reſiſted*; which is the Senſe required here. The old *Quarto* of 1619 has it, *Immutable* Colour,— But Metre and Emphaſis prove that to be a corrupted Reading; out of which, I dare be confident, I have extracted the genuine Lection: *Inimitable* Colour; *i. e.*

A Priſon for all Virtue? Are not you,
Which is above all Joys, my conſtant Friend?
What Sadneſs can I have? No, I am light,
And feel the courſes of my Blood more warm,
And ſtirring, than they were; faith, marry too;
And you will feel ſo unexpreſt a Joy
In chaſt Embraces, that you will indeed
Appear another. *Mel.* You may ſhape, *Amintor*,
Cauſes to cozen the whole World withal,
And yourſelf too; but 'tis not like a Friend,
To hide your Soul from me; 'tis not your Nature
To be thus idle; I have ſeen you ſtand,
As you were blaſted, midſt of all your Mirth;
Call thrice aloud, and then ſtart, feigning Joy
So coldly: World! what do I here? a Friend
Is nothing; Heav'n! I wou'd ha' told that Man
My ſecret Sins; I'll ſearch an unknown Land,
And there plant Friendſhip; all is wither'd here;
Come with a Complement?—— I wou'd have fought,
Or told my Friend, he ly'd, e'er ſooth'd him ſo;
Out of my Boſom.———

Amin. But there is nothing.

Mel. Worſe and worſe; farewel;
From this time have Acquaintance, but no Friend.

Amin. Melantius, ſtay; you ſhall know what it is.

(42) *Mel.* See, how you play'd with Friendſhip; be ad-
How you give Cauſe unto yourſelf to ſay, [vis'd,
You

a Complexion not to be paragon'd by Nature, nor imitated by Art. We may eaſily account for the Depravation at Preſs. The Hand-Writing in thoſe Times was almoſt univerſally what we call Secretary: And their i's were wrote without Tittles over them. Let us then ſee how minute is the Difference betwixt the two Words, and how liable they might be to be miſtaken One for the Other:

Inimitable,
Immutable.

(42) Mel. *See, how you play'd with Friendſhip*;] The quarrelling Scene, which is now coming on, has been the Subject of much Criticiſm and Controverſy. Some have cry'd it up above that celebrated Quarrel in *Euripides*'s *Iphigenia* at *Aulis*, betwixt *Agamemnon* and his Brother *Menelaus:* And others have decry'd it as egregiouſly faulty in the Motives, and Progreſs; the Working up, and Declination of the Paſſions.

You ha' loſt a Friend. *Amin.* Forgive what I have done,
For I am ſo o'ergone with Injuries
Unheard of, that I loſe Conſideration
Of what I ought to do—oh—oh!
Mel. Do not weep;
What is it? May I once but know the Man,
Hath turn'd my Friend thus! *Amin.* I had ſpoke at firſt,
But that— *Mel.* But what? *Amin.* I held it moſt unfit
For you to know; faith, do not know it yet.
Mel. Thou ſeeſt my Love, that will keep Company
With thee in Tears; hide nothing then from me;
For when I know the Cauſe of thy Diſtemper,
(43) With mine old Armour I'll adorn myſelf,
My Reſolution, and cut through thy Foes,
Unto thy Quiet; till I place thy Heart
As peaceable as ſpotleſs Innocence.
What is it? *Amin.* Why, 'tis this —— it is too big
To get out; —— let my Tears make way awhile.
Mel. Puniſh me ſtrangely Heav'n, if he eſcape
Of Life or Fame, that brought this Youth to this!
Amin. Your Siſter —— *Mel.* Well ſaid.
Amin. You will wiſh't unknown,
When you have heard it. *Mel.* No. *Amin.* Is much to blame,
And to the King has giv'n her Honour up,
And lives in Whoredom with him. *Mel.* How is this!
Thou art run mad with Injury, indeed,
Thou cou'dſt not utter this elſe; ſpeak again,
For I forgive it freely; tell thy Griefs.
Amin. She's wanton; I am loth to ſay, a Whore;
Though it be true. ——

Paſſions. For my own part, I will venture to be no farther an Umpire in the Caſe, than in pronouncing that I have always ſeen it receiv'd with vehement Applauſe; and that I think it very affecting on each Side.

(43) *With mine* own *Armour*] I have choſe to adopt the Reading here of the two eldeſt *Quarto*'s; becauſe, I think, it is juſtified by what *Amintor* ſays to *Melantius*, at their firſt Meeting, upon his Return from the Wars.

And may thy Armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy Valour *and thy Innocence!*

Mel.

Mel. Speak yet again, before mine Anger grow
Up, beyond throwing down; what are thy Griefs?
Amin. By all our Friendſhip, theſe.
Mel. What? am I tame?
After mine Actions, ſhall the name of Friend
(44) Blot all our Family, and ſtick the Brand
Of Whore upon my Siſter, unreveng'd?
My ſhaking Fleſh, be thou a Witneſs for me,
With what Unwillingneſs I go to ſcourge
This Rayler, whom my Folly hath call'd Friend;
I will not take thee baſely tho'; thy Sword
Hangs near thy Hand, draw it, that I may whip
Thy Raſhneſs to Repentance. Draw thy Sword.
Amin. Not on thee, did thine Anger ſwell as high
As the wild Surges; thou ſhouldſt do me Eaſe
Here, and eternally, if thy noble Hand
Wou'd cut me from my Sorrows. *Mel.* This is baſe
And fearful; they, that uſe to utter Lies,
Provide not Blows, but Words, to qualify
The Men they wrong'd; thou haſt a guilty Cauſe.
Amin. Thou pleaſeſt me; for ſo much more like this
Will raiſe my Anger up above my Griefs,
(Which is a Paſſion eaſier to be borne)
And I ſhall then be happy. *Mel.* Take then more
To raiſe thine Anger. 'Tis meer Cowardice
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead
However; but if thou art ſo much preſt
With Guilt and Fear, as not to dare to fight,
I'll make thy Memory loath'd, and fix a Scandal
Upon thy Name for ever. *Amin.* Then I draw,
As juſtly as our Magiſtrates their Swords,
To cut Offenders off. I knew before,
'Twould grate your Ears; but it was baſe in you
To urge a weighty Secret from your Friend,
And then rage at it; I ſhall be at Eaſe,

(44) —— —— *and* ſtrike *the Brand*
Of whore upon my Siſter,] To *ſtrike* the Brand of any Infamy upon a Perſon, never was the Phraſe to expreſs that Idea; yet it has poſſeſs'd all the printed Copies for above this Century paſt. The true Word I have retriev'd from the oldeſt *Quarto* in 1619.

If

If I be kill'd; and if you fall by me,
I ſhall not long out-live you. *Mel.* Stay a while.
The name of Friend is more than Family,
Or all the World beſides; I was a Fool.
Thou ſearching human Nature, that didſt wake
To do me Wrong, thou art inquiſitive,
And thruſts't me upon Queſtions that will take
My Sleep away; 'would, I had dy'd, e'er known
This ſad Diſhonour! Pardon me, my Friend;
If thou wilt ſtrike, here is a faithful Heart;
Pierce it, for I will never heave my Hand
To thine; behold the Pow'r thou haſt in me!
I do believe, my Siſter is a Whore,
A leprous one; put up thy Sword, young Man.
Amin. How ſhou'd I bear it then, ſhe being ſo?
I fear, my Friend, that you will loſe me ſhortly;
And I ſhall do a foul Act on myſelf
Through theſe Diſgraces. *Mel.* Better, half the Land
Were buried quick together; no, *Amintor*,
Thou ſhalt have Eaſe: O this adult'rous King,
That drew her to it! where got he the Spirit
To wrong me ſo? *Amin.* What is it then to me,
If it be Wrong to you! *Mel.* Why, not ſo much:
The Credit of our Houſe is thrown away;
But from his iron Den I'll waken Death,
And hurl him on this King; my Honeſty
Shall ſteel my Sword; and on its horrid Point
I'll wear my Cauſe, that ſhall amaze the Eyes
Of this proud Man, and be too glittering
For him to look on. *Amin.* I have quite undone
My Fame. *Mel.* Dry up thy watry Eyes awhile,
And caſt a manly Look upon my Face;
For nothing is ſo wild as I thy Friend,
Till I have freed thee: Still this ſwelling Breaſt;
I go thus from thee, and will never ceaſe
(45) My Vengeance, till I find thy Heart at Peace.

Amin.

(45) ——— *Till I find* my *Heart at Peace.*] *Melantius* ſhews but little Friendſhip in This, to ſay, he will purſue his Revenge, till he has ſatisfied *his own* Mind. He had promiſed Something to *Amintor*;

Amin. It muſt not be ſo; ſtay, mine Eyes would tell
How loth I am to this; but Love and Tears
Leave me awhile, for I have hazarded
All that this World calls happy; thou haſt wrought
A Secret from me under name of Friend,
Which Art could ne'er have found, nor Torture wrung
From out my Boſom; give it me again,
For I will find it, whereſoe'er it lies
Hid in the mortal'ſt part; invent a way
To give it back. *Mel.* Why, wou'd you have it back?
I will to Death purſue him with Revenge.
Amin. Therefore, I call it from thee; for, I know,
Thy Blood ſo high, that thou wilt ſtir in this,
And ſhame me to Poſterity: Take to thy Weapon.
Mel. Hear thou thy Friend, that bears more Years than thou.
Amin. I will not hear: but draw, or I-- *Mel. Amintor,*—
Amin. Draw then, for I am full as reſolute,
As Fame and Honour can inforce me be;
I cannot linger, draw. *Mel.* I do ——but is not
My ſhare of Credit equal then with thine,
If I do ſtir? *Amin.* No; for it will be call'd
Honour in thee to ſpill thy Siſter's Blood,
If ſhe her Birth abuſe; and, on the King,
A brave Revenge: But on me, that have walkt
With Patience in it, it will fix the Name
Of fearfull Cuckold——O that Word! be quick.
Mel. Then join with me. *Amin.* I dare not do a Sin,
Or elſe I would: Be ſpeedy.
Mel. Then dare not fight with me, for that's a Sin.
His Grief diſtracts him; call thy Thoughts again,
And to thyſelf pronounce the Name of Friend,
And ſee what that will work; I will not fight.
Amin. You muſt. *Mel.* I will be kill'd firſt, though my Paſſions

had advis'd him to take Comfort, and pacify his Griefs; and therefore it was *his* Heart that was to be ſet at Reſt. But the Quarrel does not lye againſt the Authors, but their incorrect Editors. The oldeſt *Quarto*, indeed, (as it does in numberleſs other Places,) help'd me to the true Reading.

Offer'd

Offer'd the like to you; 'tis not this Earth
Shall buy my Reaſon to it; think a while,
For you are (I muſt weep, when I ſpeak that)
Almoſt beſides yourſelf. *Amin.* Oh my ſoft Temper!
So many ſweet Words from thy Siſter's Mouth,
I am afraid, would make me take her to me
To embrace, and pardon her. I am mad, indeed,
And know not what I do; yet have a Care
Of me in what thou doeſt. *Mel.* Why thinks my Friend,
I will forget his Honour, or, to ſave
The Bravery of our Houſe, will loſe his Fame,
And fear to touch the Throne of Majeſty?

Amin. A Curſe will follow that; but rather live
And ſuffer with me. *Mel.* I will do what Worth
Shall bid me, and no more. *Amin.* 'Faith, I am ſick,
And deſp'rately, I hope; yet, leaning thus,
I feel a kind of Eaſe. *Mel.* Come, take again
Your Mirth about you. *Amin.* I ſhall never do't.

Mel. I warrant you, look up, we'll walk together,
Put thine Arm here, all ſhall be well again.

Amin. Thy Love, (O wretched!) Ay, thy Love, *Melan-*
Why, I have nothing elſe. [*tius*;

Mel. Be merry then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Melantius *again.*

Mel. This worthy young Man may do Violence
Upon himſelf; but I have cheriſh'd him
To my beſt Pow'r, and ſent him ſmiling from me,
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine Edge;
My Heart will never fail me. *Diphilus,*——
(46) Thou com'ſt, as ſent.

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Yonder has been ſuch laughing.

Mel. Betwixt whom? [Spleens

Diph. Why, our Siſter and the King, I thought their
Would break; they laught us all out of the Room.

(46) *Thou com'ſt as ſent.*] This is, as *Horace* ſays of himſelf, *Brevis eſſe laboro, Obſcurus fio.* The meaning is, thou com'ſt as critically, as if I had ſent for thee.

Mel. They muſt weep, *Diphilus*. *Diph.* Muſt they?
Mel. They muſt:
Thou art my Brother, And if I did believe
Thou hadſt a baſe Thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durſt. *Diph.* You ſhould not, I would firſt
Mangle myſelf and find it. *Mel.* That was ſpoke
According to our Strain; Come, join thy Hands,
And ſwear a Firmneſs to what Project I
Shall lay before thee. *Diph.* You do wrong us both;
(47) People hereafter ſhall not ſay, there paſs'd
A Bond more than our Loves, to tie our Lives
And Deaths together.——
Mel. It is as nobly ſaid as I would wiſh;
Anon I'll tell you Wonders; we are wrong'd.
Diph, But I will tell you now, we'll right ourſelves.
Mel. Stay not, prepare the Armour in my Houſe;
And what Friends you can draw unto our Side,
Not knowing of the Cauſe, make ready too;
Haſte, *Diphilus*, the Time requires it, haſte.
[*Exit* Diphilus.
I hope, my Cauſe is juſt; I know, my Blood
Tells me, it is; and I will credit it.
To take Revenge, and loſe myſelf withal,
Were idle; and to ſcape impoſſible,
(48) Without I had the Fort, which, (Miſery!)
Remaining in the Hands of my Old Enemy
Calianax,—— but I muſt have it. See,

Enter Calianax.

Where he comes ſhaking by me: Good my Lord,

(47) *People hereafter ſhall not ſay, there paſs'd*
A Bond more than our Loves.] This Sentiment ſeems to be ſhadow'd from *Shakeſpeare*, in his *Julius Cæſar*.
Caſſ. *And let us* ſwear *our Reſolution.*
Bru. *No, not an* Oath: *if that the Face of Men,*
The Suff'rance of our Souls, the Time's Abuſe,
If theſe be Motives weak, break off betimes; &c.

(48) —— —— —— *which Miſery*
Remaining in the Hands.] Without the Rectification which I have made in the Pointing, this Paſſage was ſtark Nonſenſe. Mr. *Sympſon* ſtarted the very ſame Adjuſtment, in Confirmation of my Conjecture.

Forget

Forget your Spleen to me, I never wrong'd you,
But would have Peace with ev'ry Man. *Cal.* 'Tis well;
If I durſt fight, your Tongue would lie at quiet.
Mel. You're touchy without all Cauſe.
Cal. Do, mock me. *Mel.* By
Mine Honour, I ſpeak Truth. *Cal.* Honour? where is't?
Mel. What ſtarts you make into your idle Hatred
To my good Love and Freedom to you. I come
With Reſolution to obtain a Suit of you.
Cal. A Suit of me! 'tis very like, it ſhould
Be granted, Sir. *Mel.* Nay, go not hence; 'tis this;
You have the keeping of the Fort, and I
Would wiſh you by the Love you ought to bear
Unto me, to deliver it to my Hands.
Cal. I am in hope thou'rt mad, to talk to me thus.
Mel. But there's a Reaſon why I move you to it.
I would kill the King, that wrong'd you and your Daughter.
Cal. Out Traitor! *Mel.* Nay, but ſtay; I cannot ſcape,
The Deed once done, without I have this Fort. [Mind
Cal. And ſhould I help thee? now thy treacherous
Betrays itſelf. *Mel.* Come, come, delay me not;
Give me a ſudden Anſwer, or already
Thy laſt is ſpoke; refuſe not offer'd Love,
When it comes clad in Secrets. *Cal.* If I ſay,
I will not, he will kill me; I do ſee't
Writ in his Looks; and ſhould I ſay, I will,
He'll run and tell the King. I do not ſhun
Your Friendſhip, dear *Melantius*, but this Cauſe
Is weighty, give me but an Hour to think.
Mel. Take it—I know, this goes unto the King;
But I am arm'd. [*Exit* Melantius.
Cal. Methinks, I feel myſelf
But twenty now again; this fighting Fool
Wants Policy; I ſhall revenge my Girl,
And make her red again; I pray, my Legs
Will laſt that Pace that I will carry them;
I ſhall want Breath, before I find the King.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Melantius, Evadne, *and a Lady.*

Mel. SAVE you! *Evad.* Save you, ſweet Brother!
Mel. In my blunt Eye,
Methinks, you look, *Evadne*, ——
Evad. Come, you would make
Me bluſh:
Mel. I would, *Evadne*; I ſhall diſpleaſe my Ends elſe.
(49) *Evad.* You ſhall, if you commend me; I am baſhful;
Come, Sir, how do I look? *Mel.* I would not have
Your Women hear me
Break into Commendation of you, 'tis not ſeemly.
Evad. Go wait me in the Gallery——now ſpeak.
Mel. I'll lock the Door firſt. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Evad. Why?
Mel. I will not have your gilded Things, that dance
In Viſitation with their *Milan* Skins,
(50) Choke up my Buſineſs:
Evad. You are ſtrangely diſpos'd, Sir:
Mel. Good Madam, not to make you merry:
Evad. No, if you praiſe me, it will make me ſad:
Mel. Such a ſad Commendation I have for you.
Evad. Brother, the Court hath made you witty,
And learn to riddle.
Mel. I praiſe the Court for't; has it learn'd you nothing?
Evad. Me?
Mel. Ay, *Evadne*, thou art young and handſom,
A Lady of a ſweet Complexion,
And ſuch a flowing Carriage, that it cannot
Chuſe but inflame a Kingdom. *Evad.* Gentle Brother!

(49) *You ſhall, if you* command *me*;] Thus all the Editions: *i. e.* If you bid me bluſh, I ſhall. *Evadne* is very obſequious in this Condeſcention: but this, I dare ſay, was not the Poets' Intentions. They meant, ſhe ſhould ſay; "Nay, if you commend me, I am baſhful, "and ſhall bluſh at your Praiſes:" And this is confirm'd by what *Melantius* immediately ſubjoins to it.

(50) *Choke up my Buſineſs.*
In Viſitation, &c.] The Tranſpoſition of the Lines, made here, is from the Authority of the old Copies. Mr. *Seward* likewiſe pointed out the ſame Regulation to me. *Mel.*

(51) *Mel.* 'Tis yet in thy Repentance, fooliſh Woman,
To make me gentle. *Evad.* How is this? *Mel.* 'Tis baſe,
And I could bluſh at theſe Years, thorough all
My honour'd Scars, to come to ſuch a Parly.

Evad. I underſtand you not. *Mel.* You dare not, Fool;
They, that commit thy Faults, fly the Remembrance.

Evad. My Faults, Sir! I would have you know, I care not
If they were written here, here in my Forehead.

(52) *Mel.* Thy Body is too little for the Story,
The Luſts of which would fill another Woman,
As though ſh'ad Twins within her. *Evad.* This is ſaucy;
Look, you intrude no more, there lies your Way.

Mel. Thou art my Way, and I will tread upon thee,
'Till I find Truth out.

Evad. What Truth is that you look for? [ſet me

(53) *Mel.* Thy long-loſt Honour: 'would, the Gods had
Rather to grapple with the Plague, or ſtand
One of their loudeſt Bolts! Come, tell me quickly,
Do it without Enforcement, and take heed
You ſwell me not above my Temper.

Evad. How, Sir? where got you this Report?

Mel. Where there were People, in every Place.

Evad. They and the Seconds of it are baſe People;
Believe them not, they lyed.

Mel. Do not play with mine Anger, do not Wretch,

(51) *'Tis yet in thy* Remembrance, *fooliſh Woman,*] How was it in her *Remembrance?* She was not at all conſcious, that *Melantius* knew any thing of her Miſconduct and Guilt with the King; ſo was not prepared to make any Confeſſion. *Repentance* is the Reading of the beſt and oldeſt Copies, and is certainly the genuine one.

(52) *Thy Body is too little for the Story,*
The Luſts of which would fill another Woman,
Though *ſhe had Twins within her.*] This is Mock-Reaſoning, and *primâ facie* ſhews its Abſurdity. Surely, if a Woman has Twins within her, ſhe can want very little more to fill her up. I dare be confident, I have reſtor'd the Poet's genuine Reading. The Propriety of the Reaſoning is a Conviction of the Certainty of the Emendation.

(53) *'Would, the Gods had ſet me*
One of their loudeſt Bolts;] Ever ſince the *Folio* Edition of 1679, downwards, this Imperfection, and Nonſenſe, has poſſeſs'd the Text. The Line, which I have retriev'd from the Generality of the old *Quarto*'s makes all clear.

I come to know that desperate Fool that drew thee
From thy fair Life; be wise, and lay him open.

Evad. Unhand me, and learn Manners; such another
Forgetfulness forfeits your Life.

Mel. Quench me this mighty Humour, and then tell me
Whose Whore you are; for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine Honours perish, but I'll find him,
Though he lie lockt up in thy Blood! be sudden;
There is no facing it, and be not flattered;
The burnt Air, when the *Dog* reigns, is not fouler
Than thy contagious Name, 'till thy Repentance
(If the Gods grant thee any) purge thy Sickness.

Evad. Be gone, you are my Brother, that's your Safety.

Mel. I'll be a Wolf first; 'tis, to be thy Brother,
An Infamy below the Sin of Coward:
I am as far from being Part of thee,
As thou art from thy Virtue: Seek a Kindred
'Mongst sensual Beasts, and make a Goat thy Brother;
A Goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet!

Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you,
I'll ha' you whipt; get you to your Command,
And there preach to your Sentinels, and tell them
What a brave Man you are; I shall laugh at you.

Mel. You're grown a glorious Whore; where be your Fighters?
What mortal Fool durst raise thee to this Daring,
And I alive? By my just Sword, h'ad safer
Bestrid a Billow when the angry North
Flows up the Sea, or made Heav'n's Fire his Food:
Work me no higher; will you discover yet?

Evad. The Fellow's mad; sleep, and speak Sense.

Mel. Force my swoll'n Heart no further; I would save thee;
Your great Maintainers are not here, they dare not;
'Would, they were all, and arm'd! I would speak loud;
Here's one should thunder to 'em: will you tell me?
Thou hast no hope to scape; he that dares most,
And damns away his Soul to do thee Service,
Will sooner fetch Meat from a hungry Lion,
Than come to rescue thee; thou'st Death about thee:
He has undone thine Honour, poyson'd thy Virtue,

And

And, of a lovely Roſe, left thee a Canker.
Evad. Let me conſider. *Mel.* Do, whoſe Child thou wert,
Whoſe Honour thou haſt murder'd, whoſe Grave open'd,
And ſo pull'd on the Gods, that in their Juſtice
They muſt reſtore him Fleſh again and Life,
And raiſe his dry Bones to revenge his Scandal.
Evad. The Gods are not of my mind; they had better
Let 'em lie ſweet ſtill in the Earth; they'll ſtink here.
Mel. Do you raiſe Mirth out of my Eaſineſs?
Forſake me then all Weakneſſes of Nature,
That make Men Women: Speak, you Whore, ſpeak truth;
Or by the dear Soul of thy ſleeping Father,
This Sword ſhall be thy Lover: tell, or I'll kill thee:
And when thou haſt told all, thou wilt deſerve it.
Evad. You will not murder me! *Mel.* No, 'tis a Juſtice
And a moſt noble one, to put the Light
Out of ſuch baſe Offenders. *Evad.* Help!
Mel. By thy foul Self,
No human Help ſhall help thee, if thou crieſt;
When I have kill'd thee, as I have vow'd to do,
If thou confeſs not, naked as thou haſt left
Thine Honour, will I leave thee;
That on thy branded Fleſh the World may read
Thy black Shame, and my Juſtice. Wilt thou bend yet?
Evad. Yes. *Mel.* Up, and begin your Story.
Evad. Oh, I am miſerable.
Mel. 'Tis true, thou art; ſpeak Truth ſtill.
Evad. I have offended; Noble Sir, forgive me.
Mel. With what ſecure Slave? *Evad.* Do not ask me, Sir.
Mine own Remembrance is a Miſery
Too mighty for me. *Mel.* Do not fall back again;
My Sword's unſheathed yet. *Evad.* What ſhall I do?
Mel. Be true, and make your Fault leſs.
Evad. I dare not tell.
Mel. Tell, or I'll be this Day a killing thee.
Evad. Will you forgive me then?
Mel. Stay, I muſt ask
Mine Honour firſt; I've too much fooliſh Nature
In me; ſpeak. *Evad.* Is there none elſe here?
Mel. None but a fearful Conſcience, that's too many.

Who

Who is't? *Evad.* O, hear me gently; it was the King.
Mel. No more. My worthy Father's and my Services
Are liberally rewarded! King, I thank thee:
For all my Dangers and my Wounds, thou haſt paid me
In my own Metal: Theſe are Soldiers' Thanks.
How long have you liv'd thus, *Evadne?*
Evad. Too long.
Mel. Too late you find it: Can you be ſorry?
Evad. 'Wou'd, I were half as blameleſs.
Mel. Evadne, thou wilt to thy Trade again.
Evad. Firſt to my Grave.
Mel. 'Wou'd Gods, th'hadſt been ſo bleſt:
Doſt thou not hate this King now? prithee, hate him:
Cou'dſt thou not curſe him? I command thee, curſe him;
Curſe, till the Gods hear, and deliver him
To thy juſt Wiſhes; yet I fear, *Evadne*,
You had rather play your Game out. *Evad.* No, I feel
Too many ſad Confuſions here to let in
Any looſe Flame hereafter.
Mel. Doſt thou not feel 'mong all thoſe one brave Anger,
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine Arm
To kill this baſe King?
Evad. All the Gods forbid it!
Mel. No, all the Gods require it, they are diſhonour'd in him.
Evad. 'Tis too fearfull.
Mel. You're valiant in his Bed, and bold enough
To be a ſtale Whore, and have your Madam's Name
Diſcourſe for Grooms and Pages; and hereafter,
When his cool Majeſty hath laid you by,
To be at Penſion with ſome needy Sir
For Meat and coarſer Cloathes, thus far you know no Fear.
Come, you ſhall kill him. *Evad.* Good Sir!
Mel. And 'twere to kiſs him dead, thou'dſt ſmother him;
Be wiſe and kill him: Canſt thou live, and know
What noble Minds ſhall make thee ſee thy ſelf
Found out with ev'ry Finger, made the Shame
Of all Succeſſions, and in this great Ruin
Thy Brother and thy noble Husband broken?
Thou ſhalt not live thus; kneel, and ſwear to help me,
When I ſhall call thee to it, or by all

Holy

Holy in Heav'n and Earth, thou ſhalt not live
To breath a full Hour longer, not a Thought:
Come, 'tis a righteous Oath; give me thy Hand,
And, both to Heav'n held up, ſwear by that Wealth
This luſtfull Thief ſtole from thee, when I ſay it,
To let his foul Soul out. *Evad.* Here I do ſwear it;
And all you Spirits of abuſed Ladies
Help me in this Performance!

Mel. Enough; this muſt be known to none
But you and I, *Evadne*; not to your Lord,
Though he be wiſe and noble, and a Fellow
Dares ſtep as far into a worthy Action
As the moſt daring; ay, as far as Juſtice.
Ask me not why. Farewel. [*Exit* Mel.

Evad. 'Would, I cou'd ſay ſo to my black Diſgrace!
Oh, where have I been all this time! how friended,
That I ſhould loſe my ſelf thus deſperately,
And none for Pity ſhew me how I wandred?
There is not in the Compaſs of the Light
A more unhappy Creature: Sure, I am monſtrous;
For I have done thoſe Follies, thoſe mad Miſchiefs,
(54) Wou'd dare a Woman. O my loaden Soul,
Be not ſo cruel to me, choak not up

Enter Amintor.

The way to my Repentance! O my Lord!

Amin. How now?

Evad. My much abuſed Lord! [*Kneels.*

Amin. This cannot be.

Evad. I do not kneel to live, I dare not hope it;
The Wrongs I did are greater; look upon me,
Though I appear with all my Faults. *Amin.* Stand up.
This is a new way to beget more Sorrow;
Heav'n knows, I have too many; do not mock me;
Though I am tame and bred up with my Wrongs,
Which are my Foſter-brothers, I may leap
Like a Hand-Wolf into my natural Wildneſs,
And do an Outrage: pray thee, do not mock me.

(54) *Would* dare *a Woman.*] *i. e.* would ſcare, would fright her out of her Wits to commit.

Evad.

Evad. My whole Life is ſo leprous, it infects
All my Repentance: I wou'd buy your Pardon
Though at the higheſt Set, even with my Life:
That ſlight Contrition, that's no Sacrifice
For what I have committed. *Amin.* Sure, I dazzle:
There cannot be a Faith in that foul Woman,
That knows no God more mighty than her Miſchiefs:
Thou doſt ſtill worſe, ſtill number on thy Faults,
To preſs my poor Heart thus. Can I believe,
There's any Seed of Virtue in that Woman
Left to ſhoot up, that dares go on in Sin
Known, and ſo known as thine is? O *Evadne!*
(55) 'Wou'd, there were any Safety in thy Sex,
That I might put a thouſand Sorrows off,
And credit thy Repentance! But I muſt not;
Thou'ſt brought me to that dull Calamity,
To that ſtrange Misbelief of all the World,
And all things that are in it; that, I fear,
I ſhall fall like a Tree, and find my Grave,
Only remembring that I grieve.

Evad. My Lord,
Give me your Griefs: You are an Innocent,
A Soul as white as Heav'n; let not my Sins
Periſh your noble Youth: I do not fall here
To ſhadow by diſſembling with my Tears,
(As, all ſay, Women can,) or to make leſs
What my hot Will hath done, which Heav'n and you
Know to be tougher than the Hand of Time
Can cut from Man's Remembrance; no, I do not;
I do appear the ſame, the ſame *Evadne*,
Dreſt in the Shames I liv'd in; the ſame Monſter.
But theſe are Names of Honour, to what I am;
I do preſent my ſelf the fouleſt Creature,
Moſt pois'nous, dang'rous, and deſpis'd of Men,
Lerna e'er bred, or *Nilus*; I am Hell,
'Till you, my dear Lord, ſhoot your Light into me,
The Beams of your Forgiveneſs: I am Soul-ſick;
And wither with the Fear of one condemn'd,

(55) '*Would there were any* Safety *in thy Sex*,] i. e. any Security, any Truſt, or Belief to be repoſed in them.

'Till

'Till I have got your Pardon. *Amin.* Riſe, *Evadne.*
Thoſe heav'nly Pow'rs, that put this Good into thee,
Grant a Continuance of it: I forgive thee;
Make thy ſelf worthy of it, and take heed,
Take heed, *Evadne*, this be ſerious;
Mock not the Pow'rs above, that can and dare
Give thee a great Example of their Juſtice
To all enſuing Eyes, if that thou playeſt
With thy Repentance, the beſt Sacrifice.

Evad. I have done nothing good to win Belief,
My Life hath been ſo faithleſs; all the Creatures,
Made for Heav'n's Honours, have their Ends, and good ones,
All but the coz'ning *Crocodiles*, falſe Women;
They reign here like thoſe Plagues, thoſe killing Sores,
Men pray againſt; and when they die, like Tales
Ill told, and unbeliev'd, they paſs away,
And go to Duſt forgotten: But, my Lord,
Thoſe ſhort Days I ſhall number to my Reſt,
(As many muſt not ſee me) ſhall, though late,
Though in my Evening, yet perceive a Will,
Since I can do no Good becauſe a Woman,
Reach conſtantly at ſomething that is near it;
I will redeem one Minute of my Age,
Or, like another *Niobe*, I'll weep
'Till I am Water.

Amin. I am now diſſolv'd:
My frozen Soul melts: May each Sin thou haſt,
Find a new Mercy! Riſe, I am at Peace:
Hadſt thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that Devil King tempted thy Frailty,
Sure, thou hadſt made a Star. Give me thy Hand;
From this time I will know thee, and as far
As Honour gives me Leave, be thy *Amintor*.
When we meet next, I will ſalute thee fairly,
And pray the Gods to give thee happy Days:
My Charity ſhall go along with thee,
Though my Embraces muſt be far from thee.
I ſhould ha' kill'd thee, but this ſweet Repentance
Locks up my Vengeance, for which thus I kiſs thee,
The laſt kiſs we muſt take; and 'wou'd to Heav'n

The

The Holy Prieſt, that gave our Hands together,
Had giv'n us equal Virtues! Go, *Evadne*;
The Gods thus part our Bodies, have a care
My Honour falls no farther, I am well then.
Evad. All the dear Joys here, and above hereafter,
Crown thy fair Soul! Thus I take Leave, my Lord;
And never ſhall you ſee the foul *Evadne*,
'Till ſhe have try'd all honour'd Means that may
Set her in Reſt, and waſh her Stains away.
[*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

Banquet. Enter King, Calianax. *Hoboys play within.*
King. I cannot tell how I ſhou'd credit this
From you, that are his Enemy. *Cal.* I am ſure,
He ſaid it to me, and I'll juſtify it
What way he dares oppoſe; but with my Sword.
King. But did he break, without all Circumſtance,
To you his Foe, that he wou'd have the Fort
To kill me, and then eſcape? *Cal.* If he deny it,
I'll make him bluſh. *King.* It ſounds incredibly.
Cal. Ay, ſo does every thing I ſay of late.
King. Not ſo, *Calianax*. *Cal.* Yes, I ſhou'd ſit
Mute, whilſt a Rogue with ſtrong Arms cuts your Throat.
King. Well, I will try him, and, if this be true,
I'll pawn my Life, I'll find it; if't be falſe,
And that you cloathe your Hate in ſuch a Lye,
You ſhall hereafter doat in your own Houſe,
Not in the Court.
Cal. Why, if it be a Lie,
Mine Ears are falſe; for, I'll be ſworn, I heard it:
Old Men are good for nothing; you were beſt
Put me to Death for hearing, and free him
For meaning of it; you wou'd ha' truſted me
Once, but the time is altered. *King.* And will ſtill,
Where I may do't with Juſtice to the World;
You have no Witneſs. *Cal.* Yes, my ſelf. *King.* No more,
I mean, there were that heard it. *Cal.* How, no more?
Would you have more? why am not I enough
To hang a thouſand Rogues? *King.* But ſo you may
Hang honeſt Men too if you pleaſe. *Cal.* I may;
'Tis like, I will do ſo; there are a hundred

Will

Will ſwear it for a Need too, if I ſay it.
King. Such Witneſſes we need not. *Cal.* And 'tis hard
If my Word cannot hang a boiſterous Knave.
King. Enough; where's *Strato?*

Enter Strato.

Stra. Sir!
King. Why, where is all the Company? call *Amintor* in,
Evadne, where's my Brother, and *Melantius?*
Bid him come too, and *Diphilus*; call all, [*Exit* Strato.
That are without there. If he ſhould deſire
The Combat of you, 'tis not in the Pow'r
Of all our Laws to hinder it, unleſs
We mean to quit 'em. *Cal.* Why, if you do think
'Tis fit an old Man and a Counſellor
Do fight for what he ſays, then you may grant it.

Enter Amintor, Evadne, Melantius, Diphilus, Lyſippus, Cleon, Strato.

King. Come, Sirs; *Amintor*, thou art yet a Bridegroom,
And I will uſe thee ſo; thou ſhalt ſit down;
Evadne, ſit, and you *Amintor* too;
This Banquet is for you, Sir: Who has brought
A merry Tale about him, to raiſe a Laughter
Amongſt our Wine? Why, *Strato*, where art thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unſeaſonably,
When I deſire 'em not.
Stra. 'Tis my ill Luck, Sir, ſo to ſpend them then.
(56) *King.* Reach me a Boul of Wine: *Melantius*,
Thou art ſad. *Mel.* I ſhould be, Sir, the merrieſt here,
But I ha' ne'er a Story of mine own
Worth telling at this time. *King.* Give me the Wine.
Melantius, I am now conſidering,
How eaſy 'twere for any Man we truſt
To poiſon one of us in ſuch a Boul.

(56) King. *Reach me a Boul of Wine*; Melantius, *thou art ſad.* Amin. *I ſhould be. Sir*, &c.] I have adjuſted the Metre, which was confuſed; and, by the Aſſiſtance of the old *Quarto* in 1619, affix'd the Reply to the right Character. The King addreſs'd himſelf to *Melantius*; and what Impertinence it is in *Amintor* to take his Friend's Anſwer out of his Mouth?

Mel.

Mel. I think, it were not hard, Sir, for a Knave.
Cal. Such as you are.
King. I'faith, 'twere eaſy, it becomes us well
To get plain-dealing Men about our ſelves,
Such as you all are here. *Amintor*, to thee,
And to thy fair *Evadne*. *Mel.* Have you thought
Of this, *Calianax?* [*Aſide.*
Cal. Yes, marry, have I.
Mel. And what's your Reſolution?
Cal. Ye ſhall have it ſoundly.
King. Reach to *Amintor*, *Strato*. *Amin.* Here, my Love,
This Wine will do thee Wrong, for it will ſet
Bluſhes upon thy Cheeks, and 'till thou doſt
A Fault, 'twere Pity.
King. Yet I wonder much
At the ſtrange Deſperation of theſe Men,
That dare attempt ſuch Acts here in our State;
He could not 'ſcape, that did it. *Mel.* Were he known,
Impoſſible. *King.* It would be known, *Melantius*.
Mel. It ought to be; if he got then away,
He muſt wear all our Lives upon his Sword;
He need not fly the Iſland, he muſt leave
No one alive. *King.* No; I ſhould think, no Man
Cou'd kill me and 'ſcape clear, but that old Man.
Cal. But I! Heav'n bleſs me! I, ſhould I, my Liege?
King. I do not think, thou would'ſt; but yet thou might'ſt;
For thou haſt in thy Hands the Means to 'ſcape,
By keeping of the Fort; he has, *Melantius*,
And he has kept it well *Mel.* From Cobwebs, Sir,
'Tis clean ſwept: I can find no other Art
In keeping of it now, 'twas ne'er beſieg'd
Since he commanded it. *Cal.* I ſhall be ſure
Of your good Word, but I have kept it ſafe
From ſuch as you. *Mel.* Keep your ill Temper in,
I ſpeak no Malice; had my Brother kept it,
I ſhou'd ha' ſaid as much *King.* You are not merry;
Brother, drink Wine; ſit you all ſtill! *Calianax* [*Aſide.*
I cannot truſt thus: I have thrown out Words,
That would have fetch'd warm Blood upon the Cheeks
Of guilty Men, and he is never mov'd;

He

He knows no ſuch Thing. *Cal.* Impudence may 'ſcape,
When feeble Virtue is accus'd. *King.* He muſt,
If he were guilty, feel an Alteration
At this our Whiſper; whilſt we point at him,
You ſee, he does not. *Cal.* Let him hang himſelf;
What care I, what he does? this he did ſay.
(57) *King. Melantius*, you can eaſily conceive
What I have meant; for Men, that are in Fault,
Can ſubtly apprehend when others aim
At what they do amiſs; but I forgive
Freely before this Man; Heav'n do ſo too!
I will not touch thee, ſo much as with Shame
Of telling it; let it be ſo no more.
Cal. Why, this is very fine. *Mel.* I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean, but I am apt enough
Rudely to thruſt into an ignorant Fault,
But let me know it; happily, 'tis nought
But Miſconſtruction; and, where I am clear,
I will not take Forgiveneſs of the Gods,
Much leſs of you. *King.* Nay, if you ſtand ſo ſtiff,
I ſhall call back my Mercy. *Mel.* I want Smoothneſs
To thank a Man for pardoning of a Crime
I never knew.
King. Not to inſtruct your Knowledge, but to ſhew you
My Ears are every where; you meant to kill me,
And get the Fort to 'ſcape. *Mel.* Pardon me, Sir;
My Bluntneſs will be pardoned: (58) You preſerve
A Race of idle People here about you,
Facers, and Talkers, to defame the Worth

Of

(57) Melantius, *you* cannot *eaſily conceive*] All the Copies, after the fourth Impreſſion in *Quarto*, in 1638, have deſtroy'd the Senſe and Meaſure too by this Negative. I have made bold to expunge it, by the Authority of the better Copies.

(58) ——————— *You preſerve*
A Race of idle People here about you,
Eaters *and Talkers.*] This is the Reading of the more modern Copies, after the Demiſe of the Authors; and, as I preſume, an Alteration made by the Players, who either did not underſtand, or like the Sound of, the original Word. *Facers* is the Reading of the eldeſt *Quarto*; and, I dare ſay, the Term intended by the Poets; ſince they

Of thoſe that do things worthy. The Man that utter'd this
Had periſh'd without Food, be't who it will,
But for this Arm that fenc'd him from the Foe.
And if I thought you gave a Faith to this,
The Plainneſs of my Nature would ſpeak more;
Give me a Pardon (for you ought to do't)
To kill him that ſpake this. *Cal.* Ay, that will be
The End of all, then I am fairly paid
For all my Care and Service. *Mel.* That old Man
Who calls me Enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my Hate ſo low)
Have no good Thought, would yet, I think, excuſe me,
And ſwear, he thought me wrong'd in this. *Cal.* Who, I?
Thou ſhameleſs Fellow! Didſt thou not ſpeak to me
Of it thy ſelf? *Mel.* O, then it came from him
Cal. From me! who ſhould it come from but, from me?
Mel. Nay, I believe, your Malice is enough,
But I ha' loſt my Anger. Sir, I hope,
You are well ſatisfied. *King. Lyſippus*, chear
Amintor and his Lady; there's no Sound
Comes from you; I will come and do't my ſelf.
Amin. You have done already, Sir, for me, I thank you.
King. Melantius, I do credit this from him,
How ſlight ſoe'er you make't.
Mel. 'Tis ſtrange, you ſhould.
Cal. 'Tis ſtrange, he ſhould believe an old Man's Word,
That never lied in his Life. *Mel.* I talk not to thee;
Shall the wild Words of this diſtemper'd Man,
Frantick with Age and Sorrow, make a Breach
Betwixt your Majeſty and me? 'Twas wrong
To hearken to him; but to credit him,
As much, at leaſt, as I have Pow'r to bear.

make uſe of it in ſeveral other Paſſages of their Works. So *Calianax* ſays in the third Act of this Play:

However I may ſet *a* Face, *and* talk,
I am not valiant.

And ſo *Caliſta*, towards the End of the third Act of the *Lovers' Progreſs*;

—— *Leave* Facing, *'twill not ſerve you:*
This Impudence becomes thee worſe than Lying.

&c. &c.

But

But pardon me; whilſt I ſpeak only Truth,
I may commend my ſelf —— I have beſtow'd
My careleſs Blood with you, and ſhou'd be loth
To think an Action that wou'd make me loſe
That, and my Thanks too. When I was a Boy,
I thruſt my ſelf into my Country's Cauſe,
And did a Deed that pluck'd five Years from Time,
And ſtil'd me Man then. And for You, my King,
(59) Your Subjects all have fed by Virtue of
My Arm. This Sword of mine hath plow'd the Ground,
And They have reapt the Fruit of it in Peace;
And You your ſelf have liv'd at home in Eaſe.
So terrible I grew, that without Swords
My Name hath fetch'd you Conqueſt; and my Heart
And Limbs are ſtill the ſame; my Will as great
To do you Service: Let me not be paid
With ſuch a ſtrange Diſtruſt *King. Melantius*,
I held it great Injuſtice to believe
Thine Enemy, and did not; if I did,
I do not, let that ſatisfy: What, ſtruck
With Sadneſs all! More Wine, ——
Cal. A few fine Words
Have overthrown my Truth: Ah, th'art a Villain.
Mel. Why, thou wert better let me have the Fort;
Dotard, I will diſgrace thee thus for ever; [*Aſide.*
There ſhall no Credit lie upon thy Words;
Think better, and deliver it. *Cal.* My Liege,
He's at me now again to do it; ſpeak;
Deny it, if thou canſt; examine him
While he is hot, for if he cool again,
He will forſwear it. *King.* This is Lunacy,
I hope, *Melantius*. *Mel.* He hath loſt himſelf
Much, ſince his Daughter miſs'd the Happineſs

(59) *Your Subjects all are fed by virtue of my Arm.*
This Sword of mine hath plow'd the Ground,
And reapt the Fruit in Peace.
And yourſelf have liv'd at home in Eaſe.] We have only ſomething like Metre left, and in the third Verſe as little Senſe. For where is the Merit of reaping the Fruits of his own Valour? He would ſay juſt the contrary. The whole, I am well aſſur'd, originally ran, as I have regulated it. Mr. *Seward*.

My Sister gain'd; and though he call me Foe,
I pity him. *Cal.* Pity? A Pox upon you!
(60) *Mel.* Mark his disorder'd Words, and at the Masque,
Diagoras knows, he rag'd, and rail'd at me,
And call'd a Lady Whore, so innocent
She understood him not; but it becomes
Both you and me too to forgive Distraction;
Pardon him, as I do. *Cal.* I'll not speak for thee,
For all thy Cunning; if you will be safe
Chop off his Head, for there was never known
So impudent a Rascal. *King.* Some, that love him,
Get him to Bed: Why, Pity should not let
Age make it self contemptible; we must be
All Old; have him away. *Mel. Calianax*,
The King believes you; come, you shall go home,
And rest; you ha' done well; you'll give it up
When I have us'd you thus a Month, I hope.
Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain, Sir, he does move me still;
He says, he knows I'll give him up the Fort,
When he has us'd me thus a Month: I am mad,
Am I not, still? *Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!
Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus;
Why would you trust a sturdy Fellow there
(That has no Virtue in him, all's in his Sword)
Before me? Do but take his Weapons from him,
And he's an Ass, and I'm a very Fool,
Both with him, and without him, as you use me.
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!
King. 'Tis well, *Calianax*; but if you use
This once again, I shall intreat some Other
To see your Offices be well discharg'd.
Be merry, Gentlemen, it grows somewhat late.
Amintor, thou would'st be a-bed again.
Amin. Yes, Sir. *King.* And you, *Evadne*; let me take
Thee in my Arms, *Melantius*, and believe
Thou art, as thou deserv'st to be, my Friend

(60) King. *Mark his disorder'd Words, and, at the Masque,*
Mel. Diagoras *knows*, &c.] I have affix'd the Lines here to the right Characters, from the Authority of the Eldest *Quarto*. Mr. *Seward* likewise prescrib'd this Alteration to me.

Still,

Still, and for ever. Good *Calianax*,
Sleep ſoundly, it will bring thee to thy ſelf.
[*Exeunt all but* Mel. *and* Cal.

Cal. Sleep ſoundly! I ſleep ſoundly now, I hope,
I cou'd not be thus elſe. How dar'ſt thou ſtay
Alone with me, knowing how thou haſt us'd me?

Mel. You cannot blaſt me with your Tongue, and that's
The ſtrongeſt Part you have about you. *Cal.* I
Do look for ſome great Puniſhment for this,
For I begin to forget all my Hate,
And take't unkindly that mine Enemy
Should uſe me ſo extremely ſcurvily.

Mel. I ſhall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindneſſes: I never meant you Hurt.

Cal. Thou'lt anger me again; thou wretched Rogue,
Meant me no Hurt! Diſgrace me with the King;
Loſe all my Offices! This is no Hurt,
Is it? I prithee, what doſt thou call Hurt?

Mel. To poiſon Men, becauſe they love me not;
To call the Credit of Mens Wives in queſtion;
To murder Children betwixt me and Land;
This is all Hurt. *Cal.* All this, thou think'ſt, is Sport;
For mine is worſe: But uſe thy Will with me;
For betwixt Grief and Anger I cou'd cry.

Mel. Be wiſe then, and be ſafe; thou may'ſt revenge.

Cal. Ay, o' the King? I wou'd revenge o' thee.

Mel. That you muſt plot your ſelf.

Cal. I'm a fine Plotter.

Mel. The Short is, I will hold thee with the King
In this Perplexity, till Peeviſhneſs
And thy Diſgrace have laid thee in thy Grave:
But if thou wilt deliver up the Fort,
I'll take thy trembling Body in my Arms,
And bear thee over Dangers; thou ſhalt hold
Thy wonted State. *Cal.* If I ſhould tell the King,
Can'ſt thou deny't again? *Mel.* Try and believe.

Cal. Nay then, thou canſt bring any thing about:
Melantius, thou ſhalt have the Fort. *Mel.* Why, well;
Here let our Hate be buried, and this Hand
Shall right us Both; give me thy aged Breaſt
To compaſs.

Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet:
I cannot well endure to look on thee:
And, if I thought it were a Courteſy,
Thou ſhould'ſt not have it: But I am diſgrac'd;
My Offices are to be ta'en away;
And if I did but hold this Fort a Day,
I do believe, the King would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are ſo ſtrangely carried;
Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the King ſhall know
There was ſome ſuch thing in't I told him of;
And that I was an honeſt Man. *Mel.* He'll buy
That Knowledge very dearly. *Diphilus*,

Enter Diphilus.

What News with thee? *Diph.* This were a Night indeed
To do it in; the King hath ſent for her.
Mel. She ſhall perform it then; go, *Diphilus*,
And take from this good Man, my worthy Friend,
The Fort; he'll give it thee. *Diph.* Ha' you got that?
Cal. Art thou of the ſame Breed? canſt thou deny
This to the King too? *Diph.* With a Confidence
As great as his. *Cal.* Faith, like enough. *Mel.* Away,
And uſe him kindly. *Cal.* Touch not me, I hate
The whole Strain of you: if thou follow me
A great way off, I'll give thee up the Fort;
And hang your ſelves.
Mel. Be gone. *Diph.* He's finely wrought.
[*Exeunt* Cal. *and* Diph.
Mel. This is a Night, 'ſpite of Aſtronomers,
To do the Deed in; I will waſh the Stain,
That reſts upon our Houſe, off with his Blood.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Melantius, now aſſiſt me: if thou beeſt
That which thou ſay'ſt, aſſiſt me: I have loſt
All my Diſtempers, and have found a Rage
So pleaſing; help me. *Mel.* Who can ſee him thus,
And not ſwear Vengeance? What's the matter, Friend?
Amin. Out with thy Sword; and, hand in hand with me,
Ruſh

Ruſh to the Chamber of this hated King;
And ſink him with the Weight of all his Sins
To Hell for ever. *Mel.* 'Twere a raſh Attempt,
Not to be done with Safety: Let your Reaſon
Plot your Revenge, and not your Paſſion.

Amin. If thou refuſeſt me in theſe Extreams,
Thou art no Friend: He ſent for her to me;
By Heav'n, to me; my ſelf; and, I muſt tell ye,
I love her as a Stranger; there is Worth
In that vile Woman, worthy things, *Melantius*;
And ſhe repents. I'll do't my ſelf alone,
Though I be ſlain. Farewel. *Mel.* He'll overthrow
My whole Deſign with Madneſs. *Amintor*, think
What 'tis thou doſt; I dare as much as Valour;
But 'tis the King, the King, the King, *Amintor*,
With whom thou fight'ſt; I know, that he is honeſt,
[*Aſide.*
And this will work with him. *Amin.* I cannot tell
What thou haſt ſaid; but thou has charm'd my Sword
Out of my Hand, and left me ſhaking here
Defenceleſs. *Mel.* I will take it up for thee.

Amin. What a wild Beaſt is uncollected Man!
(61) The Thing, that we call Honour, bears us all
Headlong to Sin, and yet it ſelf is not one.

Mel. Alas, how variable are thy Thoughts!

Amin. Juſt like my Fortunes: I was run to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for. Some Plot
I did diſtruſt, thou hadſt againſt the King,
By that old Fellow's Carriage: but take heed;

(61) *The Thing that we call Honour, bears us all Headlong* unto *Sin, and yet it ſelf is* nothing.] This is One of thoſe Places, which was in danger of being irrecoverably ſpoilt; becauſe, as it carries ſomething of Senſe with it, the exacteſt Reader, unleſs particularly attentive, (which no Man can be at all times) might overlook it. But what, can *Amintor*, who has ſo nice a Senſe of Honour, ſay, that 'tis *nothing? Falſtaffe* in his Catechiſm might properly ſay ſo; becauſe it was nothing he could either ſee, feel, eat, or drink: But a Man, who had ſo ſtrong a Feeling of it as *Amintor*, could not join with him. It was then very near hurrying him into Treaſon, a Crime his Conſcience, when awaken'd, ſtartled at. How beautiful therefore is the Sentiment, as the Poets undoubtedly wrote it! Mr. *Seward.*

There's not the leaſt Limb growing to a King,
But carries Thunder in it. *Mel.* I have none [ber,
Againſt him. *Amin.* Why? come then; and ſtill remem-
We may not think Revenge. *Mel.* I will remember.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Antechamber to the King's *Bedchamber.*

Enter Evadne, *and a Gentleman.*

Evad. SIR, is the King a-bed?
Gent. Madam, an Hour ago.
Evad. Give me the Key then, and let none be near;
'Tis the King's Pleaſure.
Gent. I underſtand you, Madam,
'Would, it were mine. I muſt not wiſh good Reſt
Unto your Ladyſhip. *Evad.* You talk, you talk.
Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, Madam; but the King
Will wake and then,——
Evad. Saving your Imagination, pray, good Night, Sir.
Gent. A good Night be it then, and a long one, Madam.
I am gone.
Evad. The Night grows horrible, and all about me
Like my black Purpoſe. O the Conſcience
Of a loſt Virgin! Whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things diſmal, as the Depth of Hell,
(62) Wilt thou provoke me? Let no Woman dare
From this Hour be diſloyal: If her Heart be
Fleſh, if ſh' have Blood, and can fear; 'tis a Daring
Above that deſperate Fool that left his Peace,

(62) —— —— *Let no* Man *dare*
From this Hour be diſloyal: If her Heart
Be Fleſh, &c.] Thus the *Folio* in 1679, and the ſubſequent Editions, to the Detriment both of the *Numbers* and *Grammar.* I have retriev'd the Reading of the old *Quarto's* in 1619, 1622, and 1630; which cures the Lameneſs of the *Metre,* and the Defect in *Concord.*

And

And went to Sea to fight: 'Tis ſo many Sins,
(63) An Age cannot repent 'em; and ſo great,
The Gods want Mercy for: Yet I muſt through 'em.
I have begun a Slaughter on my Honour,
And I muſt end it there:
[*A Door is open'd, and the* King *diſcover'd a-bed.*
He ſleeps. Good Heav'ns!
Why give you Peace to this untemperate Beaſt,
That hath ſo long tranſgreſs'd you? I muſt kill him,
And I will do it bravely: The meer Joy
Tells me, I merit in it: Yet I muſt not
Thus tamely do it, as he ſleeps; that were
To rock him to another World: My Vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The Number of his Wrongs and Puniſhments.
I'll ſhake his Sins like Furies, 'till I waken
His evil Angel, his ſick Conſcience;
And then I'll ſtrike him dead.—King, by your Leave:
[*Ties his Arms to the Bed.*
I dare not truſt your Strength. Your Grace and I
Muſt grapple upon even Terms no more.
So,—— if he rail me not from my Reſolution,
I ſhall be ſtrong enough. My Lord the King!
My Lord! he ſleeps, as if he meant to wake
No more; my Lord; is he not dead already?
My Lord; ———

King. Who's that? *Evad.* O you ſleep ſoundly, Sir!

King. My dear *Evadne*,
I have been dreaming of thee; come to Bed.

(63) —— —— ——*'tis ſo many Sins,*
An Age cannot prevent *'em*;] If a Woman be diſloyal, and actually dares to commit the Sin, how can an Age, or twenty Ages, *prevent* it? Yet thus all the Editions, that I have ever ſeen, without Regard to Common-ſenſe. The ſlight Emendation, that I have ventured at, departs but very little from the Traces of the Letters, but gives a very conſiderable Alteration in Sentiment: *Viz.* That a Woman, who once tranſgreſſes againſt her conjugal Fidelity, pluck's ſo many Sins on herſelf in Conſequence of it; that, if She were to live an Hundred Years, She would not have ſufficient Time to repent of them. Both Mr. *Seward* and Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd with me in ſtarting this Emendation.

Evad.

Evad. I am come at length, Sir, but how welcome?
King. What pretty new Device is this, *Evadne?*
(64) What, do you tie me to you? By my Life,
This is a quaint one: Come, my Dear, and kiſs me;
(65) I'll be thy *Mars*; to Bed, my Queen of Love:
Let us be caught together, that the Gods
May ſee, and envy our Embraces.
Evad. Stay, Sir, ſtay;
You are too hot, and I have brought you Phyſick
To temper your high Veins.
King. Prithee, to Bed then; let me take it warm;
There you ſhall know the State of my Body better.
Evad. I know, you have a ſurfeited foul Body;
And you muſt bleed.
King. Bleed!
Evad. Ay, you ſhall bleed: Lie ſtill; and if the Devil,
Your Luſt, will give you Leave, repent: This Steel
Comes to redeem the Honour that you ſtole,
King, my fair Name; which nothing but thy Death
Can anſwer to the World. *King.* How's this, *Evadne?*
Evad. I am not ſhe; nor bear I in this Breaſt
So much cold Spirit to be call'd a Woman:
I am a Tiger; I am any thing,
That knows not Pity. Stir not; if thou doſt,
I'll take thee unprepar'd; thy Fears upon thee,
That make thy Sins look double; and ſo ſend thee
(66) (By my Revenge, I will) to ſeek thoſe Torments

(64) *What do you tye me to you by my Love?*] This is the Nonſenſical Reading and Punctuation of all the Editions. I need not uſe any Words to juſtify the Alteration I have made: The Reaſon for it is ſelf-evident.

(65) *I'll be thy* Mars;] The Alluſion here is to the Words of *Ovid* in the fourth Book of his *Metamorphoſes*, where *Mars* and *Venus* are caught in Conjunction by a ſubtle Net which her Husband *Vulcan* had bound over them, and expoſed them to the View of the Gods.

——— ——— *Turpes jacuêre ligati*
Turpitèr, atque aliquis de Diis non triſtibus optat
Sic fieri turpis.

(66) ——— — *to* look *thoſe Torments*
Prepar'd for ſuch black Souls.] *Look* occurs in the Line immediately preceding; and the Repetition of it is no manner of Elegance. Beſides, to *look* thoſe Torments, is no *Engliſh* Expreſſion: It muſt either be, *ſeek*, or *brook*.

Prepar'd

Prepar'd for ſuch black Souls.
King. Thou doſt not mean this; 'tis impoſſible:
Thou art too ſweet, and gentle.
Evad. No, I am not:
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many ſuch Hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing Roſe
More chaſtly ſweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul Canker,
(Stir not) didſt poiſon me: I was a World of Virtue,
Till your curſt Court and you (Hell bleſs you for't!)
With your Temptations on Temptations
Made me give up mine Honour: For which, (King)
I'm come to kill thee. *King.* No. *Evad.* I am.
King. Thou art not.
I prithee, ſpeak not theſe things; thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.
Evad. Peace, and hear me.
Stir nothing but your Tongue, and that for Mercy
To thoſe above us; by whoſe Lights I vow,
Thoſe bleſſed Fires that ſhot to ſee our Sin,
If thy hot Soul had Subſtance with thy Blood,
I would kill that too; which, being paſt my Steel,
(67) My Tongue ſhall reach. Thou art a ſhameleſs Villain,
A thing out of the Overcharge of Nature;
Sent, like a thick Cloud, to diſperſe a Plague
Upon weak catching Women; ſuch a Tyrant,
That for his Luſt would ſell away his Subjects;
Ay, all his Heav'n hereafter.
King. Hear, *Evadne*,
Thou Soul of Sweetneſs, hear! I am thy King. [you,
Evad. Thou art my Shame; lie ſtill, there's none about
Within your Cries; all Promiſes of Safety
Are but deluding Dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul Man,
Thus I begin my Vengeance. [*Stabs him.*
King. Hold, *Evadne!*

(67) ——— *which, being paſt my Steel,*
My Tongue ſhall teach] 'Tis evident from Common-ſenſe, that I have retriev'd the true Reading here. A Corruption, exactly the ſame, had poſſeſs'd a Paſſage in *Shakeſpeare's Coriolanus*, till I corrected it. Mr. *Seward* likewiſe ſtarted this Emendation here.

I do

I do command thee hold.

Evad. I do not mean, Sir,
To part ſo fairly with you; we muſt change
More of theſe Love-tricks yet.

King. What bloody Villain
Provok'd thee to this Murder?

Evad. Thou, thou, Monſter. *King.* Oh!

Evad. Thou kept'ſt me brave at Court, and whor'd'ſt me, King;
Then married me to a young Noble Gentleman;
And whor'd'ſt me ſtill. *King. Evadne*, pity me.

Evad. Hell take me then! This for my Lord *Amintor*;
This for my noble Brother; and this Stroke
For the moſt wrong'd of Women. [*Kills him.*

King. Oh! I die.

Evad. Die all our Faults together! I forgive thee. [*Exit.*

Enter two of the Bedchamber.

1. Come, now ſhe's gone, let's enter; the King expects it, and will be angry.

2. 'Tis a fine Wench; we'll have a ſnap at her one of theſe Nights, as ſhe goes from him.

1. Content. How quickly he had done with her!
I ſee, Kings can do no more that way than other mortal People.

2. How faſt he is! I cannot hear him breathe.

1. Either the Tapers give a feeble Light,
Or he looks very pale. 2. And ſo he does;
Pray Heaven, he be well! let's look: Alas!
He's ſtiff, wounded and dead: Ho, Treaſon, Treaſon!

1. Run forth and call.

2. Treaſon, Treaſon! [*Exit Gent.*

1. This will be laid on us: Who can believe,
A Woman cou'd do this?

Enter Cleon *and* Lyſippus.

Cleon. How now, where's the Traitor?

1. Fled, fled away; but there her woful Act lies ſtill.

Cleon. Her Act! a Woman!

Lyſ. Where's the Body?

1. There.

1. There.

Lyſ. Farewel, thou worthy Man! There were two Bonds
That tied our Loves, a Brother and a King;
The leaſt of which might fetch a Flood of Tears:
But ſuch the Miſery of Greatneſs is,
They have no time to mourn; then, pardon me.
Sirs, which way went ſhe?

Enter Strato.

Stra. Never follow her;
For ſhe, alas! was but the Inſtrument.
News is now brought in, that *Melantius*
Has got the Fort, and ſtands upon the Wall;
And with a loud Voice calls thoſe few, that paſs
(68) At this dead time of Night, delivering
The Innocence of this Act.

Lyſ. Gentlemen, I am your King.

Stra. We do acknowledge it.

Lyſ. I would, I were not! Follow, all; for this
Muſt have a ſudden Stop. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Melantius, Diphilus, *and* Calianax, *on the Battlements of the Fort.*

Mel. If the dull People can believe I am arm'd,
(Be conſtant, *Diphilus*;) now we have time,
Either to bring our baniſh'd Honours home,
Or create new ones in our Ends.

Diph. I fear not;
My Spirit lies not that way. Courage, *Calianax.*

Cal. 'Would, I had any! you ſhould quickly know it.

Mel. Speak to the People; thou art eloquent.

Cal. 'Tis a fine Eloquence to come to the Gallows;
You were born to be my End. The Devil take you!
Now muſt I hang for Company. 'Tis ſtrange,
I ſhould be old, and neither wiſe nor valiant.

(68) ——— ——— *delivering*
The innocent *of this Act.*] Thus the *Folio* in 1679, and the ſubſequent Editions from it. The true Reading I have reſtored from the old *Quarto's:* And both Mr. *Seward* and Mr. *Sympſon* ſaw the Corruption.

Enter

Enter Lyſippus, Diagoras, Cleon, Strato, *and Guard.*

Lyſ. See, where he ſtands, as boldly confident,
As if he had his full Command about him.

Stra. He looks, as if he had the better Cauſe, Sir;
Under your gracious Pardon, let me ſpeak it!
Though he be mighty-ſpirited, and forward
To all great Things; to all Things of that Danger
Worſe Men ſhake at the telling of; yet, certainly,
I do believe him noble; and this Action
Rather pull'd on, than ſought; his Mind was ever
As worthy as his Hand. *Lyſ.* 'Tis my Fear too;
Heaven forgive all! Summon him, Lord *Cleon.*

Cleon. Ho, from the Walls there.——

Mel. Worthy *Cleon*, welcome;
We could have wiſh'd you here, Lord; you are honeſt.

Cal. Well, thou art as flattering a Knave, though I dare not tell you ſo,—— [*Aſide.*

Lyſ. Melantius!

Mel. Sir.

Lyſ. I am ſorry, that we meet thus; our old Love
Never requir'd ſuch Diſtance; pray Heav'n,
You have not left yourſelf, and ſought this Safety
More out of Fear than Honour; you have loſt
A noble Maſter, which your Faith, *Melantius*,
Some think, might have preſerv'd; yet you know beſt.

Cal. When time was, I was mad; ſome, that dares fight,
I hope, will pay this Raſcal.

Mel. Royal young Man, whoſe Tears look lovely on thee!
Had they been ſhed for a deſerving One,
They had been laſting Monuments. Thy Brother,
While he was good, I call'd him King; and ſerv'd him
With that ſtrong Faith, that moſt unwearied Valour,
(69) Pull'd People from the fartheſt Sun to ſeek him,
And beg his Friendſhip; — I was then his Soldier.

(69) *Pull'd People from the fartheſt Sun to ſeek him;*
And by *his Friendſhip, I was then his Soldier*;] Thus this Paſſage has been moſt erroneouſly pointed thro' all the Editions, contrary to Common-ſenſe, and the Author's Intentions. The Word *beg* is owing to the Authority of the *Quarto* in 1619; which happily help'd me to rectify the Pointing and Senſe: Tho' Mr. *Seward* likewiſe pointed out the true Reading.

But

But ſince his hot Pride drew him to diſgrace me,
And brand my noble Actions with his Luſt,
(That never-cur'd Diſhonour of my Siſter,
Baſe Stain of Whore in her; and, which is worſe,
The Joy to make it ſtill ſo) like myſelf,
Thus have I flung him off with my Allegiance;
And ſtand here mine own Juſtice, to revenge
What I have ſuffer'd in him; and this old Man,
Wrong'd almoſt to Lunacy.

Cal. Who I? You'd draw me in. I have had no Wrong, I do diſclaim ye all.

Mel. The ſhort is this;
'Tis no Ambition to lift up myſelf
Urgeth me thus; I do deſire again
To be a Subject, ſo I may be freed;
If not, I know my Strength, and will unbuild
This goodly Town; be ſpeedy, and be wiſe,
In a Reply. *Stra.* Be ſudden, Sir, to tie
All up again; what's done is paſt Recall,
And paſt you to revenge; and there are thouſands,
That wait for ſuch a troubled Hour as this;
Throw him the Blank. *Lyſ. Melantius*, write in that
Thy Choice, my Seal is at it.

Mel. It was our Honours drew us to this Act,
Not Gain; and we will only work our Pardon.

Cal. Put my Name in too.

Diph. You diſclaim'd us but now, *Calianax*.

Cal. That's all one;
I'll not be hang'd hereafter by a Trick;
I'll have it in.

Mel. You ſhall, you ſhall;
Come to the back Gate, and we'll call you King,
And give you up the Fort.

Lyſ. Away, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Amintor's *Houſe.*

Enter Aſpatia *in Man's Apparel.*

Aſp. This is my fatal Hour; Heav'n may forgive
My raſh Attempt, that cauſeleſly hath laid

Griefs

Griefs on me that will never let me reſt:
And put a Woman's Heart into my Breaſt.
It is more Honour for you, that I die;
For ſhe, that can endure the Miſery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live, and laugh at all that you can do.
God ſave you, Sir!

Enter Servant.

Ser. And you, Sir; what's your Buſineſs?

Aſp. With you, Sir, now, to do me the fair Office
To help me to your Lord.

Ser. What, wou'd you ſerve him?

Aſp. I'll do him any Service; but, to haſte,
For my Affairs are earneſt, I deſire
To ſpeak with him. *Ser.* Sir, cauſe you're in ſuch haſte,
I would be loth delay you any longer:
You cannot.

Aſp. It ſhall become you tho', to tell your Lord.

(70) *Ser.* Sir, he will ſpeak with no Body: But in particular I have in Charge, about no weighty Matters.

Aſp. This is moſt ſtrange: Art thou Gold-proof? there's
Help me to him. [for thee;

Ser. Pray, be not angry, Sir; I'll do my beſt. [*Exit.*

Aſp. How ſtubbornly this Fellow anſwer'd me!
There is a vile diſhoneſt Trick in Man,
More than in Women: All the Men I meet
Appear thus to me, are all harſh and rude;
And have a Subtilty in every thing,
Which Love could never know; but we fond Women
Harbour the eaſieſt and the ſmootheſt Thoughts,
And think, all ſhall go ſo; it is unjuſt,
That Men and Women ſhould be match'd together.

Enter Amintor, *and his Man.*

Amin. Where is he? *Ser.* There, my Lord.

(70) *But in particular I have in Charge, about no weighty Matters.*] Theſe Words, which ſhew an Impertinence ſo common in all Servants, and a Deſire of ſifting into every Body's Buſineſs, are only to be found in the firſt *Quarto*, in 1619.

Amin.

Amin. What wou'd you, Sir?

Aſp. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip to command your Man
Out of the Room; I ſhall deliver things
Worthy your Hearing. *Amin.* Leave us. [*Exit Ser.*

Aſp. O, that that Shape
Should bury Falſhood in it! [*Aſide.*

Amin. Now your Will, Sir.

Aſp. When you know me, my Lord, you needs muſt
My Buſineſs; and I am not hard to know; [gueſs
(71) For till the Chance of War mark'd this ſmooth Face
With theſe few Blemiſhes, People would call me
My Siſter's Picture; and her, mine; in ſhort,
I am the Brother to the wrong'd *Aſpatia.*

Amin. The wrong'd *Aſpatia!* 'Would, thou wert ſo too
Unto the wrong'd *Amintor!* Let me kiſs
That Hand of thine, in Honour that I bear
Unto the wrong'd *Aſpatia:* Here I ſtand,
That did it; 'would, he could not! Gentle Youth,
Leave me; for there is ſomething in thy Looks,
That calls my Sins in a moſt hideous Form
Into my Mind; and I have Grief enough
Without thy Help. *Aſp.* I would, I could with Credit!
Since I was twelve Years old, I had not ſeen
My Siſter till this Hour; I now arriv'd;
She ſent for me to ſee her Marriage,
(72) A woful one: But They, that are above,
Have Ends in every thing. She us'd few Words;
But yet enough to make me underſtand
The Baſeneſs of the Injury you did her;
That little Training, I have had, is War;
I may behave myſelf rudely in Peace;
I wou'd not though; I ſhall not need to tell you,

(71) *For till the* Change *of War*] *Chance* is a much more common Word, and more to the Purpoſe and Meaning of the Paſſage.
Mr. *Seward.*

(72) ——— *But they that are above,*
Have Ends in every thing.] How nobly, and to what Advantage, has SHAKESPEARE expreſs'd this Sentiment, in his *Hamlet!*
——— *And That ſhould teach us,*
There's a Divinity that ſhapes our Ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

I am but young; and would be loth to loſe
Honour, that is not eaſily gain'd again;
Fairly I mean to deal; the Age is ſtrict
For ſingle Combats; and we ſhall be ſtop'd,
If it be publiſh'd: If you like your Sword,
Uſe it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the Ground is this, and this the time
To end our Difference.

Amin. Charitable Youth,
(If thou be'ſt ſuch,) think not, I will maintain
So ſtrange a Wrong; and, for thy Siſter's ſake,
Know, that I could not think that deſperate thing
I durſt not do; yet, to enjoy this World,
I would not ſee her; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what; if I have aught,
That may content thee, take it and be gone;
For Death is not ſo terrible as thou;
Thine Eyes ſhoot Guilt into me.

Aſp. Thus, ſhe ſwore,
Thou wou'dſt behave thyſelf; and give me Words,
That would fetch Tears into mine Eyes, and ſo
Thou doſt indeed; but yet ſhe bad me watch,
Leſt I were cozen'd; and be ſure to fight,
E'er I return'd.

Amin. That muſt not be with me;
For her I'll die directly, but againſt her
Will never hazard it. *Aſp.* You muſt be urg'd;
I do not deal uncivilly with thoſe
That dare to fight; but ſuch a one as you
Muſt be us'd thus. [*She ſtrikes him.*

Amin. I prithee, Youth, take heed;
Thy Siſter is a thing to me ſo much
Above mine Honour, that I can endure
All this; good Gods! — a Blow I can endure;
But ſtay not, leſt thou draw a timeleſs Death
Upon thyſelf. *Aſp.* Thou art ſome prating Fellow;
One, that hath ſtudied out a Trick to talk
And move ſoft-hearted People; to be kick'd [*She kicks him.*
Thus, to be kick'd — why ſhould he be ſo ſlow [*Aſide.*
In giving me my Death! *Amin.* A Man can bear

No

No more, and keep his Fleſh; forgive me then;
I wou'd endure yet, if I could; now ſhew
The Spirit thou pretend'ſt, and underſtand,
(73) Thou haſt no Hour to live: [*They fight.*
What doſt thou mean?
Thou canſt not fight: The Blows thou mak'ſt at me
Are quite beſides; and thoſe I offer at thee,
Thou ſpread'ſt thine Arms, and tak'ſt upon thy Breaſt,
Alas! defenceleſs. *Aſp.* I have got enough,
And my Deſire; there is no Place ſo fit
For me to die as here.

Enter Evadne, *her Hands bloody, with a Knife.*

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with Events,
That fly to make thee happy; I have Joys,
That in a Moment can call back thy Wrongs,
And ſettle thee in thy free State again;
It is *Evadne* ſtill that follows thee,
But not her Miſchiefs.

Amin. Thou canſt not fool me to believe again;
But thou haſt Looks and Things ſo full of News,
That I am ſtaid.

Evad. Noble *Amintor*, put off thy Amaze;
Let thine Eyes looſe, and ſpeak, am I not fair?
Looks not *Evadne* beauteous with theſe Rites now?
Were thoſe Hours half ſo lovely in thine Eyes,
When our Hands met before the Holy Man?
I was too foul within to look fair then;
Since I knew Ill, I was not free till now.

Amin. There is Preſage of ſome important thing
About thee, which, it ſeems, thy Tongue hath loſt.
Thy Hands are bloody, and thou haſt a Knife.

Evad. In this conſiſts thy Happineſs and mine.
Joy to *Amintor!* for the King is dead.

Amin. Thoſe have moſt Pow'r to hurt us, that we love;
We lay our ſleeping Lives within their Arms.

(73) ——————— *and underſtand,*
Thou haſt no Honour *to live*] This Nonſenſe, which is deſcended down to us from the *Folio* Edition in 1679, I have corrected by the Authority of the three elder Quarto's. Mr. *Seward* likewiſe dictated to me the Emendation neceſſary.

Why, thou haſt rais'd up Miſchief to this height,
And found out One to out-name thy other Faults;
Thou haſt no Intermiſſion of thy Sins,
But all thy Life is a continued Ill.
Black is thy Colour now, Diſeaſe thy Nature.
Joy to *Aminter!* —Thou haſt touch'd a Life,
The very Name of which had Pow'r to chain
Up all my Rage, and calm my wildeſt Wrongs.

Evad. 'Tis done; and ſince I could not find a way
To meet thy Love ſo clear as through his Life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Cou'dſt thou procure the Gods to ſpeak to me,
To bid me love this Woman, and forgive;
I think, I ſhould fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a Youth, whoſe Wounds bleed in my Breaſt,
Sent by his violent Fate to fetch his Death
From my ſlow Hand: And to augment my Woe,
You now are preſent ſtain'd with a King's Blood
Moſt violently ſhed. This keeps Night here,
(74) And throws an unknown Wilderneſs about me.

Aſp. Oh, oh, oh! [then,

Amin. No more, purſue me not. *Evad.* Forgive me
And take me to thy Bed: We may not part.

Amin. Forbear, be wiſe, and let my Rage go this way.

Evad. 'Tis you that I wou'd ſtay, not it.

Amin. Take heed,
It will return with me. *Evad.* If it muſt be,
I ſhall not fear to meet it; take me home.

Amin. Thou Monſter of all Cruelty, forbear.

Evad. For Heav'n's ſake look more calm;
Thine Eyes are ſharper
Than thou canſt make thy Sword. *Amin.* Away, away;
Thy Knees are more to me than Violence.
I'm worſe than ſick to ſee Knees follow me
For that I muſt not grant; for Heav'n's ſake, ſtand.

(74) ———— *an unknown* Wilderneſs] This is a Word here appropriated by the Poets to ſignify *Wildneſs*; from the Verb, *bewilder*. MILTON ſeems to have been pleas'd with the Liberty of uſing it in this Senſe, as he has copied it in his *Paradiſe Loſt*; B. ix. v. 245.

The Paths and Bowers doubt not but our joint Hands
Will keep from Wilderneſs *with Eaſe*;

Evad.

Evad. Receive me then.

Amin. I dare not ſtay thy Language;
Ith' midſt of all my Anger and my Grief,
Thou doſt awake ſomething that troubles me,
And ſays, *I lov'd thee once*; I dare not ſtay;
There is no End of Women's Reaſoning. [*Leaves her.*

Evad. Amintor, thou ſhalt love me once again;
Go, I am calm; farewel; and Peace for ever!
Evadne, whom thou hat'ſt, will die for thee. [*Kills her ſelf.*

Amin. I have a little human Nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me ſtay thy Hand. [*Returns.*

Evad. Thy Hand was welcome, but it came too late;
Oh, I am loſt! the heavy Sleep makes Haſte. [*She dies.*

Aſp. Oh, oh, oh!

Amin. This Earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A ſtark affrighted Motion in my Blood:
My Soul grows weary of her Houſe, and I
All over am a Trouble to my ſelf.
There is ſome hidden Pow'r in theſe dead Things,
That calls my Fleſh unto 'em; I am cold;
Be reſolute, and bear 'em Company:
There's ſomething yet, which I am loth to leave.
There's Man enough in me to meet the Fears,
That Death can bring; and yet, 'wou'd, it were done!
I can find nothing in the whole Diſcourſe
Of Death, I durſt not meet the boldeſt Way;
Yet ſtill, betwixt the Reaſon and the Act,
The Wrong, I to *Aſpatia* did, ſtands up.
(75) I have not ſuch another Fault to anſwer;
Though ſhe may juſtly arm her ſelf with Scorn
And Hate of me, my Soul will part leſs troubled,
When I have paid to her in Tears my Sorrow.
I will not leave this Act unſatisfied,
If all, that's left in me, can anſwer it.

Aſp. Was it a Dream? There ſtands *Amintor* ſtill:
Or I dream ſtill.

(75) *I have not ſuch a Fault to anſwer,*
Tho' ſhe may juſtly arm with Scorn] The Lameneſs of theſe two Verſes, both in Senſe and Meaſure, I have cur'd from the Authority of the three eldeſt *Quarto*'s.

Amin. How doſt thou? Speak, receive my Love, and
Thy Blood climbs up to his old Place again: [Help:
There's Hope of thy Recovery.

Aſp. Did you not name *Aſpatia?* *Amin.* I did.

Aſp. And talk'd of Tears and Sorrow unto her?

Amin. 'Tis true, and 'till theſe happy Signs in thee
Did ſtay my Courſe, 'twas thither I was going.

Aſp. Thou'rt there already, and theſe Wounds are hers:
Thoſe Threats, I brought with me, ſought not Revenge;
But came to fetch this Bleſſing from thy Hand.
I am *Aſpatia* yet. ———

Amin. Dare my Soul ever look abroad again?

Aſp. I ſhall, ſure, live, *Amintor*; I am well:
A kind of healthful Joy wanders within me.

(76) *Amin.* The World wants Lives to expiate thy Loſs:
Come, let me bear thee to ſome Place of Help.

Aſp. *Amintor*, thou muſt ſtay, I muſt reſt here;
My Strength begins to diſobey my Will.
How doſt thou, my beſt Soul? I wou'd fain live
Now, if I cou'd: Wou'dſt thou have lov'd me then?

Amin. Alas!
All that I am's not worth a Hair from thee.

Aſp. Give me thy Hand, mine Hands grope up and
And cannot find thee; I am wondrous ſick: [down,

(76) *The World wants* Lines *to* excuſe *thy Loſs:*] The Senſe and Verſe are both ſpoil'd; I hope, I have reſtored Both. My Emendation gives this Meaning. All the *Lives* of all the Women in the World cannot to me attone for the Loſs of thine. I gueſs, that ſome Tranſcriber, or Editor, had firſt by meer Accident chang'd *Lives* to *Lines*; and the Word, *expiate*, not making the leaſt Senſe with That, occaſion'd ſome future Editor, without Regard to the Metre, to ſubſtitute *excuſe* inſtead of it; which does carry ſome Shadow of Senſe, tho' but an empty one. ——— This is the Emendation and Comment of the ingenious Mr. *Seward.* ——— Long before I receiv'd his Thoughts upon this Paſſage, I had ſubſtituted with leſs Variation from the Text:

The World wants Limits *to excuſe thy Loſs.*

i. e. Were the World ever ſo wide and large, the Loſs of Thee is ſo great, that its whole *Vaſtidity*, as *Shakeſpeare* ſays, would not be ſufficient to *excuſe*, or *compenſate* for it. I have adopted my Friend's Conjecture into the Text, becauſe I would be always willing to ſhew a Diffidence of my own poor Efforts. The Readers will have the Benefit of both our Conjectures.

Have

Have I thy Hand, *Amintor?*

Amin. Thou greateſt Bleſſing of the World, thou haſt.

Aſp. I do believe thee better than my Senſe.
Oh! I muſt go; farewell. [*Dies.*

Amin. She ſwoons: *Aſpatia!* help; for Heav'n's Sake,
Such as may chain Life ever to this Frame. [Water,
Aſpatia, ſpeak: What, no Help? yet I fool;
I'll chafe her Temples; yet there's nothing ſtirs;
Some hidden Pow'r tell her, *Amintor* calls;
And let her anſwer me: *Aſpatia*, ſpeak.
I've heard, if there be any Life, but bow
The Body thus, and it will ſhew it ſelf.
Oh, ſhe is gone! I will not leave her yet. ——
Since out of Juſtice we muſt challenge nothing,
I'll call it Mercy if you'll pity me,
You heav'nly Powers! and lend, for ſome few Years,
The bleſſed Soul to this fair Seat again.
No Comfort comes, the Gods deny me too.
I'll bow the Body once again: *Aſpatia!*
The Soul is fled for ever; and I wrong
My ſelf, ſo long to loſe her Company.
Muſt I talk now? Here's to be with thee, Love.
[*Kills himſelf.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. This is a great Grace to my Lord, to have the new King come to him; I muſt tell him, he is entring. O Heav'n! help, help! [*Seeing the dead Bodies.*

Enter Lyſippus, Melantius, Calianax, Cleon, Diphilus, *and* Strato.

Lyſ. Where's *Amintor?*

Stra. O there, there.

Lyſ. How ſtrange is this!

Cal. What ſhould we do here?

Mel. Theſe Deaths are ſuch acquainted Things with me,
That yet my Heart diſſolves not. May I ſtand
Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your Tears;
This is *Amintor:* Heart! he was my Friend;
Melt, now it flows; *Amintor*, give a Word
To call me to thee.

Amin. Oh!

Mel. Melantius calls his Friend *Amintor*; Oh,
Thy Arms are kinder to me than thy Tongue;
Speak, ſpeak.

Amin. What?

Mel. That little Word was more worth all the Sounds
That ever I ſhall hear again. *Diph.* O Brother!
Here lies our Siſter ſlain; you loſe your Self
In Sorrow there. *Mel.* Why, *Diphilus*, it is
A thing to laugh at in reſpect of this;
Here was my Siſter, Father, Brother, Son;
All that I had; ſpeak once again; what Youth
Lies ſlain there by thee? *Amin.* 'Tis *Aſpatia.*
(77) My Laſt is ſaid; let me give up my Soul
Into thy Boſom. [*Dies.*

Cal. What's that? What's that? *Aſpatia!*

Mel. I never did repent the Greatneſs of
My Heart till now; it will not burſt at need.

Cal. My Daughter dead here too! and you have all fine new Tricks to grieve; but I ne'er knew any but direct Crying.

Mel. I am a Pratler, but no more.
[*Offers to kill himſelf.*

Diph. Hold, Brother.

Lyſ. Stop him.

Diph. Fie; how unmanly was this Offer in you!
Does this become our Strain?

Cal. I know not what the Matter is, but I am grown very kind, and am Friends with you; you have given me that among you will kill me quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can.

(77) *My Senſes fade,*] This I take to be a Sophiſtication of the Players, who are fond of throwing in their Poetical Flowers where there is no Occaſion for them. *Amintor*'s Strength was certainly fading; but he dies in ſound Mind and Memory: He does not appear to have any Wildneſs, or Delirium, upon him. I have retriev'd the Reading of the two eldeſt *Quarto*'s; and it ſeems to me, in *Amintor*'s Death, that our Poets had a Deſire of imitating that of *Hamlet* in SHAKESPEARE.

—— *He has my dying Voice,*
So tell him, with th' Occurrents more and leſs
Which have ſollicited. —— The reſt is Silence.

Mel.

Mel. His Spirit is but poor, that can be kept
From Death for want of Weapons. ——
Is not my Hand a Weapon good enough
To ſtop my Breath? or, if you tie down thoſe,
I vow, *Amintor*, I will never eat,
Or drink, or ſleep, or have to do with that
That may preſerve Life; this I ſwear to keep.

Lyſ. Look to him tho', and bear thoſe Bodies in.
May this a fair Example be to me,
(78) To rule with Temper: For on luſtful Kings
Unlook'd-for, ſudden, Deaths from Heav'n are ſent;
But curſt is He, that is their Inſtrument. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

(78) —— *For on luſtfull Kings.*] Mr. *Rhymer* has very juſtly remark'd in his Criticiſms on Tragedy, that as the *Moral* is a Leſſon on the Dangers attending *Incontinence*, the Play ought to take its Name from the *King:* Whereas the whole Diſtreſs of the Story lying on *Aſpatia* being abandon'd, and the groſs Injury done to *Amintor*, the *Moral*, that we have, is in no kind to the Purpoſe. *Amintor* is every where, indeed, condemning himſelf for his Perfidy to his betroth'd Miſtreſs; and inculcating, that the Heavens are ſtrict in puniſhing him for that Crime; and ſo we have another *Moral* in the Body of the *Fable*.

PHILASTER:

OR,

LOVE *lies a* BLEEDING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

King *of* Sicily *and* Calabria, *an Uſurper.*
Philaſter, *rightfull Heir to the Crown.*
Pharamond, *Prince of* Spain.
Dion, *a Lord.*
Cleremont, Thraſiline, } *Noble Gentlemen, his Aſſociates.*
An old Captain.
Five Citizens.
A Country Fellow.
Two Woodmen.
The King's Guard and Train.

W O M E N.

Arethuſa, *the King's Daughter.*
Galatea, *a wiſe modeſt Lady attending the Princeſs.*
Megra, *a laſcivious Lady.*
Another Lady attending the Princeſs.
Eufraſia, *Daughter of* Dion, *but diſguiſed like a Page, and call'd* Bellario.

SCENE, *SICILY.*

PHILASTER:

OR,

LOVE *lies a* BLEEDING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *an Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter Dion, Cleremont, *and* Thraſiline.

CLEREMONT.

HERE's nor Lords, nor Ladies.

Dion. Credit me, Gentlemen, I wonder at it. They receiv'd ſtrict Charge from the King to attend here: (1) Beſides, it was loudly publiſh'd, that no Officer ſhould forbid any Gentlemen that deſired to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you gueſs the Cauſe?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the *Spaniſh* Prince; that's come to marry our Kingdom's Heir, and be our Sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will ſeem to know much, ſay, ſhe looks not on him like a Maid in Love.

(1) *It was* boldly *publiſh'd.*] This Adverb can have no ſort of Propriety here. What *Boldneſs* is there in publiſhing an Order from the King, that no Gentleman or Lady ſhould be refuſed Admittance? I make no Doubt but it is an Error of the Preſs, and that the original Word was what I have ſubſtituted for it. Mr. *Seward.*

Dion.

Dion. O Sir, the Multitude (that ſeldom know any thing but their own Opinions) ſpeak That they would have; but the Prince, before his own Approach, receiv'd ſo many confident Meſſages from the State, that, I think, ſhe's reſolv'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, is it thought, with her he ſhall enjoy both theſe Kingdoms of *Sicily* and *Calabria?*

Dion. Sir, it is, without Controverſy, ſo meant. But 'twill be a troubleſome Labour for him to enjoy both theſe Kingdoms, with Safety, the right Heir to one of them living, and living ſo virtuouſly; eſpecially, the People admiring the Bravery of his Mind, and lamenting his Injuries.

Cle. Who, *Philaſter?*

Dion. Yes, whoſe Father, we all know, was by our late King of *Calabria* unrighteouſly depos'd from his fruitful *Sicily*. My ſelf drew ſome Blood in thoſe Wars, which I would give my Hand to be waſh'd from.

Cle. Sir, my Ignorance in State-Policy will not let me know, why, *Philaſter* being Heir to one of theſe Kingdoms, the King ſhould ſuffer him to walk abroad with ſuch free Liberty.

Dion. Sir, it ſeems, your Nature is more conſtant than to enquire after State-news. But the King, of late, made a Hazard of both the Kingdoms, of *Sicily* and his own, with offering but to impriſon *Philaſter*. At which the City was in Arms, not to be charm'd down by any State-Order or Proclamation; 'till they ſaw *Philaſter* ride through the Streets pleas'd, and without a Guard; at which they threw their Hats, and their Arms from them; ſome to make Bonfires, ſome to drink, all for his Deliverance: Which, wiſe Men ſay, is the Cauſe the King labours to bring in the Power of a Foreign Nation to awe his own with.

Enter Galatea, *a Lady, and* Megra.

Thra. See, the Ladies; what's the firſt? [Princeſs.

Dion. A wiſe and modeſt Gentlewoman that attends the

Cle. The Second?

Dion. She is one that may ſtand ſtill diſcreetly enough, and ill-favour'dly dance her Meaſure; ſimper when ſhe is courted by her Friend, and ſlight her Husband.

Cle.

Cle. The laſt?

Dion. Marry, I think, ſhe is one whom the State keeps for the Agents of our Confederate Princes; ſhe'll cog and lye with a whole Army before the League ſhall break: Her Name is common through the Kingdom, and the Trophies of her Diſhonour advanc'd beyond *Hercules*-Pillars. She loves to try the ſeveral Conſtitutions of Men's Bodies; and, indeed, has deſtroyed the Worth of her own Body, by making Experiment upon it, for the Good of the Common-wealth.

Cle. She's a profitable Member.

(2) *Meg.* Peace, if you love me: You ſhall ſee theſe Gentlemen ſtand their Ground, and not court us.

Gal. What if they ſhould? *Lady.* What if they ſhould?

Meg. Nay, let her alone; what if they ſhould? why, if they ſhould, I ſay, they were never abroad; what Foreigner wou'd do ſo? it writes them directly untravell'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be? *Lady.* What if they be?

Meg. Good Madam, let her go on; what if they be? Why, if they be, I will juſtify, they cannot maintain Diſcourſe with a judicious Lady, nor make a Leg, nor ſay, *Excuſe me.*

Gal. Ha, ha, ha. *Meg.* Do you laugh, Madam?

Dion. Your Deſires upon you, Ladies!

(2) *Peace, if you love me;*] I have made a Tranſpoſition in the Speakers, here, from the following accurate Criticiſm of Mr. *Seward.*

" The Character given of the laſt of theſe three Ladies ſo exactly " ſuits *Megra*, and all the Speeches which the *anonymous Lady* ſpeaks, " her exceſſive Fondneſs for the Courtſhip of Men, and of Foreign- " ers in particular, are ſo entirely in her Strain; that I am per- " ſuaded, ſhe has been unjuſtly deprived of them. It is not the " Cuſtom of any good Writer to give a long and diſtinguiſhing " Character of, and to make a Perſon the chief Speaker in any Scene, " who is a meer Cypher in the whole Play beſides: Particularly, " when there is another in the ſame Scene, to whom both the Cha- " racter and the Speeches exactly correſpond. I ſhould gueſs it to " have been ſome Jumble of the Players; She, who acted *Megra*, " having given up ſo much of her Part to initiate ſome younger " Actreſs. The Entrance ſhould have been thus regulated:

Enter Galatea, *a Lady, and* Megra.

" And all the Speeches of the two latter tranſpoſed. Mr. *Seward.*

Meg.

Meg. Then you must sit beside us.

Dion. I shall sit near you then, Lady.

Meg. Near me, perhaps: But there's a Lady indures no Stranger; and to me you appear a very strange Fellow.

Lady. Methinks, he's not so strange, he would quickly be acquainted. *Thra.* Peace, the King.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, *and Train.*

King. To give a stronger Testimony of Love
Than sickly Promises (which commonly
In Princes find both Birth and Burial
In one Breath) we have drawn you, worthy Sir,
To make your fair Indearments to our Daughter,
And worthy Services known to our Subjects,
Now lov'd and wonder'd at: Next, our Intent
To plant you deeply, our immediate Heir,
Both to our Blood and Kingdoms. For this Lady,
(The best part of your Life, as you confirm me,
And I believe) though her few Years and Sex
Yet teach her nothing but her Fears and Blushes;
Desires without Desire, Discourse and Knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate Health; and, when she sleeps,
In making no ill Day, know no ill Dreams.
Think not, dear Sir, these undivided Parts,
That must mould up a Virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrow'd Ornaments;
To speak her perfect Love to you, or add
An artificial Shadow to her Nature:
No, Sir; I boldly dare proclaim her yet no Woman.
But woo her still, and think her Modesty
A sweeter Mistress than the offer'd Language
Of any Dame, were she a Queen, whose Eye
Speaks common Loves and Comforts to her Servants.
Last, noble Son, (for so I now must call you)
What I have done thus publick, is not only
To add a Comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The Nobles, and the Gentry of these Kingdoms,

By

By Oath to your Succeſſion, which ſhall be
Within this Month at moſt.
Thra. This will be hardly done.
Cle. It muſt be ill done, if it be done.
Dion. When 'tis at beſt, 'twill be but half done, whilſt
So brave a Gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.
Thra. I fear. *Cle.* Who does not?
Dion. I fear not for myſelf, and yet I fear too:
Well, we ſhall ſee, we ſhall ſee: No more.
Pha. Kiſſing your white Hand, Miſtreſs, I take Leave,
To thank your Royal Father; and thus far,
To be my own free Trumpet. Underſtand,
Great King, and theſe your Subjects, mine that muſt be,
(For ſo deſerving you have ſpoke me, Sir,
And ſo deſerving I dare ſpeak myſelf)
To what a Perſon, of what Eminence,
Ripe Expectation of what Faculties,
Manners and Virtues you would wed your Kingdoms:
You in me have your Wiſhes. (3) Oh, this Country!
By more than all my Hopes, I hold it happy;

(3) —— —— *Oh this Coun'try,*
By more than all my Hopes I hold it
Happy, in their dear Memories that have been
Kings great and good, happy in yours, that is,
And from you (as a Chronicle to keep
Your noble Name from eating Age) do I
Opine myſelf moſt happy.] It is very plain, that this is deſign'd as a ſet, formal, and precompoſed Speech, much ſuperior in Language to any thing that is afterwards put into the Mouth of *Pharamond*; and agreeing with the reſt of his Character in Nothing but its Oſtentation and Vain-glory. In ſuch a Speech it is not probable that the Authors left the firſt Verſe above ſo lame; eſpecially, as the Word, which naturally ſupplies it, renders the formal Flow of the Period as well as the Metre more beautifull. The laſt Line ſeems to have loſt its Beauty, by a more material Omiſſion, which totally alters the Senſe. It is really no unhandſome Complement to the *King*, to tell him that he thinks himſelf happy in ſucceeding him; whom he ſhall ſo imitate in his Government, as to make himſelf a Chronicle to preſerve his Memory. This by no means agrees with all the reſt of his Speech, which is ſtuff'd with the vaineſt Self Applauſe. He certainly therefore in the Original wound up the Period with the ſame Arrogance; which the ſlight Addition, that I have given, will make him do. Mr. *Seward.*

Happy, in their dear Memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is;
And from you (as a Chronicle to keep
Your noble Name from eating Age) do I
Opine it in myself most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a Word, a Prince's Word,
There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
But through the Travels of my Life I'll find it,
And tie it to this Country. And I vow,
My Reign shall be so easy to the Subject,
That ev'ry Man shall be his Prince himself,
And his own Law: (yet I his Prince, and Law.)
And dearest Lady, to your dearest self
(Dear, in the Choice of him, whose Name and Lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet Princess,
You shall enjoy a Man of Men to be
Your Servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
Great Queens must die. *Thra.* Miraculous!

Cle. This Speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but
A large Inventory of his own Commendations.

Enter Philaster.

(4) *Dion.* I wonder what's his Price? For, certainly,
He'll sell himself, he has so prais'd his Shape:
But here comes one more worthy those large Speeches,
Than the large Speaker of them.
Let me be swallow'd quick, if I can find,
In all th' Anatomy of yon Man's Virtues,
One Sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be Constable.
By this Sun, he'll ne'er make King
Unless it be of Trifles, in my poor Judgment.

(4) *I wonder, what's his Price? For certainly*
He'll tell *himself, he has so prais'd his Shape:*] Four of the old *Quarto*'s have it rightly, *sell himself*; as I have reform'd the Text. I ought in justice to acknowledge, that both Mr. *Seward* and Mr. *Sympson* concurred in starting this Emendation.

Phi.

Phi. Right noble Sir, as low as my Obedience,
And with a Heart as loyal as my Knee,
I beg your Favour.
King. Riſe, you have it, Sir.
Dion. Mark but the King, how pale he looks! He fears.
(5) Oh! this ſame whorſon Conſcience, how it jades us!
King. Speak your Intents, Sir.
Phi. Shall I ſpeak 'em freely?——
Be ſtill my Royal Sovereign. *King.* As a Subject,
We give you Freedom. *Dion.* Now it heats.
Phi. Then thus I turn
My Language to you, Prince; you, Foreign Man.
Ne'er ſtare, nor put on Wonder, for you muſt
Indure me, and you ſhall. (6) This Earth you tread on
(A Dowry, as you hope, with this fair Princeſs,)
By my dead Father (Oh! I had a Father,
Whoſe Memory I bow to) was not left
To your Inheritance, and I up and living;
Having myſelf about me and my Sword,
The Souls of all my Name, and Memories,
Theſe Arms and ſome few Friends, beſides the Gods,
To part ſo calmly with it, and ſit ſtill,

(5) *Oh! this ſame whorſon Conſcience, how it jades us!*] This Sentiment *Shakeſpeare* has finely, and as conciſely, expreſs'd in his *Hamlet*.

'Tis Conſcience, that makes Cowards of us all.

(6) —— —— *This Earth you tread on*
(A Dowry, as you hope, with this fair Princeſs,
Whoſe Memory I bow to was not left
By my dead Father (Oh, I had a Father)
To your Inheritance, &c.] To bow to the Memory of a Perſon preſent, is certainly not Sense. I at firſt alter'd it, *whoſe* Merits *I do bow to*; but obſerving afterwards, that a Tranſpoſition of two Lines, a Miſtake very common to Printers, was the moſt probable Corruption, I have replaced them in their natural Order. In Confirmation of this Tranſpoſition, it will be very neceſſary to obſerve that our Authors have uſed the very ſame Expreſſion at the beginning of their Tragedy call'd, *The Falſe One*.

She being by her Father's Teſtament,
Whoſe Memory I bow to, *&c.* Mr. *Seward.*

I muſt do Juſtice to the Sagacity of my ingenious Friend Mr. *Sympſon*, in acknowledging that he dictated the very ſame Tranſpoſition: And, indeed, I had ſome Years ago made the Diſcovery.

And say, *I might have been.* I tell thee, *Pharamond*,
When thou art King, look, I be dead and rotten,
And my Name Ashes; For hear me, *Pharamond*,
This very Ground thou goest on, this fat Earth,
My Father's Friends made fertile with their Faiths,
Before that Day of Shame, shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry Grave,
Into her hidden Bowels: Prince, it shall;
By *Nemesis*, it shall. *Pha.* He's mad beyond Cure, mad.

Dion. Here is a Fellow has some Fire in's Veins:
Th' Outlandish Prince looks like a Tooth-Drawer.

Phi. Sir, Prince of Poppingjayes, I'll make it well appear
To you, I am not mad. *King.* You do displease us:
You are too bold. *Phi.* No, Sir, I am too tame,
Too much a Turtle, a Thing born without Passion,
A faint Shadow, that every drunken Cloud fails over,
And maketh nothing. *King.* I do not fancy this;
Call our Physicians; sure, he is somewhat tainted.

Thra. I do not think, 'twill prove so.

Dion. H'as giv'n him a general Purge already, for all the Right he has; and now he means to let him Blood: Be constant, Gentlemen; by these hilts, I'll run his Hazard, although I run my Name out of the Kingdom.

Cle. Peace, we are one Soul.

Pha. What you have seen in me, to stir Offence,
I cannot find; unless it be this Lady
Offer'd into mine Arms, with the Succession,
Which I must keep, though it hath pleas'd your Fury
To mutiny within you; without disputing
Your *Genealogies*, or taking Knowledge
Whose Branch you are. The King will leave it me;
And I dare make it mine. You have your Answer.

(7) *Phi.* If thou wert sole Inheritor to him

(7) *If thou wert sole Inheritor to him*
Who made the World his.] i. e. *Alexander* the Great. So Mr. *Lee* in his Tragedy of *The Rival Queens.*
But see, the Master *of the* World *approaches.*
This is as fine an Introduction, as possibly can be, to the first Entrance of that Great Conquerour; and raises the Expectation of the Audience to give a due Attention to every Line he speaks.

That

That made the World his, and cou'dſt ſee no Sun
Shine upon any Thing but thine; were *Pharamond*
As truly valiant, as I feel him cold,
And ring'd among the choiceſt of his Friends,
(Such as would bluſh to talk ſuch ſerious Follies,
Or back ſuch bellied Commendations,)
(8) And from this Preſence, ſpite of all theſe Bugs,
You ſhould hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the Prince:
I gave you not this Freedom to brave our beſt Friends,
You do deſerve our Frown: Go to, be better temper'd.

Phi. It muſt be, Sir, when I am nobler us'd.

Gal. Ladies,
(9) This would have been a Pattern of Succeſſion,
Had he ne'er met this Miſchief. By my Life,
He is the worthieſt the true Name of Man
This Day within my Knowledge. *Meg.* I cannot tell
What you may call your Knowledge, but th' other is
The Man ſet in mine Eye; Oh! 'Tis a Prince
Of Wax. *Gal.* A Dog it is. *King. Philaſter*, tell me
The Injuries you aim at, in your Riddles.

Phi. If you had my Eyes, Sir, and Sufferance,
My Griefs upon you, and my broken Fortunes,
My Wants great, and now nought but Hopes and Fears,
My Wrongs would make ill Riddles to be laugh'd at.
Dare you be ſtill my King, and right me not?

King. Give me your Wrongs in private. [*They whiſper.*

Phi. Take them then,
And eaſe me of a Load would bow ſtrong *Atlas*.

Cle. He dares not ſtand the Shock.

Dion. I cannot blame him, there's Danger in't. Every

(8) *And from this* preſent,] The old *Quarto*'s dictate, *Preſence*, as I have reform'd the Text. The ingenious Mr. *Seward* likewiſe preſcrib'd this Alteration.

(9) *This would have been a Pattern of* Succeſſion,
Had he ne'er met this Miſchief.] My Friend Mr. *Sympſon* cluſes to ſubſtitute *Submiſſion* for *Succeſſion*. I ſubmit his Conjecture to the Readers, tho' I have not ventured to diſturb the Text; becauſe the Poets, perhaps, might mean, that *Philaſter* might have been a Pattern to *ſucceeding* Kings, had not he fall'n under the Misfortune of having his Right to the Kingdom uſurp'd upon.

Man in this Age has not a Soul of Cryſtal for all Men to read their Actions through: Mens Hearts and Faces are ſo far aſunder, that they hold no Intelligence. Do but view yon Stranger well, and you ſhall ſee a Fever through all his Bravery, (10) and feel him ſhake like a true Recreant; if he give not back his Crown again, upon the Report of an Elder Gun, I have no Augury.

King. Go to:
Be more your Self, as you reſpect our Favour;
You'll ſtir us elſe: Sir, I muſt have you know,
That you're, and ſhall be, at our Pleaſure, what Faſhion we
Will put upon you: Smooth your Brow, or by the Gods—

Phi. I am dead, Sir, you're my Fate: It was not I
(11) Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak Stars led me to, all my weak Fortunes.
Who dares in all this Preſence ſpeak (that is
But Man of Fleſh and may be mortal) tell me,
I do not moſt intirely love this Prince,
And honour his full Virtues! *King.* Sure, he's poſſeſt.

Phi. Yes, with my Father's Spirit: It's here, O King!
A dangerous Spirit; now he tells me, King,
I was a King's Heir, bids me be a King;
And whiſpers to me, theſe be all my Subjects.
'Tis ſtrange, he will not let me ſleep, but dives
Into my Fancy, and there gives me Shapes
That kneel, and do me Service, cry me *King:*
But I'll ſuppreſs him, he's a factious Spirit,
And will undo me: Noble Sir, your Hand;
I am your Servant.

(10) *and feel him ſhake like a true* Tenant;] This is as errant Nonſenſe, as ever the Preſs was guilty of. Mr. *Seward* conjectures *Truant*; i. e. like a Boy who has play'd Truant, and is afraid of the Rod. The Word, which I have ſubſtituted, and which does not depart far from the Traces of the Text, ſeems authoriz'd by a ſimilar Paſſage of our Authors, in their *Women pleas'd.*

——— *Here I ſwear to ye,*
By the unvalued Love I bear this Beauty,
(*And kiſs the Book too*) *never to be* recreant, *&c.*

(11) ——— ——— *It was not I*
Said I was not *wrong'd:*] The *Quarto* in 1628 juſtly throws out this Negative; both the Reaſoning and the Metre prove it to be a Corruption of the Text.

King.

King. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of your Life and Spirit: For this time
I pardon your wild Speech, without so much
As your Imprisonment. [*Ex.* King, Pha. *and* Are.

Dion. I thank you, Sir, you dare not for the People.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave Fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking Fellow, hot at Hand; but eye yon Stranger, is not he a fine compleat Gentleman? O these Strangers, I do affect them strangely: They do the rarest home things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the Nation over and over for his sake.

Gal. Gods comfort your poor Head-piece, Lady: 'Tis a weak one, and had need of a Night-cap.

Dion. See, how his Fancy labours; has he not
Spoke home, and bravely? What a dangerous Train
Did he give fire to! How he shook the King,
Made his Soul melt within him, and his Blood
Run into Whey! It stood upon his Brow,
Like a cold Winter Dew. *Phi.* Gentlemen,
You have no Suit to me? (12) I am no Minion:
You stand, methinks, like Men that would be Courtiers,
If you could well be flatter'd at a Price,
Not to undo your Children: You're all honest:
Go get you home again, and make your Country
A virtuous Court; to which your Great ones may,
In their diseased Age, retire, and live recluse.

Cle. How do you, worthy Sir? *Phi.* Well, very well;
And so well, that if the King please, I find,
I may live many Years. *Dion.* The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your Wrongs and Injuries: Shrink not, worthy Sir,
But add your Father to you: (13) In whose Name,
We'll

(12) ——— *I am no Minion:*] *i. e.* No Favourite of Influence enough to carry any Suits at Court. The Word is frequently used by *Shakespeare.*

(13) ——— *In whose Name*
We'll waken all the Gods, and conjure up
The Rods of Vengeance, the abused People;] This puts me in Mind of a Passage in *Hesiod,* in his Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι v. 260.
——— ὄφρ'

We'll waken all the Gods, and conjure up
The Rods of Vengeance, the abuſed People;
Who, like to raging Torrents, ſhall ſwell high,
And ſo begirt the Dens of theſe Male-Dragons,
That, through the ſtrongeſt Safety, they ſhall beg
For Mercy at your Sword's Point. *Phi.* (14) Friends, no more;
Our Ears may be corrupted: 'Tis an Age
We dare not truſt our Wills to: Do you love me?
Thra. Do we love Heav'n and Honour?
Phi. My Lord *Dion*,
You had a virtuous Gentlewoman call'd you Father;
Is ſhe yet alive? *Dion.* Moſt honour'd Sir, ſhe is:
And for the Penance but of an idle Dream,
Has undertook a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of theſe Gentlemen you come?
Lady. To you, brave Lord; the Princeſs would intreat
Your preſent Company.
Phi. The Princeſs ſend for me! You are miſtaken.
Lady. If you be call'd *Philaſter*, 'tis to you.
(15) *Phi.* Kiſs her fair Hand, and ſay, I will attend her.
Dion. Do you know what you do?
Phi. Yes, go to ſee a Woman.

——————— ὄφο' ἀποτίσῃ
Δῆμος ἀτασθαλίας βασιλέων·

This has been generally underſtood, as if the People ſhould ſuffer for the Faults of their Prince; and *Horace* is quoted in Support of this Opinion.

Quicquid delirant *Reges*, plectuntur *Achivi*.

But would it not be better to underſtand it in *Fletcher*'s Words, for the People to be rais'd up to puniſh the Crimes and Miſdemeanours of the Prince? Mr. *Sympſon*.

(14) ——— *Friends, no more;*

Our Years *may be corrupted:*] This is certainly a typographical Corruption. The *Quarto*'s in 1628, and 1634, have it rightly, *Ears*; and ſo, Mr. *Seward* ſaw, the Text ought to be reſtored.

(15) *Kiſs her Hand, and ſay, I will attend her.*] The halting Metre of this Verſe plainly ſhews an Omiſſion of a Monoſyllable at Preſs. I have reſtored the Epithet from the *Quarto* in 1628: and Mr. *Seward* directed the Inſertion of the Word, *fair*, to ſupport the Verſification.

Cle.

Cle. But do you weigh the Danger you are in?
Phi. Danger in a ſweet Face?
By *Jupiter*, I muſt not fear a Woman.
Thra. But are you ſure, it was the Princeſs ſent?
It may be ſome foul Train to catch your Life.
Phi. I do not think it, Gentlemen; ſhe's noble;
Her Eye may ſhoot me dead, or thoſe true red
And white Friends in her Face may ſteal my Soul out:
There's all the Danger in't: But be what may,
(16) Her ſingle Name hath armed me. [*Ex.* Phil.
Dion. Go on:
And be as truly happy as thou art fearleſs:
Come, Gentlemen, let's make our Friends acquainted,
Leſt the King prove falſe. [*Ex. Gentlemen.*

Enter Arethuſa *and a* Lady.

Are. Comes he not? *Lady.* Madam?
Are. Will *Philaſter* come?
Lady. Dear Madam, you were wont
To credit me at firſt.
Are. But didſt thou tell me ſo?
I am forgetful, and my Woman's Strength
Is ſo o'ercharg'd with Danger like to grow
About my Marriage, that theſe under Things
Dare not abide in ſuch a troubled Sea:
How look'd he, when he told thee he would come?
Lady. Why, well. *Are.* And not a little fearfull?
Lady. Fear, Madam? Sure, he knows not what it is.
Are. You are all of his Faction; the whole Court
Is bold in Praiſe of him; whilſt I
May live neglected, and do noble Things,
As Fools in Strife throw Gold into the Sea,
Drown'd in the Doing: But, I know, he fears.
Lady. Fear? Madam, methought, his Looks hid more
Of Love than Fear.

(16) *Her ſingle Name hath arm'd me.* Dion, *go on:*] The modern Editions, by a miſtaken Comma here, have placed to *Philaſter* what is not to be ſaid till he has left the Company. 'Tis *Dion* who is to ſpeak, and makes a Remark on the Prince's Bravery. The *Quarto*'s in 1628, 1634, and 1652, all concurr in the true Reading.

Are.

Are. Of Love? To whom? to you?
Did you deliver thoſe plain Words I ſent
With ſuch a winning Geſture, and quick Look,
That you have caught him?

Lady. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of Love to me? Alas! thy Ignorance
Lets thee not ſee the Croſſes of our Births.
Nature, that loves not to be queſtion'd why
She did or this, or that, but has her Ends,
And knows ſhe does well, never gave the World
Two things ſo oppoſite, ſo contrary,
As He, and I am: If a Bowl of Blood,
Drawn from this Arm of mine, would poiſon thee,
A Draught of his would cure thee. Of Love to me?

Lady. Madam, I think, I hear him. *Are.* Bring him in:
You Gods, that would not have your Dooms withſtood,
Whoſe holy Wiſdoms at this time it is,
To make the Paſſion of a feeble Maid
The Way unto your Juſtice, I obey.

Enter Philaſter.

Lady. Here is my Lord *Philaſter*. *Are.* Oh! 'tis well:
Withdraw yourſelf. *Phi.* Madam, your Meſſenger
Made me believe, you wiſh'd to ſpeak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, *Philaſter*, but the Words are ſuch
I have to ſay, and do ſo ill beſeem
The Mouth of Woman, that I wiſh them ſaid,
And yet am loth to ſpeak them. Have you known,
That I have aught detracted from your Worth?
Have I in Perſon wrong'd you? Or have ſet
My baſer Inſtruments to throw Diſgrace
Upon your Virtues? *Phi.* Never, Madam, you.

Are. Why then ſhould you, in ſuch a publick Place,
Injure a Princeſs, and a Scandal lay
Upon my Fortunes, fam'd to be ſo great:
Calling a great Part of my Dowry in Queſtion?

Phi. Madam, this Truth, which I ſhall ſpeak, will be
Fooliſh: But for your fair and virtuous Self,
I could afford myſelf to have no Right
To any thing you wiſh'd. *Are.* *Philaſter*, know,

I muſt

I must enjoy these Kingdoms. *Phi.* Madam, Both?
Are. Both, or I die: By Fate, I die, *Philaster*,
If I not calmly may enjoy them Both.
Phi. I would do much to save that noble Life:
Yet would be loth to have Posterity
Find in our Stories, that *Philaster* gave
His Right unto a Scepter, and a Crown,
To save a Lady's Longing. *Are.* Nay, then hear:
I must, and will have them, and more.
Phi. What more?
Are. Or lose that little Life the Gods prepar'd
To trouble this poor Piece of Earth withal.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turn then away thy Face.
Phi. No. *Are.* Do.
Phi. I can't endure it: Turn away my Face?
(17) I never yet saw Enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a Basilisk as he; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my Tongue
Bore Thunder underneath, as much as his:
Nor Beast that I could turn from: Shall I then
Begin to fear sweet Sounds? A Lady's Voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my Life;
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
A Thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor Use, that I shall make no Price
If you intreat, I will unmov'dly hear.
Are. Yet for my sake a little bend thy Looks.
Phi. I do. *Are.* Then know I must have them, and thee.
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy Love; without which, all the Land,
Discover'd yet, will serve me for no Use,
But to be buried in. *Phi.* Is't possible?
Are. With it, it were too little to bestow

(17) *I never yet saw Enemy that look'd*
So dreadfull, *but that I thought myself*] The second Verse here is lame, and wants Crutches. The *Quarto*'s in 1628, 1634, and 1652, support the Metre by turning the Adjective into an Adverb, as I have reform'd the Text.

On

On thee: Now, though thy Breath doth ſtrike me dead,
(Which, know, it may) I have unript my Breaſt.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble Thoughts,
To lay a Train for this contemned Life,
Which you may have for asking: to ſuſpect
Were baſe, where I deſerve no Ill: Love you!
By all my Hopes, I do, above my Life:
But how this Paſſion ſhould proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a Man,
That would be jealous.

Are. Another Soul, into my Body ſhot,
Could not have fill'd me with more Strength and Spirit,
Than this thy Breath: But ſpend not haſty Time,
In ſeeking how I came thus: 'tis the Gods,
The Gods, that make me ſo; and, ſure, our Love
Will be the nobler, and the better bleſt,
In that the ſecret Juſtice of the Gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kiſs;
Leſt ſome unwelcome Gueſt ſhould fall betwixt us,
And we ſhould part without it. *Phi.* 'Twill be ill,
I ſhould abide here long. *Are.* 'Tis true, and worſe,
You ſhould come often: How ſhall we deviſe
To hold Intelligence, (18) that our true Loves,
On any new Occaſion may agree,
What Path is beſt to tread? *Phi.* I have a Boy
Sent by the Gods, I hope, to this Intent,
Not yet ſeen in the Court. Hunting the Buck,
I found him ſitting by a Fountain-ſide,
Of which he borrow'd ſome to quench his Thirſt,
And paid the Nymph again as much in Tears;
A Garland lay by him, made by himſelf,
Of many ſeveral Flowers, bred in the Bay,
Stuck in that myſtick Order, that the Rareneſs
Delighted me: But ever when he turned
His tender Eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.

(18) ——— *That our true* Lovers
On any new Occaſion may agree,] Here again the old *Quarto*'s come in to our Aſſiſtance, and clear us from the Nonſenſe of *Lovers* inſtead of *Loves*.

Seeing

Seeing ſuch pretty helpleſs Innocence
Dwell in his Face, I ask'd him all his Story;
He told me, that his Parents gentle dy'd,
Leaving him to the Mercy of the Fields,
Which gave him Roots; and of the cryſtal Springs,
Which did not ſtop their Courſes; and the Sun,
Which ſtill, he thank'd him, yielded him his Light;
Then took he up his Garland, and did ſhew,
What every Flower, as Country People hold,
Did ſignify; and how all, ordered thus,
Expreſt his Grief; and to my Thoughts did read
The prettieſt Lecture of his Country Art
That cou'd be wiſh'd: So that, methought, I cou'd
Have ſtudied it. (19) I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was as glad to follow; and have got
The truſtieſt, loving'ſt, and the gentleſt Boy,
That ever Maſter kept: Him will I ſend
To wait on you, and bear our hidden Love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well, no more.
Lady. Madam, the Prince is come to do his Service.
Are. What will you do, *Philaſter*, with yourſelf?
Phi. Why, that which all the Gods have appointed out for me.
Are. Dear, hide thyſelf. Bring in the Prince.
Phi. Hide me from *Pharamond!*
When Thunder ſpeaks, which is the Voice of *Jove*,
Though I do Reverence, yet I hide me not;
And ſhall a ſtranger Prince have Leave to brag
Unto a Foreign Nation, that he made

(19) ——————— *I gladly entertain'd him,*
Who was glad to follow;] Here again the Verſe halts for want of an innocent Monoſyllable, which I have reſtored, and which Mr. *Seward* likewiſe pointed out to me. So our Authors in their Comedy, call'd, The *Women pleas'd:*
I ſhall ſoon waken, and as *ſoon be with him.*
I am ſorry, I have Occaſion ſo often to trouble the Readers with theſe *Minutiæ Litterarum:* I am very far from pleading any Merit in it; but it is the dull Duty of an Editor to ſhew, at leaſt, his Induſtry in a faithful Collation of the old Copies.

Philaſter

Philaſter hide himſelf?

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it ſhould ſleep for ever to the World,
It is a ſimple Sin to hide myſelf,
Which will for ever on my Conſcience lie.

Are. Then, good *Philaſter*, give him Scope and Way
In what he ſays; for he is apt to ſpeak
What you are loth to hear: For my ſake do. *Phi.* I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. My Princely Miſtreſs, as true Lovers ought,
I come to kiſs theſe fair Hands; and to ſhew,
In outward Ceremonies, the dear Love
Writ in my Heart.

Phi. If I ſhall have an Anſwer no directlier,
I am gone. *Pha.* To what would he have an Anſwer?

Are. To his Claim unto the Kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the King.

Phi. Good Sir, do ſo ſtill, I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the Time is fitter, do but offer
To make mention of your Right to any Kingdom,
Though it be ſcarce habitable, —*Phi.* Good Sir, let me go.

Pha. And by my Sword, ——

Phi. Peace, *Pharamond*; if thou ——

Are. Leave us, *Philaſter*. *Phi.* I have done.

Pha. You are gone; by Heav'n, I'll fetch you back.

Phi. You ſhall not need. *Pha.* What now?

Phi. Know, *Pharamond*,
I loath to brawl with ſuch a Blaſt as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant Voice: But if
Thou ſhalt provoke me further, Men ſhall ſay,
Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Do you ſlight
My Greatneſs ſo, and in the Chamber of the Princeſs!

Phi. It is a Place, to which, I muſt confeſs,
I owe a Reverence: But were't the Church,
Ay, at the Altar, there's no Place ſo ſafe,
Where thou dar'ſt injure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your Greatneſs, know, Sir, I can graſp
You, and your Greatneſs thus, thus into nothing:

Give

Give not a Word, not a Word back: Farewel.
[*Exit* Philaſter.

Pha. 'Tis an odd Fellow; Madam, we muſt ſtop
His Mouth with ſome Office, when we are married.

Are. You were beſt make him your Controuler.

Pha. I think, he would diſcharge it well. But, Madam,
I hope, our Hearts are knit; and yet ſo ſlow
The Ceremonies of State are, that 'twill be long
Before our Hands be ſo: If then you pleaſe,
Being agreed in Heart, (20) let us not wait
For dreaming Forme, but take a little ſtoln
Delights, and ſo prevent our Joys to come.

Are. If you dare ſpeak ſuch Thoughts,
I muſt withdraw in Honour. [*Exit* Are.

Pha. The Conſtitution of my Body will never hold out till the Wedding; I muſt ſeek elſewhere. [*Exit.* Pha.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Philaſter, *and* Bellario.

Phi. AND thou ſhalt find her honourable, Boy.
Full of Regard unto thy tender Youth,
For thine own Modeſty; and for my ſake,
Apter to give, than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deſerve. *Bel.* Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing; and only yet am ſomething,
By being yours; You truſted me unknown;
And that which you are apt to conſtrue now
A ſimple Innocence in me, perhaps,
Might have been Craft; the Cunning of a Boy
Hardened in Lies and Theft; yet ventur'd You
To part my Miſeries and me: for which,

(20) ——————— *let us not wait*
For dreaming for me,] Whatever *Pharamond* might preſume, the Princeſs had no ſuch Fondneſs as to engage her to dream *for him.* But the Corruption is to be laid to the Preſs, and Senſe to be reſtored to the Authors as their undoubted Right.

I never

I never can expect to serve a Lady,
That bears more Honour in her Breast than You.

Phi. But, Boy, it will prefer thee; thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing Love
To them that clap thy Cheeks, and speak thee fair yet:
But when thy Judgment comes to rule those Passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful Friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of Life.
She is a Princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the World,
I never knew a Man hasty to part with
A Servant he thought trusty; I remember,
My Father would prefer the Boys he kept
To greater Men than he; but did it not,
Till they were grown too sawcy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle Boy, I find no Fault at all
In thy Behaviour. *Bel.* Sir, if I have made
A Fault of Ignorance, instruct my Youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and Experience will adorn my Mind
With larger Knowledge: And if I have done
A wilful Fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What Master holds so strict a Hand
Over his Boy, that he will part with him
Without one Warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my Stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy Love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st,
It is my Business that doth call thee hence;
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me:
Think so, and 'tis so; and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy Trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With Joy receive thee; as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle Boy; 'tis more than time
Thou didst attend the Princess. *Bel.* I am gone;
But since I am to part with you, my Lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do

More Service for you; take this little Prayer.
Heav'n bleſs your Loves, your Fights, all your Deſigns!
May ſick Men, if they have your Wiſh, be well;
And Heav'n hate thoſe you curſe, though I be one!
[*Exit.*

Phi. The Love of Boys unto their Lords is ſtrange,
I have read Wonders of it; yet this Boy
For my ſake (if a Man may judge by Looks,
And Speech) would out-do Story. I may ſee
A Day to pay him for his Loyalty. [*Exit* Phi.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. Why ſhould theſe Ladies ſtay ſo long? They muſt come this way; I know, the Queen employs 'em not; for the reverend Mother ſent me Word, they would all be for the Garden. If they ſhould all prove honeſt now, I were in a fair Taking; I was never ſo long without Sport in my Life, and, in my Conſcience, 'tis not my Fault: Oh, for our Country Ladies! Here's one boulted, I'll hound at her.

Enter Galatea.

Gal. Your Grace! *Pha.* Shall I not be a Trouble?
Gal. Not to me, Sir.
Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick; by this ſweet Hand,——
Gal. You'll be forſworn, Sir, 'tis but an old Glove.
If you will talk at diſtance, I am for you;
But, good Prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag;
Theſe two I bar;
And then, I think, I ſhall have Senſe enough
To anſwer all the weighty Apothegmes
(21) Your Royal Blood ſhall manage.
Pha. Dear Lady, can you love?
Gal. Dear, Prince, how dear! I ne'er coſt you a Coach yet, nor put you to the dear Repentance of a Ban-

(21) *Your Royal Blood ſhall* manage.] This Word is uſed as the *French* do their *meſnager*; and the *Italians*, *maneggiare*. So we likewiſe have adopted it, and ſay, *manage* (or, handle) a Diſpute or Argument.

quet; here's no Scarlet, Sir, to bluſh the Sin out it was given for: This Wire mine own Hair covers; and this Face has been ſo far from being dear to any; that it ne'er coſt Penny painting: And for the reſt of my poor Wardrobe, ſuch as you ſee, it leaves no Hand behind it, to make the jealous Mercer's Wife curſe our good Doings.

Pha. You miſtake me, Lady.

Gal. Lord, I do ſo; 'would, you or I could help it!

Pha. Do Ladies of this Country uſe to give
No more Reſpect to Men of my full Being?

Gal. Full Being! I underſtand you not, unleſs your Grace means growing to Fatneſs; and then your only Remedy (upon my Knowledge, Prince) is in a Morning a Cup of neat White-wine brew'd with *Carduus*; then faſt till Supper, about eight you may eat; uſe Exerciſe, and keep a Sparrow-hawk, (22) you can ſhoot in a Tiller; but, of all, your Grace muſt fly *Phlebotomy*, freſh Pork, Conger, and clarified Whey: They are all Dullers of the vital Spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, Sir, I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty Wench, I like her Wit well; 'twill be rare to ſtir up a leaden Appetite; ſhe's a *Danae*, and muſt be courted in a Show'r of Gold. Madam, look here, all theſe, and more, than——

Gal. What have you there, my Lord? Gold? Now, as I live, 'tis fair Gold; you would have Silver for it to play with the Pages; you could not have taken me in a worſe time; but if you have preſent Uſe, my Lord, I'll ſend my Man with Silver, and keep your Gold for you.

Pha. Lady, Lady.

Gal. She's coming, Sir, behind, will take white Money. Yet for all this I'll match ye.

[*Exit* Gal. *behind the Hangings.*

(22) *you can ſhoot in a Tiller*;] *i. e.* a Stand; a ſmall Tree left in in a Wood for Growth, till it is fellable: Or it may mean rather, in a Steel-bow; *quaſi dicas*, a *Steeler*: *i. e. Arcus chalybeatus*, as SKINNER ſays in his *Etymologicum*.

Pha.

Pha. If there be but two such more in this Kingdom, and near the Court, we may even hang up our Harps. Ten such *Camphire* Constitutions, as this, would call the Golden Age again in Question; and teach the old way for every ill-fac'd Husband to get his own Children; and what a Mischief that will breed, let all consider!

Enter Megra.

Here's another; if she be of the same Last, the Devil shall pluck her on. Many fair Mornings, Lady.

Meg. As many Mornings bring as many Days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your Grace.

Pha. She gives good Words yet; sure, this Wench is free.
If your more serious Business do not call you,
Let me hold Quarter with you, we'll talk an Hour
Out quickly. *Meg.* What would your Grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty Subject as yourself.
I'll go no further than your Eye, or Lip;
There's Theme enough for one Man for an Age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my Lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough,
Or my Glass wrongs me.

Pha. O, they are two twinn'd Cherries dyed in Blushes,
Which those fair Suns above with their bright Beams
Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest Beauty,
Bow down those Branches, that the longing Taste
Of the faint Looker-on may meet those Blessings,
And taste and live. *Meg.* O delicate sweet Prince!
She that hath Snow enough about her Heart,
To take the wanton Spring of ten such Lines off,
May be a Nun without Probation.
Sir, you've, in such neat Poetry, gather'd a kiss,
That if I had but five Lines of that Number,
Such pretty begging Blanks, I should commend
Your Fore-head, or your Cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pha. Do it in Prose; you cannot miss it, Madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall. *Pha.* By my Life, you shall not.
I'll prompt you first: Can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks, 'tis easy, now I ha' don't before;

But yet I ſhould ſtick at it. *Pha.* Stick till To-morrow; I'll ne'er part you, Sweeteſt. But we loſe time, Can you love me?

Meg. Love you, my Lord? How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a ſhort Sentence, 'cauſe I will not load your Memory; this is all, Love me, and lie with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you, that you ſaid? 'Tis impoſſible.

Pha. Not to a willing Mind, that will endeavour; if I do not teach you to do it as eaſily in one Night, as you'll go to Bed, I'll loſe my Royal Blood for't.

Meg. Why, Prince, you have a Lady of your own, that yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll ſooner teach a Mare the old Meaſures, than teach her any thing belonging to the Function; ſhe's afraid to lie with herſelf if ſhe have but any maſculine Imaginations about her; I know, when we are married, I muſt raviſh her.

Meg. By my Honour, that's a foul Fault, indeed; but Time and your good Help will wear it out, Sir.

Pha. And for any other I ſee, excepting your dear Self, deareſt Lady, I had rather be Sir *Tim* the Schoolmaſter, and leap a Dairy-maid.

Meg. Has your Grace ſeen the Court-ſtar *Galatea?*

Pha. Out upon her! She's as cold of her Favour as an Apoplex: She ſail'd by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her Wit, Sir?

Pha. I hold her Wit? The Strength of all the Guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; ſhe would blow 'em out of the Kingdom; they talk of *Jupiter*, he's but a Squib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a Tongue-bolt. But ſpeak, ſweet Lady, ſhall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your Bed; if you miſtruſt my Faith, you do me the unnobleſt Wrong.

Meg. I dare not, Prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own Conditions, my Purſe ſhall ſeal 'em;

'em; and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furniſh you withal: Give two Hours to your Thoughts every Morning about it. Come, I know, you are baſhful; ſpeak in my Ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it me: Soon I will viſit you.

Meg. My Lord, my Chamber's moſt unſafe; but when 'tis Night, I'll find ſome means to ſlip into your Lodging: till when——

Pha. Till when, this, and my Heart go with thee!

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

Enter Galatea *from behind the Hangings.*

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious Petticoat-Prince! Are theſe your Virtues? Well, if I do not lay a Train to blow your Sport up, I am no Woman: (23) And, Lady Dowſabel, I'll fit you for't. [*Exit.*

Enter Arethuſa *and a* Lady.

Are. Where's the Boy? *Lady.* Within, Madam.

Are. Gave you him Gold to buy him Cloaths?

Lady. I did. *Are.* And has he don't?

Lady. Yes, Madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty ſad-talking Boy, is it not? Ask'd you his Name? *Lady.* No, Madam.

Enter Galatea.

Are. O, you are welcome; what good News?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your Grace, That ſays, ſhe hath done that you would have wiſh'd.

Are. Haſt thou diſcover'd?

Gal. I have ſtrain'd a Point of Modeſty for you.

Are. I prithee, how?

Gal. In liſt'ning after Bawdry; I ſee, let a Lady live never ſo modeſtly, ſhe ſhall be ſure to find a lawful time

(23) *and, Lady* Towſabel, *I'll fit you for't.*] There's no ſuch Word as *Towſabel*, that I know, or that is acknowledged by any of the Dictionaries. I think, by the Change of a ſingle Letter, I have retriev'd the genuine Word of our Poets, *Dowſabel*. This is of *French* Extraction, *Douce et belle*; *i. e.* Sweet, and fair: But it is here intended ironically, and in Deriſion.

to hearken after Bawdry; your Prince, brave *Pharamond*, was so hot on't. *Are.* With whom?

Gal Why, with the Lady I suspected: I can tell the Time and Place.

Are. O when, and where?

Gal. To Night, his Lodging.

Are. Run thyself into the Presence, mingle there again
With other Ladies; leave the rest to me:
If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,
Why did'st thou this?) have not decreed it so
In lasting Leaves (whose smallest Characters
Were never altered;) yet, this Match shall break.
Where's the Boy? *Lady.* Here, Madam.

Enter Bellario.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your Service, is't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you,
To do him Service. *Are.* Thou disclaim'st in me;
Tell me thy Name. *Bel. Bellario.*

Are. Thou can'st sing, and play?

Bel. If Grief will give me Leave, Madam, I can.

Are. Alas! What kind of Grief can thy Years know?
Had'st thou a curst Master when thou went'st to School?
Thou art not capable of other Grief;
Thy Brows and Cheeks are smooth as Waters be,
When no Breath troubles them: Believe me, Boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled Brows and hollow Eyes,
And builds himself Caves to abide in them.
Come, Sir, tell me truly, does your Lord love me?

Bel. Love, Madam? I know not what it is.

Are. Can'st thou know Grief, and never yet knew'st Love?
Thou art deceiv'd, Boy; does he speak of me,
As if he wish'd me well? *Bel.* If it be Love,
To forget all Respect of his own Friends,
In thinking on your Face; if it be Love,
To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the Day,
Mingled with Starts, crying your Name as loud
And hastily, as Men i' th' Streets do Fire:
If it be Love, to weep himself away,

When

When he but hears of any Lady dead,
Or kill'd, becauſe it might have been your Chance;
If, when he goes to Reſt (which will not be)
'Twixt ev'ry Prayer he ſays, he names you once
As others drop a Bead, be to be in Love;
Then, Madam, I dare ſwear he loves you. *Are.* O!
You are a cunning Boy, and taught to lie,
For your Lord's Credit; but thou knoweſt, a Lye,
That bears this Sound, is welcomer to me,
Than any Truth, that ſays, he loves me not.
Lead the Way, Boy: Do you attend me too;
'Tis thy Lord's Buſineſs haſtes me thus; Away.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thraſiline, Megra, *and* Galatea.

Dion. Come, Ladies, ſhall we talk a Round? As Men
Do walk a Mile, Women ſhould talk an Hour
After Supper: 'Tis their Exerciſe. *Gal.* 'Tis late.
Meg. 'Tis all
My Eyes will do to lead me to my Bed.
Gal. I fear, they are ſo heavy, you'll ſcarce find
The Way to your Lodging with 'em to Night.

Enter Pharamond.

Thra. The Prince ——
Pha. Not a-bed, Ladies? You're good Sitters up;
What think you of a pleaſant Dream to laſt
Till Morning? [it.
Meg. I ſhould chuſe, my Lord, a pleaſing Wake before

Enter Arethuſa *and* Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well, my Lord, you're courting of the Ladies.
Is't not late, Gentlemen?
Cle. Yes, Madam.
Are. Wait you there. [*Exit* Arethuſa.
Meg. She's jealous, as I live; look you, my Lord,
The Princeſs has a *Hilas*, an *Adonis*.
Pha. His Form is Angel-like.
Meg. Why, this is he muſt, when you once are wed,

Sit by your Pillow, like young *Apollo*, with
His Hand and Voice, binding your Thoughts in Sleep;
The Princeſs does provide him for you, and for herſelf.
Pha. I find no Muſick in theſe Boys. *Meg.* Nor I.
They can do little, and that ſmall they do,
They have not Wit to hide.
Dion. Serves he the Princeſs? *Thra.* Yes.
Dion. 'Tis a ſweet Boy, how brave ſhe keeps him!
Pha. Ladies all, good Reſt; I mean to kill a Buck
To-morrow Morning, ere you've done your Dreams.
[*Exit* Phar.
Meg. All Happineſs attend your Grace! Gentlemen, good Reſt;
Come, ſhall we to Bed?
Gal. Yes, all good Night. [*Ex.* Gal. *and* Meg.
Dion. May your Dreams be true to you;
What ſhall we do, Gallants? 'Tis late, the King
Is up ſtill, ſee, he comes, a Guard along
With him.

Enter King, Arethuſa *and* Guard.

King. Look, your Intelligence be true.
Are. Upon my Life, it is: And I do hope,
Your Highneſs will not tie me to a Man,
That in the Heat of Wooing throws me off,
And takes another. *Dion.* What ſhould this mean?
King. If it be true,
That Lady had much better have embrac'd
Cureleſs Diſeaſes; get you to your Reſt. *Ex.* Are. *and* Bel.
You ſhall be righted: Gentlemen, draw near,
We ſhall imploy you: Is young *Pharamond*
Come to his Lodging? *Dion.* I ſaw him enter there.
King. Haſte, ſome of you, and cunningly diſcover
If *Megra* be in her Lodging. *Cle.* Sir,
She parted hence but now with other Ladies.
King. If ſhe be there, we ſhall not need to make
A vain Diſcovery of our Suſpicion.
You Gods, I ſee, that who unrighteouſly
Holds Wealth, or State from others, ſhall be curſt
In that, which meaner Men are bleſt withal:
Ages to come ſhall know no Male of him Left

Left to inherit; and his Name ſhall be
Blotted from the Earth: If he have any Child,
It ſhall be croſsly match'd; the Gods themſelves
Shall ſow wild Strife betwixt her Lord and her.
Yet, if it be your Wills, forgive the Sin
I have committed; let it not fall
Upon this underſtanding Child of mine;
She has not broke your Laws; (24) but how can I
Look to be heard of Gods, that muſt be juſt,
Praying upon the Ground I hold by Wrong?

Enter Dion.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her Women ſwear, ſhe is within; but they, I think, are Bawds; I told 'em, I muſt ſpeak with her: They laugh'd, and ſaid, their Lady lay ſpecchleſs. I ſaid, my Buſineſs was important; they ſaid, their Lady was about it: I grew hot, and cried, my Buſineſs was a matter that concern'd Life and Death; they anſwer'd, ſo was Sleeping, at which their Lady was; I urg'd again, ſhe had ſcarce time to be ſo ſince laſt I ſaw her; they ſmil'd again, and ſeem'd to inſtruct me, that Sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking: Anſwers more direct I could not get: In ſhort, Sir, I think, ſhe is not there.

King. 'Tis then no time to dally: You o'th' Guard,
Wait at the Back-door of the Prince's Lodging;
And ſee that none paſs thence, upon your Lives.
Knock, Gentlemen: Knock louder: louder yet:
What, has their Pleaſure taken off their Hearing?
I'll break your Meditations. Knock again:

(24) —— —— —— *but how can I*
Look to be heard of Gods, that muſt be juſt,
Praying upon the Ground I hold by Wrong?] In this Sentiment our Authors ſeem to be copying *Shakeſpeare*, in a noble Paſſage of his *Hamlet*.

—— —— *Forgive me my foul Murther!*
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe Effects for which I did the Murther;
My Crown, my own Ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' Offence? &c.

Not

Not yet? I do not think, he ſleeps, having this Larum by him; once more; *Pharamond*, Prince.

Pharamond *above.*

Pha. What ſawcy Groom knocks at this Dead of Night?
Where be our Waiters? By my vexed Soul,
He meets his Death, that meets me, for this Boldneſs.
King. Prince, you do wrong your Thoughts, we are your Friends;
Come down. *Pha.* The King?
King. The ſame, Sir, come down,
We have Cauſe of preſent Counſel with you.
Pha. If your Grace pleaſe to uſe me, I'll attend you
To your Chamber. [Pha. *below.*
King. No, 'tis too late, Prince, I'll make bold with yours.
Pha. I have ſome private Reaſons to myſelf,
Make me unmannerly, and ſay, *you cannot*;
Nay, preſs not forward, Gentlemen, he muſt
Come through my Life, that comes here. [*Enters.*
King. Sir, be reſolv'd,
I muſt and will come.
Pha. I'll not be diſhonour'd;
He that enters here, enters upon his Death.
Sir, 'tis a Sign you make no Stranger of me,
To bring theſe Renegadoes to my Chamber,
At theſe unſeaſon'd Hours. *King.* Why do you
Chafe yourſelf ſo? You are not wrong'd, nor ſhall be;
Only I'll ſearch your Lodging, for ſome Cauſe
To ourſelf known: Enter, I ſay. ——
Pha. I ſay, no. [Meg. *above.*
Meg. Let 'em enter, Prince, let 'em enter,
I am up, and ready; I do know their Buſineſs,
'Tis the poor breaking of a Lady's Honour,
They hunt ſo hotly after; let 'em enjoy it.
You have your Buſineſs, Gentlemen, I lay here.
My Lord the King, this is not noble in you
To make publick the Weakneſs of a Woman.
King. Come down. [Clamors,
Meg. I dare, my Lord; your Whootings and your

Your

(25) Your private Whiſpers, and your broader Fleerings,
Can no more vex my Soul, than this baſe Carriage;
But I have Vengeance yet in Store for ſome,
Shall, in the moſt Contempt you can have of me,
Be Joy and Nouriſhment.

King. Will you come down?

(26) *Meg*. Yes, to laugh at your Worſt: But I ſhall wring you,
If my Skill fail me not.

King, Sir, I muſt dearly chide you for this Looſeneſs,
You have wrong'd a worthy Lady; but, no more,
Conduct him to my Lodging, and to Bed.

Cle. Get him another Wench, and you bring him to Bed indeed.

(25) *Your private Whiſpers and your* broad *Fleerings*,] This is no Verſe, however it has currently paſs'd the Ears of all the Editors. The Addition, which I have made, of a ſingle Syllable both improves the Senſe and retrieves the Metre.

(26) *Yes, to laugh at your worſt; but I ſhall* wrong *you*,] *Megra* deſign'd to accuſe the Princeſs of a Fact, which ſhe had a ſtrong Suſpicion of her being really guilty of. She had mention'd it before to the Prince; and there were Circumſtances enough to make a Woman, who was bad herſelf, believe the Princeſs ſo. How then could ſhe ſay, ſhe would *wrong* the King, when ſhe believ'd what ſhe was to ſpeak? Beſides, it is not a true ſcolding Word. I would ſubſtitute, *worſt*; which differs but in two Letters, and is an excellent one for the purpoſe. The Jingle and Reduplication of the ſame Word is frequently practis'd by our Poets. So in *Rule a Wife*, and *have a Wife*.*

I find thee a wiſe *young Wife*. Eſti. *I'll* wiſe *your Worſhip*. Mr. *Seward*.

Notwithſtanding this ingenious Conjecture, I am pretty certain that the Word, which I have inſerted, is the true Reading: becauſe it has the Authority of the *Quarto*'s in 1628, and 1634; and is likewiſe uſed in the ſame Senſe by our Poets in other Paſſages. So, in the *Elder Brother*;

——— *for I've the Doucets of his Gravity*
Faſt in a String, and will ſo pinch and wring *him*.

And the *Humourous Lieutenant*;

Will Nothing wring *you, then, d'ye think?*

And ſo in *Women pleas'd*;

Wringing *and kicking up to th' Ears in Love yonder*.

&c. &c.

Dion.

Dion. (27) 'Tis ſtrange, a Man can't ride a Stage or two,
To breathe himſelf, without a Warrant for't:
If this Geer hold, that Lodgings be ſearch'd thus,
Pray Heav'n, we may lie with our own Wives in Safety,
That they be not by ſome Trick of State miſtaken.

Enter Megra.

King. Now, Lady of Honour, where's your Honour now?
No Man can fit your Palate, but the Prince.
Thou moſt ill-ſhrowded Rottenneſs; thou Piece
Made by a Painter and a 'Pothecary;
Thou troubled Sea of Luſt; thou Wilderneſs,
Inhabited by wild Thoughts; thou ſwoln Cloud of
Infection; thou ripe Mine of all Diſeaſes;
Thou all Sin, all Hell, laſt, all Devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your Courteſies,
But he that muſt be mine, and wrong my Daughter?
By all the Gods, all theſe, and all the Pages,
And all the Court, ſhall hoot thee through the Court;
Fling rotten Oranges, make ribald Rhymes,
And ſear thy Name with Candles upon Walls:
Do you laugh, Lady *Venus?*

Meg. 'Faith, Sir, you muſt pardon me;
I cannot chuſe but laugh to ſee you merry.
If you do this, O King; nay, if you dare do it;
By all thoſe Gods you ſwore by, and as many
More of my own; I will have Fellows, and
Such Fellows in it, as ſhall make noble Mirth.
The Princeſs, your dear Daughter, ſhall ſtand by me
On Walls, and ſung in Ballads, any thing:
Urge me no more, I know her and her Haunts,
Her Layes, Leaps, and Outlays, and will diſcover all;
Nay, will diſhonour her. I know the Boy

(27) *'Tis ſtrange a Man cannot ride a* Stag] 'Tis very unuſual, I believe, to ride a Stag: Nor is the Expreſſion ever uſed, that I know, to *ride a Stag*, meaning, to *ride after*, or *hunt down* one My Alteration reſtores the true Reading of the Poets. So, in the ſame Senſe, in the *Cuſtom of the Country*;

Five Dames to Day; this was but a ſmall Stage.

She

She keeps, a handſome Boy; about eighteen:
Know what ſhe does with him, and where, and when.
Come, Sir, you put me to a Woman's Madneſs,
The Glory of a Fury; and if I do not
Do it to the height ——

King. What Boy is this ſhe raves at? [things?

Meg. Alas! good-minded Prince, you know not theſe
I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this Fault,
As you would keep your Health, from the hot Air
Of the corrupted People; or, by Heav'n,
I will not fall alone: What I have known,
Shall be as publick as a Print; all Tongues
Shall ſpeak it, as they do the Language they
Are born in, free and commonly; I'll ſet it
Like a prodigious Star for all to gaze at,
So high and glowing, that Kingdoms far and foreign
Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, 'till they find
No Tongue to make it more, nor no more People;
And then behold the Fall of your fair Princeſs.

King. Has ſhe a Boy?

Cle. So pleaſe your Grace, I have ſeen a Boy wait
On her, a fair Boy.

King. Go, get you to your Quarter:
For this time I'll ſtudy to forget you.

Meg. Do you ſtudy to forget me, and I'll ſtudy
To forget you. [*Ex.* King, Meg. *and* Guard.

Cle. Why, here's a Male Spirit for *Hercules*; if ever there be nine Worthies of Women, this Wench ſhall ride aſtride, and be their Captain.

Dion. Sure, ſhe has a Garriſon of Devils in her Tongue, ſhe uttereth ſuch Balls of Wild-fire. She has ſo nettled the King, that all the Doctors in the Country will ſcarce cure him. That Boy was a ſtrange-found-out Antidote to cure her Infection: that Boy, that Princeſs' Boy; that brave, chaſte, virtuous Lady's Boy; and a fair Boy, a well ſpoken Boy: All theſe conſider'd, can make nothing elſe —— But there I leave you, Gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Cleremont, Dion, *and* Thraſiline.

Cle. NAY, doubtleſs, 'tis true.
Dion. Ay, and 'tis the Gods,
That rais'd this Puniſhment to ſcourge the King
With his own Iſſue: Is it not a Shame
For us, that ſhould write Noble in the Land,
For us, that ſhould be Freemen, to behold
A Man, that is the Bravery of his Age,
Philaſter, preſt down from his Royal Right,
By this regardleſs King? and only look,
And ſee the Scepter ready to be caſt
Into the Hands of that laſcivious Lady,
That lives in Luſt with a ſmooth Boy, now to be
Married to yon ſtrange Prince, who, but that People
Pleaſe to let him be a Prince, is born a Slave
In that which ſhould be his moſt Noble Part,
His Mind? *Thra.* That Man, that would not ſtir with you,
To aid *Philaſter*, let the Gods forget
That ſuch a Creature walks upon the Earth.
Cle. Philaſter is too backward in't himſelf;
The Gentry do await it, (28) and the People,
Againſt their Nature, are all bent for him,
And like a Field of ſtanding Corn, that's mov'd
With a ſtiff Gale, their Heads bow all one way.
Dion. The only Cauſe, that draws *Philaſter* back
From this Attempt, is the fair Princeſs' Love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

(28) ——————— *and the People,*
Againſt their Nature, are all bent for him.] This ſeems, at firſt View, an odd Paſſage. How are the People *againſt their Natures* for *Philaſter?* What, was there never any People unanimous in their Choice of a Governor? I take it, he muſt be underſtood, as meaning, the People (whoſe Nature for the moſt part is unconſtant, giddy, and wavering) are now ſo well aſſured of *Philaſter*'s Worth, and Right to the Crown, join'd to his preſent ill Uſage, that they are reſolv'd and ſteady to do him Juſtice. This is properly ſtyled, *againſt their Nature*, or Cuſtom. Mr. *Sympſon.*

Thra.

Thra. Perhaps, he'll not believe it.
Dion. Why, Gentlemen,
'Tis without queſtion ſo. *Cle.* Ay, 'tis paſt Speech,
She lives diſhoneſtly. But how ſhall we,
If he be curious, work upon his Faith?
Thra. We all are ſatisfied within ourſelves.
Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own Good,
I'll make this new Report to be my Knowledge,
I'll ſay, I know it; nay, I'll ſwear, I ſaw it.
Cle. It will be beſt. *Thra.* 'Twill move him.

Enter Philaſter.

Dion. Here he comes.
Good-morrow to your Honour, we have ſpent
Some time in ſeeking you. *Phi.* My worthy Friends,
You that can keep your Memories to know
Your Friend in Miſeries, and cannot frown
On Men diſgrac'd for Virtue, a good Day
Attend you all. What Service may I do
Worthy your Acceptation? *Dion.* my good Lord,
We come to urge that Virtue, which we know
Lives in your Breaſt, forth; riſe, and make a Head;
The Nobles and the People are all dull'd
With this uſurping King; and not a Man,
That ever heard the World, or knew ſuch Thing
As Virtue, but will ſecond your Attempts.
Phi. How honourable is this Love in you
To me, that have deſerv'd none? Know, my Friends,
(You, that were born to ſhame your poor *Philaſter*
With too much Courteſy) I cou'd afford
To melt myſelf in Thanks; but my Deſigns
Are not yet ripe; ſuffice it, that ere long
I ſhall imploy your Loves: but yet the Time
Is ſhort of what I wou'd.
Dion. The Time is fuller, Sir, than you expect;
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd
By Violence, may now be caught. As for the King,
You know, the People have long hated him;
But now the Princeſs, whom they lov'd. ——
Phi. Why, what of her?

Dion.

Dion. Is loath'd as much as he.
Phi. By what ſtrange Means?
Dion. She's known a Whore. *Phi.* Thou lyeſt.
Dion. My Lord ———
Phi. Thou lyeſt, [*Offers to draw, and is held.*
And thou ſhalt feel it; I had thought, thy Mind
Had been of Honour. Thus to rob a Lady
Of her good Name, is an infectious Sin,
Not to be pardon'd; be it falſe as Hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be ſown
Amongſt the People, fruitful to increaſe
All Evil they ſhall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off Falſhood, whilſt it ſprings.
Set Hills on Hills betwixt me and the Man
That utters this, and I will ſcale them all,
And from the utmoſt Top fall on his Neck,
Like Thunder from a Cloud. *Dion.* This is moſt ſtrange;
Sure, he does love her. *Phi.* I do love fair Truth:
She is my Miſtreſs, and who injures her,
Draws Vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my Arms.
Thra. Nay, good my Lord, be patient.
Cle. Sir, remember
This is your honour'd Friend, that comes to do
His Service, and will ſhew you why he utter'd this.
Phil. I ask you pardon, Sir, my Zeal to Truth
Made me unmannerly: Should I have heard
Diſhonour ſpoke of you, behind your Back
Untruly, I had been as much diſtemper'd,
Enrag'd, as now. *Dion.* But this, my Lord, is Truth.
Phi. O, ſay not ſo; good Sir, forbear to ſay ſo;
(29) 'Tis Truth then, that all Womankind is falſe;
Urge it no more, it is impoſſible;
Why ſhould you think the Princeſs light?
Dion. Why, ſhe was taken at it.
Phi. 'Tis falſe; by Heav'n, 'tis falſe; it cannot be,
Can it? Speak, Gentlemen; for Love of Truth, ſpeak;

(29) *'Tis* the Truth *that all Womankind is falſe*;] There is here very little Remains of either Senſe, or Meaſure. The Addition of one Letter will reſtore the Former, and the Tranſpoſition of two Words the Latter. This Emendation is authoriz'd by the beſt old *Quarto*'s.
Mr. *Seward.*

Is't

Is't poſſible? can Women all be damn'd?
Dion. Why, no, my Lord.
Phi. Why, then it cannot be.
Dion. And ſhe was taken with her Boy.
Phi. What Boy?
Dion. A Page, a Boy that ſerves her.
Phi. O good Gods,
A little Boy ——
Dion. Ay, know you him, my Lord?
Phi. Hell and Sin know him! Sir, you are deceiv'd;
I'll reaſon it a little coldly with you;
If ſhe were luſtful, would ſhe take a Boy,
That knows not yet Deſire? ſhe would have One
Should meet her Thoughts, and know the Sin he acts,
Which is the great Delight of Wickedneſs;
You are abus'd, and ſo is ſhe, and I.
Dion. How you, my Lord?
Phi. Why, all the World's abus'd
In an unjuſt Report. *Dion.* Oh, noble Sir, your Virtues
Cannot look into the ſubtle Thoughts of Woman.
In ſhort, my Lord, I took them: I myſelf.
Phi. Now, all the Devils, thou didſt; fly from my Rage:
'Would, thou hadſt ta'en Devils ingendring Plagues,
When thou didſt take them; hide thee from my Eyes.
'Would, thou hadſt taken Thunder on thy Breaſt,
When thou didſt take them; or been ſtrucken dumb
For ever; that this foul Deed might have ſlept
In Silence. *Thra.* Have you known him ſo ill-temper'd?
Cle. Never before. *Phi.* The Winds, that are let looſe
From the four ſeveral Corners of the Earth,
And ſpread themſelves all over Sea and Land,
Kiſs not a chaſte one. What Friend bears a Sword
To run me through?
Dion. Why, my Lord, are you ſo mov'd at this?
Phi. When any falls from Virtue, I am diſtracted;
I have an Intereſt in't.
Dion. But, good my Lord, recall yourſelf,
And think, what's beſt to be done.
Phi. I thank you, I will do it;
Pleaſe you to leave me, I'll conſider of it:

To morrow I will find your Lodging forth,
(30) And give you Anſwer.
Dion. All the Gods direct you
The readieſt Way!
Thra. He was extream impatient.
Cle. It was his Virtue, and his noble Mind.
[*Exeunt* Dion, Cleo. *and* Thra.
Phi. I had forgot to ask him, where he took them;
I'll follow him. —— O, that I had a Sea
Within my Breaſt, to quench the Fire I feel!
More Circumſtances will but fan this Fire;
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This Deed is done, than ſimply that 'tis done:
And he, that tells me this, is honourable,
As far from Lies, as ſhe is far from Truth.
O, that like Beaſts, we could not grieve ourſelves,
With that we ſee not! Bulls and Rams will fight,
To keep their Females ſtanding in their Sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their Spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their Paſtures, growing freſh and fat;
And taſte the Water of the Springs as ſweet
As 'twas before, finding no Start in Sleep.
But miſerable Man —— See, ſee, you Gods,

Enter Bellario.

He walks ſtill; and the Face, you let him wear
When he was innocent, is ſtill the ſame,
Not blaſted; Is this Juſtice? Do you mean
To intrap Mortality, that you allow
Treaſon ſo ſmooth a Brow? I cannot now
Think, he is guilty. *Bel.* Health to you, my Lord!
The Princeſs doth commend her Love, her Life,
And this unto you. *Phi.* Oh *Bellario*,
Now I perceive ſhe loves me, ſhe does ſhew it

(30) *And give you Anſwer.*
The readieſt Way. Dion. *All the Gods direct you.*] This is the nonſenſical Collocation of all the printed Copies. The Tranſpoſition, which I have made, is ſelf-evident, and deſerves no farther Proof.

In

In loving thee, my Boy; ſh'as made thee brave.
Bel. My Lord, ſhe has attired me paſt my Wiſh,
Paſt my Deſert; more fit for her Attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.
Phi. Thou art grown courtly, Boy. O, let all Women,
That love black Deeds, learn to diſſemble here!
Here, by this Paper ſhe does write to me,
As if her Heart were Mines of Adamant
To all the World beſides; but, unto me,
A Maiden-ſnow that melted with my Looks.
Tell me, my Boy, how doth the Princeſs uſe thee?
For I ſhall gueſs her Love to me by that.
Bel. Scarce like her Servant, but as if I were
Something ally'd to her; or had preſerv'd
Her Life three times by my Fidelity.
As Mothers fond do uſe their only Sons;
As I'd uſe one, that's left unto my Truſt,
For whom my Life ſhould pay, if he met Harm,
So ſhe does uſe me. *Phi.* Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind Language does ſhe feed thee with?
Bel. Why, ſhe does tell me, ſhe will truſt my Youth
With all her loving Secrets; and does call me
Her pretty Servant, bids me weep no more
For leaving you; ſhe'll ſee my Services
Regarded; and ſuch Words of that ſoft Strain,
That I am nearer weeping when ſhe ends
Than e'er ſhe ſpake. *Phi.* This is much better ſtill.
Bel. Are you not ill, my Lord?
Phi. Ill? No, *Bellario.*
Bel. Methinks, your Words
Fall not from off your Tongue ſo evenly,
Nor is there in your Looks that Quietneſs,
That I was wont to ſee. ———
Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, Boy:
And ſhe ſtroaks thy Head?
Bel. Yes. *Phi.* And does clap thy Cheeks?
Bel. She does, my Lord.
Phi. And ſhe does kiſs thee, Boy? ha!
Bel. How, my Lord?

Phi. She kiſſes thee? *Bel.* Never, my Lord, by
Phi. Come, come, I know ſhe does. [Heav'n.
Bel. No, by my Life.
Phi. Why, then, ſhe does not love me; come, ſhe does,
I bad her do it; I charg'd her by all Charms
Of Love between us, by the Hope of Peace
We ſhould enjoy, to yield thee all Delights
Naked, as to her Bed: I took her Oath,
Thou ſhould'ſt enjoy her: Tell me, gentle Boy,
Is ſhe not paralleleſs? Is not her Breath
Sweet as *Arabian* Winds, when Fruits are ripe?
Are not her Breaſts two liquid Ivory Balls?
Is ſhe not all a laſting Mine of Joy?
Bel. Ay, now I ſee, why my diſturbed Thoughts
Were ſo perplext. When firſt I went to her,
My Heart held Augury; you are abus'd,
Some Villain has abus'd you; I do ſee,
Whereto you tend; Fall Rocks upon his Head,
That put this to you! 'tis ſome ſubtle Train,
To bring that noble Frame of yours to nought.
Phi. Thou think'ſt, I will be angry with thee; Come,
Thou ſhalt know all my Drift; I hate her more,
Than I love Happineſs; and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow Eyes into her Deeds.
Haſt thou diſcover'd? Is ſhe faln to Luſt,
As I would wiſh her? Speak ſome Comfort to me.
Bel. My Lord, you did miſtake the Boy you ſent:
Had ſhe the Luſt of Sparrows, or of Goats;
Had ſhe a Sin that way, hid from the World,
Beyond the Name of Luſt, I would not aid
Her baſe Deſires; but what I came to know
As Servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my Life laſt Ages. *Phi.* Oh, my Heart!
This is a Salve worſe than the main Diſeaſe.
Tell me thy Thoughts; for I will know the leaſt
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy Heart
To know it; I will ſee thy Thoughts as plain
As I do now thy Face. *Bel.* Why, ſo you do.
She is (for aught I know) by all the Gods,

As

As chaſte as Ice; but were ſhe foul as Hell,
And I did know it, thus; the Breath of Kings,
The Points of Swords, Tortures, nor Bulls of Braſs,
Should draw it from me. *Phi.* Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy Life,
For I do hate thee; I cou'd curſe thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curſe me worſe;
The Gods have not a Puniſhment in Store
Greater for me, than is your Hate. *Phi.* Fie, fie!
So young and ſo diſſembling! Tell me when
And where thou didſt enjoy her, or let Plagues
Fall on me ſtrait, if I deſtroy thee not!

Bel. Heav'n knows, I never did: and when I lie
To ſave my Life, may I live long and loath'd!
Hew me aſunder, and, whilſt I can think,
I'll love thoſe Pieces you have cut away,
Better than thoſe that grow; and kiſs thoſe Limbs,
Becauſe you made 'em ſo

Phi. Fear'ſt thou not Death?
Can Boys contemn that? *Bel.* Oh, what Boy is he
Can be content to live to be a Man,
That ſees the beſt of Men thus paſſionate,
Thus, without Reaſon?

Phi. Oh, but thou doſt not know
What 'tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know, my Lord;
'Tis leſs than to be born; a laſting Sleep,
A quiet Reſting from all Jealouſy;
A Thing we all purſue; I know, beſides,
It is but giving over of a Game
That muſt be loſt.

Phi. But there are Pains, falſe Boy,
For perjur'd Souls; think but on theſe, and then
Thy Heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilſt I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be falſe,
Send me to ſuffer in thoſe Puniſhments
You ſpeak of; kill me.

Phi. Oh, what ſhou'd I do?

Why, who can but believe him? He does ſwear
So earneſtly, that if it were not true,
The Gods would not endure him. Riſe, *Bellario*;
Thy Proteſtations are ſo deep, and thou
Doſt look ſo truly, when thou uttereſt them,
That though I know 'em falſe, as were my Hopes,
I cannot urge thee further; but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I muſt love
Thy honeſt Looks, and take no Vengeance on
Thy tender Youth: A Love from me to thee
Is firm whate'er thou doſt: It troubles me,
That I have call'd the Blood out of thy Cheeks,
That did ſo well become thee: But, good Boy,
Let me not ſee thee more; Something is done,
That will diſtract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee; if thou tender'ſt me,
Let me not ſee thee. *Bel.* I will fly as far
As there is Morning, e'er I give Diſtaſte
To that moſt honour'd Mind. But through theſe Tears,
Shed at my hopeleſs Parting, I can ſee
A World of Treaſon practis'd upon you,
And Her, and Me. Farewel, for evermore!
If you ſhall hear, that Sorrow ſtruck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A Tear ſhed from you in my Memory,
And I ſhall reſt at Peace. [*Exit* Bel.

Phi. Bleſſing be with thee,
Whatever thou deſerv'ſt! Oh, where ſhall I
Go bathe this Body? Nature, too unkind,
That made no Medicine for a troubled Mind!
[*Exit* Philaſter.

Enter Arethuſa.

Are. I marvel, my Boy comes not back again,
But that, I know, my Love will queſtion him
Over and over; how I ſlept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I remembred him when his dear Name
Was laſt ſpoke, and how, when I ſigh'd, wept, ſung,
And ten Thouſand ſuch; I ſhould be angry at his Stay.

Enter

Enter King.

(31) *King*. What, at your Meditations? Who attends you?

Are. None but my ſingle Self, I need no Guard; I do no Wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me: Have you not a Boy? *Are*. Yes, Sir.

King. What kind of Boy?

Are. A Page, a waiting Boy.

King. A handſome Boy?

Are. I think, he be not ugly: Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him; I took him not for Beauty.

King. He ſpeaks, and ſings, and plays?

Are. Yes, Sir. *King*. About Eighteen?

Are. I never ask'd his Age. *King*. Is he full of Service?

Are. By your Pardon, why do you ask?

King. Put him away. *Are*. Sir?

King. Put him away, ha's done you that good Service, Shames me to ſpeak of.

Are. Good Sir, let me underſtand you. *King*. If you fear me, Shew it in Duty; put away that Boy.

Are. Let me have Reaſon for it, Sir, and then Your Will is my Command.

King. Do not you bluſh to ask it? Caſt him off, Or I ſhall do the ſame to you. You're one Shame with me, and ſo near unto myſelf, That by my Life, I dare not tell myſelf, What you, myſelf, have done.

Are. What have I done, my Lord?

King. 'Tis a new Language, that all love to learn, The common People ſpeak it well already, They need no Grammar; underſtand me well, There be foul Whiſpers ſtirring; caſt him off; And ſuddenly do it: Farewel. [*Exit* King.

Are. Where may a Maiden live ſecurely free, Keeping her Honour ſafe? Not with the Living, They feed upon Opinions, Errors, Dreams,

(31) *What* are *your Meditations?*] I have reſtor'd the Reading of the elder *Quarto's* here, becauſe I take it to be the righteſt.

And make 'em Truths: They draw a Nouriſhment
Out of Defamings, grow upon Diſgraces,
And when they ſee a Virtue fortified
Strongly above the Battery of their Tongues;
Oh, how they caſt to ſink it; and defeated
(Soul-ſick with Poiſon) ſtrike the Monuments
Where noble Names lie ſleeping; till they ſweat,
And the cold Marble melt.

Enter Philaſter.

Phi. Peace to your faireſt Thoughts, my deareſt Miſtreſs!

Are. Oh, my deareſt Servant, I have a War within me.

Phi. He muſt be more than Man, that makes theſe
Run into Rivers; ſweeteſt Fair, the Cauſe; [Cryſtals
And as I am your Slave, ty'd to your Goodneſs,
Your Creature made again from what I was,
And newly ſpirited, I'll right your Honours.

Are. Oh, my beſt Love; that Boy! *Phi.* What Boy?

Are. The pretty Boy you gave me,—— *Phi.* What of [him?

Are. Muſt be no more mine. *Phi.* Why? [him?

Are. They are jealous of him. *Phi.* Jealous, who?

Are. The King. *Phi.* Oh, my Fortune!
Then 'tis no idle Jealouſy. Let him go.

Are. Oh cruel,
Are you hard-hearted too? Who ſhall now tell you,
How much I lov'd you? Who ſhall ſwear it to you,
And weep the Tears I ſend? Who ſhall now bring you
Letters, Rings, Bracelets, loſe his Health in Service?
Wake tedious Nights in Stories of your Praiſe?
Who now ſhall ſing your crying Elegies?
And ſtrike a ſad Soul into ſenſeleſs Pictures,
And make them mourn? Who ſhall take up his Lute,
And touch it, till he crown a ſilent Sleep
Upon my Eyelid, making me dream and cry,
Oh my dear, dear *Philaſter*. *Phi.* Oh my Heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This Lady was not Loyal! Miſtreſs, forget
The Boy, I'll get thee a far better one.

Are. Oh never, never, ſuch a Boy again,

As

As my *Bellario.*

Phi. 'Tis but your fond Affection.

Are. With thee, my Boy, farewel for ever
All Secrecy in Servants: Farewel Faith,
And all Desire to do well for itself:
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy Wrongs,
Sell and betray chast Love!

Phi. And all this Passion for a Boy?

Are. He was your Boy, you put him to me, and
The Loss of such must have a Mourning for.

Phi. O thou forgetful Woman! *Are.* How, my Lord?

Phi. False *Arethusa!*
Hast thou a Medicine to restore my Wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And to do thus. *Are.* Do what, Sir? Would you sleep?

Phi. For ever, *Arethusa.* Oh you Gods,
Give me a worthy Patience; Have I stood
Naked, alone, the Shock of many Fortunes?
Have I seen Mischiefs numberless, and mighty,
Grow like a Sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as Death into my Bosom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a Mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this Tyrant King, that languishing
Hears his sad Bell, and sees his Mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a Woman's Falshood? Oh that Boy,
The cursed Boy! None but a villain Boy,
To ease your Lust? *Are.* Nay, then I am betray'd,
I feel the Plot cast for my Overthrow;
Oh, I am wretched.

Phi. Now you may take that little Right I have
To this poor Kingdom; give it to your Joy,
For I have no Joy in it. Some far Place,
Where never Womankind durst set her Foot,
For bursting with her Poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you:
There dig a Cave, and preach to Birds and Beasts,
What Woman is, and help to save them from you.
How Heav'n is in your Eyes, but, in your Hearts,

More

More Hell than Hell has; how your Tongues, like Scorpions,
Both heal and poiſon; how your Thoughts are woven
With thouſand Changes in one ſubtle Web,
And worn ſo by you. How that fooliſh Man,
That reads the Story of a Woman's Face,
And dies believing it, is loſt for ever.
How all the Good you have, is but a Shadow,
I' th' Morning with you, and at Night behind you,
Paſt and forgotten. How your Vows are Froſts,
Paſt for a Night, and with the next Sun gone.
How you are, being taken all together,
A meer Confuſion, and ſo dead a *Chaos*,
That Love cannot diſtinguiſh. Theſe ſad Texts,
Till my laſt Hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So farewel all my Woe, all my Delight! [*Exit* Phi.

Are. Be merciful, ye Gods, and ſtrike me dead;
What way have I deſerv'd this? Make my Breaſt
Tranſparent as pure Cryſtal, that the World,
Jealous of me, may ſee the fouleſt Thought
My Heart holds. Where ſhall a Woman turn her Eyes,
(32) To find out Conſtancy? Save me, how black,

Enter Bellario.

And guiltily, methinks, that Boy looks now?
Oh thou Diſſembler, that, before thou ſpak'ſt,
Wert in thy Cradle falſe! Sent to make Lyes,
And betray Innocents; thy Lord and thou,
May glory in the Aſhes of a Maid
Fool'd by her Paſſion; but the Conqueſt is
Nothing ſo great as wicked. Fly away,
Let my Command force thee to that, which Shame
Would do without it. If thou underſtoodſt
The loathed Office thou haſt undergone,
Why, thou wouldſt hide thee under heaps of Hills,

(32) ——————*Save me, how black*
And guilty, *methinks, that Boy looks now?*] Nothing betrays a Corruption ſo evidently at the firſt Glance, as a Lameneſs in the Metre. The *Epithet* here muſt neceſſarily be turn'd into an *Adverb*, and that ſupports the Verſification.

Leſt

Leſt Men ſhould dig and find thee. *Bel.* Oh what God,
Angry with Men, hath ſent this ſtrange Diſeaſe
Into the nobleſt Minds? Madam, this Grief
You add unto me is no more than Drops
To Seas, for which they are not ſeen to ſwell;
My Lord hath ſtruck his Anger through my Heart,
And let out all the Hope of future Joys:
You need not bid me fly, I came to part,
To take my lateſt Leave; Farewel for ever!
I durſt not run away in Honeſty,
From ſuch a Lady, like a Boy that ſtole,
Or made ſome grievous Fault; the Pow'r of Gods
Aſſiſt you in your Suff'rings! haſty Time
Reveal the Truth to your abuſed Lord,
And mine; that he may know your Worth! Whilſt I
Go ſeek out ſome forgotten Place to die. [*Exit* Bel.

Are. Peace guide thee, thou haſt overthrown me once,
(33) Yet if I had another *Troy* to loſe,
Thou, or another Villain, with thy Looks,
Might talk me out of it, and ſend me naked,
My Hair diſhevel'd through the fiery Streets.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With Earneſtneſs. *Are.* I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canſt rage with a Maid,
As with a Man, let me diſcover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful Hind,
That I may die purſu'd by cruel Hounds;
And have my Story written in my Wounds. [*Exeunt.*

(33) *Yet if I had another* Troy *to loſe*, &c.] The Image ſeems here plainly to be ſhadow'd from the Picture of *Hecuba*, drawn by SHAKESPEARE in his *Hamlet*, as running about the Streets of *Troy* in the midſt of the Flames.

But who, oh, who had ſeen the mobled Queen,
Run bare-foot up and down, threatning the Flames
With biſſon Rheum; a Clout upon that Head
Where late the Diadem ſtood, &c.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, *and Attendants.*

King. WHAT, are the Hounds before, and all the Woodmen?
Our Horses ready, and our Bows bent?

Dion. All, Sir.

King. You're cloudy, Sir; come, come, we have forgotten
Your venial Trespass, let not that sit heavy
Upon your Spirit; none dare utter it.

Dion. He looks like an old surfeited Stallion after his Leaping, dull as a Dormouse: See how he sinks; the Wench has shot him betwixt Wind and Water, and, I hope, sprung a Leak.

Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough; his greatest Fault is, he hunts too much in the Purlues; 'would, he would leave off Poaching!

Dion. And for his Horn, h'as left it at the Lodge where he lay late; Oh, he's a precious Lime-hound; turn him loose upon the Pursuit of a Lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i' th' Slip. When my Fox-bitch *Beauty* grows proud, I'll borrow him.

King. Is your Boy turn'd away?

Are. You did command it, Sir, and I obey'd you.

King. 'Tis well done: Hark ye further.

Cle. Is't possible, this Fellow should repent? Methinks, that were not noble in him; (34) and yet he looks like a mortified Member, as if he had a sick Man's Slaver in's Mouth. If a worse Man had done this Fault now, some Physical Justice or other, would presently (without the help of an Almanack) have opened the Obstructions of his Liver, and let him blood with a Dog-whip.

Dion. See, see, how modestly yon Lady looks, as if she

(34) *And yet he looks like a mortified Member, as if he had a sick Man's* Slave *in his Mouth*] We must, surely, read *Slaver*. Every Body must, I think, assent to this; and therefore it needs no Note in Confirmation. Mr. *Seward.*

ſhe came from Churching with her Neighbour; why, what a Devil can a Man ſee in her Face, but that ſhe's honeſt?

(35) *Thra.* Troth, no great matter to ſpeak of, a fooliſh twinkling with the Eye, that ſpoils her Coat; but he muſt be a cunning Herald, that finds it.

Dion. See how they muſter one another! O there's a rank Regiment where the Devil carries the Colours, and his Dam is Drum-major. Now the World and the Fleſh come behind with the Carriage.

Cle. Sure, this Lady has a good Turn done her againſt her Will: Before, ſhe was common talk; now none dare ſay, Cantharides can ſtir her; her Face looks like a Warrant, willing and commanding all Tongues, as they will anſwer it, to be tied up and bolted when this Lady means to let herſelf looſe. As I live, ſhe has got her a goodly Protection, and a gracious; and may uſe her Body diſcreetly, for her Health's ſake, once a Week, excepting Lent and Dog-days: Oh, if they were to be got for Money, what a great Sum would come out of the City for theſe Licences?

King. To Horſe, to Horſe, we loſe the Morning, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodg'd the Deer?
2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the Bow.
1 *Wood.* Who ſhoots?
2 *Wood.* The Princeſs.
1 *Wood.* No, ſhe'll hunt.
2 *Wood.* She'll take a Stand, I ſay.
1 *Wood.* Who elſe?
2 *Wood.* Why, the young ſtranger Prince.

(35) Pha. *Troth, no great Matter to ſpeak of,* &c.] How comes *Pharamond* to interpoſe in this Argument, and reply to what *Dion*, *Cleremont*, and thoſe whom he knew to be of *Philaſter*'s Party, are talking of, and that, *under the Roſe*, as we ſay? The Speech muſt certainly be placed to *Thraſiline*. *Pha.* and *Thra.* (The Abbreviation of the Characters ſpeaking) might eaſily be miſtaken at Preſs.

1 *Wood.*

1 *Wood.* He ſhall ſhoot in a Stone-bow for me. (36) I never lov'd his beyond-ſea-ſhip, ſince he forſook the Say, for paying Ten Shillings: He was there at the Fall of a Deer, and would needs (out of his Mightineſs) give Ten Groats for the Dowcets; (37) marry, the Steward would have had the Velvet-Head into the bargain, to tuft his Hat withal: I think, he ſhould love Venery; he is an old Sir *Triſtram*; for if you be remember'd, (38) he forſook the Stag once to ſtrike a Raſcal mitching in a Meadow, and her he kill'd in the Eye. Who ſhoots elſe?

2 *Wood.* The Lady *Galatea.*

1 *Wood.* That's a good Wench, an ſhe would not chide us for tumbling of her Women in the Brakes. She's liberal, and, by my Bow, they ſay, ſhe's honeſt; and whether that be a Fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more, *Megra.*

1 *Wood.* That's a firker, I' faith, Boy; there's a Wench will ride her Haunces as hard after a Kennel of Hounds, as a Hunting-ſaddle; and when ſhe comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her loſe herſelf three times in one Afternoon (if the Woods have been anſwerable) and it has been Work enough for one Man

(36 *I never lov'd his beyond-ſea-ſhip, ſince he forſook the Say, for paying Ten Shillings:*] When a Deer is hunted down, and to be cut up, it is a Ceremony for the Keeper to offer his Knife to a Man of the firſt Diſtinction in the Field, that he may rip up the Belly, and take an *Aſſay* of the Plight and Fatneſs of the Game. But this, as the Woodman ſays, *Pharamond* declined, to ſave the cuſtomary Fee of Ten Shillings.

(37) *marry, the Steward would have had the Velvet-Head into the Bargain to* turf *his Hat withal:*] What Conſonancy is there betwixt *Velvet* and *Turf?* The original Word muſt certainly have been, *tuft*; which correſponds with the ſoft *Pile* of the Velvet. *Velouté*, tufted, as the *French* Dictionaries explain it to us.

(38) *he forſook the Stag once to ſtrike a Raſcal* milking *in a Meadow, and* her *he kill'd in the Eye.*] A *Raſcal* is a lean Deer, or Doe; But what Senſe is there in a Deer *milking* in a Meadow? I hope, I have retriev'd the true Reading, *mitching*; *i. e.* creeping, ſolitary, and withdrawn from the Herd. To kill her *in the Eye* is a Sarcaſm on *Pharamond* as a bad Shooter; for all good Ones levell at the Heart.

to

to find her, and he has ſweat for it. She rides well, and ſhe pays well. Hark, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philaſter.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nouriſh'd in theſe Woods
With Milk of Goats, and Acorns, and not known
The Right of Crowns, nor the diſſembling Trains
Of Womens' Looks; but dig'd myſelf a Cave,
Where I, my Fire, my Cattel, and my Bed,
Might have been ſhut together in one Shed;
And then had taken me ſome mountain Girl,
Beaten with Winds, chaſt as the harden'd Rocks
Whereon ſhe dwells; that might have ſtrew'd my Bed
With Leaves, and Reeds, and with the Skins of Beaſts
Our Neighbours; and have borne at her big Breaſts
My large coarſe Iſſue: This had been a Life
Free from Vexation.

Enter Bellario,

(39) *Bel.* Oh wicked Men!
An Innocent may walk ſafe among Beaſts,
Nothing aſſaults me here. See, my griev'd Lord
Sits as his Soul were ſearching out the way
To leave his Body. Pardon me, that muſt
Break thro' thy laſt Command; for I muſt ſpeak;
You, that are griev'd, can pity; hear, my Lord.
Phi. Is there a Creature yet ſo miſerable,
That I can pity? *Bel.* Oh, my noble Lord,
View my ſtrange Fortune, and beſtow on me,
According to your Bounty (if my Service
Can merit nothing) ſo much as may ſerve
To keep that little Piece I hold of Life
From Cold and Hunger. *Phi.* Is it thou? Be gone:
Go, ſell thoſe misbeſeeming Cloaths thou wear'ſt,

(39) *Oh wicked Men!*

An innocent Man *may walk ſafe among Beaſts,*] But *Bellario*, who ſpeaks this, was no Man. It is a Fault of the modern Editions. *Man* is miſtakenly repeated, from *Men* occurring in the precedent Line. I have regulated the Text by the Authority of the beſt *Quarto's*.

And

And feed thyſelf with them. ——

Bel Alas! my Lord, I can get nothing for them:
The ſilly Country People think, 'tis Treaſon
To touch ſuch gay Things.

Phi. Now, by my Life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy Sight,
Thou'rt faln again to thy diſſembling Trade:
How ſhouldſt thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a Plague untry'd for me?
(40) Even ſo thou wept'ſt, and look'd'ſt, and ſpok'ſt, when firſt
I took thee up; Curſe on the Time! If thy
Commanding Tears can work on any other,
Uſe thy old Art, I'll not betray it. Which
Way wilt thou take, that I may ſhun thee; for
Thine Eyes are Poiſon unto mine; and I
Am loth to grow in Rage. This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will ſerve. But I will chuſe to have
That Path in Chaſe that leads unto my Grave.

[*Exeunt* Phil. *and* Bel. *ſeverally.*

Enter Dion *and the* Woodmen.

Dion. This is the ſtrangeſt ſudden Chance! You, Woodman, ——

1 *Wood.* My Lord *Dion*, ——

(41) *Dion.* Saw you a Lady come this way on a ſable Horſe ſtudded with Stars of white?

2 *Wood.* Was ſhe not young and tall?

Dion. Yes; Rode ſhe to the Wood, or to the Plain?

2 *Wood.* Faith, my Lord, we ſaw none.

[*Exeunt* Wood.

Enter Cleremont.

Dion. Pox of your Queſtions then! What, is ſhe found?

(40) *Ev'n ſo thou wept'ſt, and ſpok'ſt, when firſt*] This Verſe is defective in a whole Foot. I have fill'd up the Chaſm by the Authority of the old *Quarto* in 1628.

(41) *Saw you a Lady come this way on a ſable Horſe* ſtubbed *with Stars of white?*] *Stubbed*, as I apprehend, is Nonſenſe; *Studded* I have reſtored from the beſt *Quarto*'s.

Cle.

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Dion. Let him ſeek his Daughter himſelf; ſhe cannot ſtray about a little neceſſary natural Buſineſs, but the whole Court muſt be in Arms; when ſhe has done, we ſhall have Peace.

Cle. There's already a thouſand fatherleſs Tales amongſt us; ſome ſay, her Horſe run away with her; ſome a Wolf purſued her; others, it was a Plot to kill her; and that armed Men were ſeen in the Wood: but, queſtionleſs, ſhe rode away willingly.

Enter King, *and* Thraſiline.

King. Where is ſhe? *Cle.* Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How is that? Anſwer me ſo again.

Cle. Sir, ſhall I lye?

King. Yes, lye and damn, rather than tell me that;
I ſay again, where is ſhe? Mutter not;
Sir, ſpeak you where is ſhe? *Dion.* Sir, I do not know.

King. Speak that again ſo boldly, and, by Heav'n,
It is thy laſt. You Fellows, anſwer me;
Where is ſhe? Mark me all, I am your King.
I wiſh to ſee my Daughter, ſhew her me;
I do command you all, as you are Subjects,
To ſhew her me: What, am I not your King?
(42) If, ay; then am I not to be obeyed?

Dion. Yes, if you command things poſſible and honeſt.

King. Things poſſible, and honeſt! Hear me, thou,
Thou Traitor, that dar'ſt confine thy King to things
Poſſible and honeſt; ſhew her me,
Or let me periſh, if I cover not
All *Sicily* with Blood.

Dion. Indeed I cannot, unleſs you tell me where ſhe is.

King. You have betray'd me, y'have let me loſe
The Jewel of my Life; go, bring her me,
And ſet her here before me; 'tis the King

(42) *If* I, *then am not I to be obey'd?*] The Repetition of the two *I*'s, here, is very abſurd. But, as I have remark'd in my Notes upon SHAKESPEARE, it was frequent, at that time of Day, to expreſs the Particle *Ay* by the Vowel *I*.

Will have it ſo, whoſe Breath can ſtill the Winds,
Uncloud the Sun, charm down the ſwelling Sea,
And ſtop the Floods of Heav'n; ſpeak, can it not?

Dion. No. *King.* No! cannot the Breath of Kings do this?

Dion. No; nor ſmell ſweet itſelf, if once the Lungs
Be but corrupted. *King.* Is it ſo? Take Heed.

Dion. Sir, take you Heed; how you do dare the Pow'rs
That muſt be juſt. *King.* Alas! what are we Kings?
Why do you, Gods, place us above the reſt;
To be ſerv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe, we hold within our Hands your Thunder;
And when we come to try the Pow'r we have,
There's not a Leaf ſhakes at our Threatnings.
I have ſin'd, 'tis true, and here ſtand to be puniſh'd;
Yet would not thus be puniſh'd; let me chuſe
My way, and lay it on.

Dion. He articles with the Gods; 'would, ſome body would draw Bonds, for the Performance of Covenants betwixt them!

Enter Pharamond, Galatea, *and* Megra.

King. What, is ſhe found?

Pha. No, we have ta'en her Horſe.
He gallop'd empty by: There is ſome Treaſon;
You, *Galatea*, rode with her into the Wood; why left you her?

Gal. She did command me.

King. Command! you ſhould not.

Gal. 'Twould ill become my Fortunes and my Birth
To diſobey the Daughter of my King.

King. You're all cunning to obey us for our Hurt,
But I will have her. *Pha.* If I have her not,
By this Hand, there ſhall be no more *Sicily*.

Dion. What, will he carry it to *Spain* in's Pocket?

Pha. I will not leave one Man alive, but the King,
A Cook and a Tailor. (43) *Dion.* Yet you may do well To

(43) *Yet you may do well to ſpare your Lady's Bedfellow, and her you may keep for a Spawner.*] The Addition of a ſingle Letter has made

To ſpare your Lady-Bedfellow, and her
You may keep for a Spawner.

King. I ſee, the Injuries I have done muſt be reveng'd.

Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

King. Run all, diſperſe your ſelves: the Man that finds her,
Or (if ſhe be kill'd) the Traitor; I'll make him great.

Dion. I know ſome would give five thouſand Pounds to find her.

Pha. Come, let us ſeek.

King. Each Man a ſeveral Way, here I myſelf.

Dion. Come, Gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you muſt go ſearch too.

Meg. I had rather be ſearch'd myſelf. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Arethuſa.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a Way,
Without the Counſel of my troubled Head;
I'll follow you boldly about theſe Woods,
O'er Mountains, thorow Brambles, Pits, and Floods:
Heaven, I hope, will eaſe me. I am ſick.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Yonder's my Lady; Heav'n knows, I want nothing,
Becauſe I do not wiſh to live, yet I
Will try her Charity. O hear, you that have Plenty,
And from that flowing Store, drop ſome on dry Ground; ſee,
The lively Red is gone to guard her Heart;
I fear, ſhe faints. Madam, look up; ſhe breathes not;
Open once more thoſe roſy Twins, and ſend

made ſad Nonſenſe of this. His Lady's Bedfellow can mean none but *Bellario*; whom *Dion*, indeed, believ'd to be the Princeſs's Gallant, and therefore might ſpeak tauntingly of both of them. But, as he thought him a Man, how would he have him kept for a Spawner? It ſhould be;

——— *You may do well*
To ſpare your Lady *Bedfellow, and her*
You may keep for a Spawner.

Meaning, *Megra.* Mr. *Seward.*

This Emendation is authoriz'd by the old *Quarto* in 1628, and ſeveral others of the beſt *Quarto*'s

Unto my Lord, your lateſt Farewell; Oh, ſhe ſtirs:
How is it, Madam? Speak Comfort.

Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miſerable Life,
And hold me there; I pray thee, let me go,
I ſhall do beſt without thee; I am well.

Enter Philaſter.

Phi. I am to blame to be ſo much in Rage,
I'll tell her cooly, when, and where, I heard
This killing Truth. I will be temperate
In ſpeaking, and as juſt in hearing it.
Oh monſtrous! Tempt me not, ye Gods! good Gods,
Tempt not a frail Man! what's he, that has a Heart,
But he muſt eaſe it here?

Bel. My Lord, help the Princeſs.

Are. I am well, forbear.

(44) *Phi.* Let me love Lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kiſs'd by Scorpions, or adore the Eyes
Of Baſilisks, rather than truſt the Tongues,
Of Hell-bred Women: Some good Gods look down,
And ſhrink theſe Veins up; ſtick me here a Stone,
Laſting to Ages in the Memory
Of this damn'd Act. Hear me, you wicked Ones;
You have put Hills of Fire into this Breaſt,
Not to be quench'd with Tears; for which may Guilt
Sit on your Boſoms! at your Meals, and Beds,
Deſpair await you! What, before my Face?
Poiſon of Aſps between your Lips! Diſeaſes
Be your beſt Iſſues! Nature make a Curſe,
And throw it on you! *Are.* Dear *Philaſter*, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me. *Phi.* I have done;

(44) *Let me love Lightning, let me be embrac'd*
And kiſs'd by Scorpions, or adore the Eyes
Of Baſilisks, rather than truſt to *Tongues*
And ſhrink theſe Veins up;] But how would *truſting to Tongues* ſhrink *Philaſter*'s Veins up? This is abſolute Nonſenſe; and never could have been remedied but by the Aſſiſtance of the old *Quarto*'s which are worth their Weight in Gold, and from which I have reſtored the Line ſunk by the Negligence of the more modern Editors.

Forgive

Forgive my Paſſion. Not the calmed Sea,
When *Æolus* locks up his windy Brood,
Is leſs diſturb'd than I; I'll make you know it.
Dear *Arethuſa*, do but take this Sword,
And ſearch how temperate a Heart I have;
Then you, and this your Boy, may live and reign
In Luſt, without Controul. Wilt thou, *Bellario?*
I prithee, kill me; thou art poor, and may'ſt
Nouriſh ambitious Thoughts, when I am dead:
This Way were freer; Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I ſhould deſire to live;
Sirs, feel my Pulſe; where ever have you known
A Man in a more equal Tune to die?

Bel. Alas, my Lord, your Pulſe keeps Madman's time,
So does your Tongue. *Phi.* You will not kill me then?

Are. Kill you? *Bel.* Not for a World.

Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario; thou haſt done but that, which Gods
Would have transform'd themſelves to do; be gone,
Leave me without Reply; this is the laſt
Of all our Meeting. Kill me with this Sword;
Be wiſe, or worſe will follow: we are Two
Earth cannot bear at once. Reſolve to do, or ſuffer.

Are. If my Fortunes be ſo good to let me fall
Upon thy Hand, I ſhall have Peace in Death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no Slanders,
No Jealouſies in the other World, no Ill there?

Phi. No.

Are. Shew me then the way. *Phi.* Then guide
My feeble Hand, you that have Pow'r to do it,
For I muſt perform a piece of Juſtice. If your Youth
Have any way offended Heav'n, let Pray'rs
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepar'd.

Enter a Country Fellow.

Coun. I'll ſee the King if he be in the Foreſt, I have hunted him theſe two Hours; if I ſhould come home and not ſee him, my Siſters would laugh at me; I can ſee nothing but People better hors'd than myſelf, that out-

ride me; I can hear nothing but Shouting. These Kings had need of good Brains, this Whooping is able to put a mean Man out of his Wits. There's a Courtier with his Sword drawn; by this Hand, upon a Woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at Peace?

Are. With Heav'ns and Earth.

Phi. May they divide thy Soul and Body!

Coun. Hold, Daſtard, ſtrike a Woman! thou'rt a a Craven, I warrant thee; (45) thou would'ſt be loth to play half a Dozen of Venies at Waſters with a good Fellow for a broken Head.

Phi. Leave us, good Friend.

Are. What ill-bred Man art thou, to intrude thyſelf
Upon our private Sports, our Recreations?

Coun. Gad 'uds me, I underſtand you not; but, I know, the Rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Purſue thy own Affairs: It will be ill
To multiply Blood upon my Head; which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your Rhetorick; but I can lay it on, if you touch the Woman. [*They fight.*

Phi. Slave, take what thou deſerv'ſt.

Are. Heav'ns guard my Lord!

Coun. Oh, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the Tread of People: I am hurt.
The Gods take part againſt me, cou'd this Boor
Have held me thus elſe? I muſt ſhift for Life,
Though I do loath it. I would find a Courſe
To loſe it rather by my Will, than Force. [*Exit* Phi.

(45) *Thou would'ſt be loth to play half a Dozen of Venies at* Waſters] *i. e.* Cudgels. MINSHEW, in his Dictionary of Eleven Languages, has given us a moſt ridiculous Reaſon for the Etymology of this Word: that Cudgels were call'd *Waſters*, becauſe, in frequently claſhing againſt each other, they ſplinter'd and *waſted*. I'll venture to advance a more probable Conjecture. We find in our old Law-Books, that the Statute of *Weſtminſter* (5° *Edwardi* tertii, cap. 14) was made againſt *Night-walkers, and ſuſpected Perſons call'd Roberdeſmen*, Waſtours, *and Draw-latches*. Theſe *Waſtours*, or Plunderers, derived their Name from the Latine Terme, *Vaſtatores*; and thence the miſchievous Weapons, or Bludgeons, with which they went arm'd, were call'd *Waſters*; i. e. Deſtroyers.

Coun.

Coun. I cannot follow the Rogue. I pray thee, Wench, come and kiſs me now.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thraſiline, *and Woodmen.*

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almoſt kill'd I am for a fooliſh Woman; a Knave has hurt her. [Madam?

Pha. The Princeſs, Gentlemen! Where's the Wound, Is it dangerous? *Are.* He has not hurt me.

Coun. I'faith, ſhe lyes; h'as hurt her in the Breaſt, look elſe.

Pha. O ſacred Spring of innocent Blood!

Dion. 'Tis above Wonder! Who ſhould dare do this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, Villain, who has hurt the Princeſs?

Coun. Is it the Princeſs? *Dion.* Ay.

Coun. Then I have ſeen Something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you, a Rogue; I ne'er ſaw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some diſhoneſt Wretch;
Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt too, he cannot go far; I made my Father's old Fox fly about his Ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all,
'Tis ſome diſtracted Fellow. *Pha.* By this Hand,
I'll leave ne'er a Piece of him bigger than a Nut,
And bring him all in my Hat to you.

Are. Nay, good Sir;
If you do take him, bring him quick to me,
And I will ſtudy for a Puniſhment,
Great as his Fault. *Pha.* I will. *Are.* But ſwear.

Pha. By all my Love, I will: Woodmen, conduct the Princeſs to the King, and bear that wounded Fellow to Dreſſing: Come, Gentlemen, we'll follow the Chaſe cloſe.

[*Ex.* Are. Pha. Dion, Cle. Thra. *and* 1 Woodman.

Coun. I pray you, Friend, let me ſee the King:
2 *Wood.* That you ſhall, and receive Thanks.
[*Exeunt.*

Coun. If I get clear of this, I'll go ſee no more gay Sights.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. A Heavineſs near Death ſits on my Brow,
And I muſt ſleep: Bear me, thou gentle Bank,
For ever, if thou wilt: You ſweet Ones all,
Let me unworthy preſs you: I cou'd wiſh,
I rather were a Corſe ſtrew'd o'er with you,
Than quick above you. Dulneſs ſhuts mine Eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh! that I could take
So ſound a Sleep, that I might never wake.

Enter Philaſter.

Phi. I have done ill, my Conſcience calls me falſe,
To ſtrike at her, that would not ſtrike at me.
When I did fight, methought, I heard her pray
The Gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed Villain: If ſhe be,
She will conceal who hurt her; He has Wounds,
And cannot follow, neither knows he me.
Who's this? *Bellario* ſleeping? If thou beeſt
Guilty, there is no Juſtice that thy Sleep [*Cry within.*
Should be ſo ſound; and mine, whom thou haſt wrong'd,
So broken. Hark! I am purſued. You Gods,
I'll take this offer'd Means of my Eſcape:
They have no Mark to know me, but my Wounds,
If ſhe be true; if falſe, let Miſchief light
On all the World at once! Sword, print my Wounds,
Upon this ſleeping Boy: I ha' none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee. [*Wounds him.*

Bel. Oh! Death, I hope, is come; bleſt be the Hand!
It meant me well; again, for Pity's ſake.

Phi. I have caught myſelf, [Phi. *falls.*
The Loſs of Blood hath ſtayed my Flight. Here, here,
Is he that ſtruck thee: Take thy full Revenge,
Uſe me, as I did mean thee, worſe than Death:

I'll

I'll teach thee to revenge: This luckleſs Hand
Wounded the Princeſs; (46) tell my Followers,
Thou didſt receive theſe Hurts in ſtaying me,
And I will ſecond thee: Get a Reward.
Bel. Fly, fly, my Lord, and ſave yourſelf.
Phi. How's this? ——
Wouldſt thou, I ſhould be ſafe? *Bel.* Elſe it were vain
For me to live. Theſe little Wounds, I have,
Ha' not bled much, reach me that noble Hand,
I'll help to cover you. *Phi.* Art thou true to me?
Bel. Or let me periſh loath'd! Come, my good Lord,
Creep in amongſt thoſe Buſhes: Who does know,
But that the Gods may ſave your much-lov'd Breath?
Phi. Then I ſhall die for Grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee: What wilt thou do?
Bel. Shift for myſelf well: Peace! I hear 'em come.
Within. Follow, follow, follow; that way they went.
Bel. With my own Wounds I'll bloody my own Sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heav'n knows,
That I can ſtand no longer.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont *and* Thraſiline.

Pha. To this Place we have track'd him by his Blood.
Cle. Yonder, my Lord, creeps one away.
Dion. Stay, Sir, what are you?
Bel. A wretched Creature wounded in theſe Woods
By Beaſts; relieve me, if your Names be Men,
Or I ſhall periſh. *Dion.* This is he, my Lord,
Upon my Soul, that hurt her; 'tis the Boy,
That wicked Boy that ſerv'd her.
Pha. O thou damn'd
In thy Creation! What Cauſe could'ſt thou ſhape
To hurt the Princeſs? *Bel.* Then I am betray'd.
Dion. Betray'd! no, apprehended. *Bel.* I confeſs;
Urge it no more, that, big with evil Thoughts,

(46) —————— *tell my* Followers] We are not to underſtand this Word here for his Retinue, his Friends, or thoſe that follow'd him as Servants; but his Purſuers.

I ſet

I ſet upon her, and did make my Aim
Her Death. For Charity, let fall at once
The Puniſhment you mean, and do not load
This weary Fleſh with Tortures. *Pha.* I will know.
Who hir'd thee to this Deed. *Bel.* Mine own Revenge.
Pha. Revenge, for what?
Bel. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her Page, and, when my Fortunes ebb'd,
(47) That Men ſtrid o'er them careleſs, ſhe did ſhower
Her welcome Graces on me, and did ſwell
My Fortunes, 'till they overflow'd their Banks,
Threatning the Men that croſt 'em; when, as ſwift
As Storms ariſe at Sea, ſhe turn'd her Eyes
To burning Suns upon me, and did dry
The Streams ſhe had beſtow'd; leaving me worſe,
And more contemn'd than other little Brooks,
Becauſe I had been great: In ſhort, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did deſire
To die reveng'd. *Pha.* If Tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural Life, reſolve to feel
The utmoſt Rigour. [Philaſter *creeps out of a Buſh.*
Cle. Help to lead him hence.
Phi. Turn back, you Raviſhers of Innocence,
Know ye the Price of that you bear away
So rudely?
Pha. Who's that? *Dion.* 'Tis the Lord *Philaſter.*
Phi. 'Tis not the Treaſure of all Kings in one,
The Wealth of *Tagus*, nor the Rocks of Pearl
That pave the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh down
That Virtue. It was I, that hurt the Princeſs.
Place me, ſome God, upon a *Piramis*,
Higher than Hills of Earth, and lend a Voice
Loud as your Thunder to me, that from thence
I may diſcourſe to all the Under-world
The Worth that dwells in him. *Pha.* How's this?

(47) *That Men ſtrid o'er them* careleſly, *ſhe did ſhow'r*] The old *Quarto* in 1628, to the Improvement of the Metre, has it, *careleſs:* by the Authority of which I have reform'd the Text.

Bel.

Bel. My Lord, ſome Man
Weary of Life, that would be glad to die.
Phi. Leave theſe untimely Courteſies, *Bellario.*
Bel. Alas! he's mad; come, will you lead me on?
Phi. By all the Oaths that Men ought moſt to keep,
And Gods do puniſh moſt, when Men do break,
He touch'd her not. Take heed, *Bellario*,
How thou doſt drown the Virtues, thou haſt ſhown,
With Perjury. By all that's good, 'twas I:
You know, ſhe ſtood betwixt me and my Right.
Pha. Thy own Tongue be thy Judge.
Cle. It was *Philaſter*. *Dion.* Is't not a brave Boy?
Well, Sirs, I fear me, we are all deceiv'd.
Phi. Have I no Friend here? *Dion.* Yes.
Phi. Then ſhew it; ſome
Good Body lend a Hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have Tears ſhed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his Neck, that there
I may weep Floods, and breathe out my Spirit:
'Tis not the Wealth of *Plutus*, nor the Gold
Lock'd in the Heart of Earth can buy away
This Arm-full from me; this had been a Ranſom
To have redeem'd the great *Auguſtus Cæſar*,
Had he been taken: You hard-hearted Men,
More ſtony than theſe Mountains, can you ſee
Such clear pure Blood drop, and not cut your Fleſh
(48) To ſtop his Life? To bind whoſe bitter Wounds,
Queens ought to tear their Hair, and with their Tears,
Bath 'em. Forgive me, thou that art the Wealth
Of poor *Philaſter*.

Enter King, Arethuſa, *and a Guard.*

King. Is the Villain ta'en?
Pha. Sir, here be two confeſs the Deed; but ſay it was *Philaſter*.
Phi. Queſtion it no more, it was.

(48) ——————— *To bind whoſe* better *Wounds*
Queens ought to tear their Hair,] *Better* than what? than the Hair of Queens? But, here again, the old *Quarto* of 1628 comes in to our Aſſiſtance, and reſcues the Text from this Nonſenſe.

King.

King. The Fellow, that did fight with him, will tell us.

Are. Ay me! I know, he will.

King. Did not you know him?

Are. No, Sir; if it was he, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so. Oh my Stars! that I should live still.

King. Thou ambitious Fool!
Thou, that hast laid a Train for thy own Life;
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear him to Prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless Life; should it pass unreveng'd,
I should to Earth go weeping: Grant me then
(By all the Love a Father bears his Child)
Their Custodies, and that I may appoint
Their Tortures, and their Death.

Dion. Death? soft! our Law
Will not reach that, for this Fault.

King. 'Tis granted, take 'em to you, with a Guard.
Come, Princely *Pharamond*, this Business past,
We may with more Security go on
To your intended Match.

Cle. I pray, that this Action lose not *Philaster* the Hearts of the People.

Dion. Fear it not, their overwise Heads will think it but a Trick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Dion, Cleremont *and* Thrasiline.

Thra. HAS the King sent for him to Death?

Dion. Yes, but the King must know, 'tis not in his Pow'r to war with Heav'n.

Cle. We linger Time; the King sent for *Philaster* and the Headsman an Hour ago.

Thra. Are all his Wounds well?

Dion. All, they were but Scratches; but the Loss of Blood made him faint. *Cle.* We dally, Gentlemen.

Thra.

Thra. Away.
Dion. We'll ſcuffle hard before he periſh. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philaſter, Arethuſa *and* Bellario.

Are. Nay, dear *Philaſter*, grieve not; we are well.
Bel. Nay, good my Lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.
Phi. Oh *Arethuſa!* O *Bellario!* leave to be kind:
I ſhall be ſhot from Heav'n, as now from Earth,
If you continue ſo; I am a Man,
Falſe to a Pair of the moſt truſty ones
That ever Earth bore; can it bear us all?
Forgive and leave me, but the King hath ſent
To call me to my Death, Oh ſhew it me,
And then forget me: And for thee, my Boy,
I ſhall deliver Words will mollify
The Hearts of Beaſts, to ſpare thy Innocence.
Bel. Alas, my Lord, my Life is not a thing
Worthy your noble Thoughts; 'tis not a Life,
'Tis but a Piece of Childhood thrown away:
Should I out-live you, I ſhould then out-live
Virtue and Honour: and, when that Day comes,
If ever I ſhall cloſe theſe Eyes but once,
May I live ſpotted for my Perjury,
And waſte my Limbs to nothing!
Are. And I (the woful'ſt Maid that ever was,
Forc'd with my Hands to bring my Lord to Death)
Do by the Honour of a Virgin ſwear,
To tell no Hours beyond it.
Phi. Make me not hated ſo.
Are. Come from this Priſon, all joyful to our Deaths.
Phi. People will tear me, when they find you true
To ſuch a Wretch as I; I ſhall die loath'd.
Injoy your Kingdoms peaceably, whilſt I
For ever ſleep forgotten with my Faults:
Ev'ry juſt Servant, ev'ry Maid in Love,
Will have a Piece of me, if you be true.
Are. My dear Lord, ſay not ſo. *Bel.* A Piece of you?
He was not born of Women that can cut
It and look on. *Phi.* Take me in Tears betwixt you,

For

For my Heart will break with Shame and Sorrow.

Are. Why, 'tis well. [done

Bel. Lament no more. *Phi.* What would you have
If you had wrong'd me baſely, and had found
My Life no Price, compar'd to yours? For Love, Sirs,
Deal with me plainly.

Bel. 'Twas miſtaken, Sir. *Phi.* Why, if it were?

Bel. Then Sir, we would have ask'd you Pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it? *Are.* Enjoy it? ay.

Phi. Would you, indeed? be plain.

Bel. We would, my Lord.

Phi. Forgive me then. *Are.* So, ſo.

Bel. 'Tis as it ſhould be now.

Phi. Lead to my Death. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, *and* Thraſiline.

King. Gentlemen, who ſaw the Prince?

Cle. So pleaſe you, Sir, he's gone to ſee the City,
And the new Platform, with ſome Gentlemen
Attending on him. *King.* Is the Princeſs ready
To bring her Priſoner out? *Thra.* She waits your Grace.

King. Tell her, we ſtay.

Dion. King, you may be deceiv'd yet:
The Head, you aim at, coſt more ſetting on
Than to be loſt ſo lightly: If it muſt off,
Like a wild Overflow, that ſwoops before him
A Golden Stack, and with it ſhakes down Bridges,
Cracks the ſtrong Hearts of Pines, whoſe Cable Roots
Held out a Thouſand Storms, a Thouſand Thunders,
And, ſo made mightier, takes whole Villages
Upon his Back, and in that Heat of Pride,
Charges ſtrong Towns, Tow'rs, Caſtles, Palaces,
And lays them deſolate; ſo ſhall thy Head,
Thy Noble Head, bury the Lives of Thouſands,
That muſt bleed with thee like a Sacrifice,
In thy red Ruins.

Enter Philaſter, Arethuſa, *and* Bellario *in a Robe and Garland.*

King. How now, what Maſque is this?

Bel.

Bel. Right Royal Sir, I ſhould
Sing you an Epithalamium of theſe Lovers,
But having loſt my beſt Airs with my Fortunes,
And wanting a Celeſtial Harp to ſtrike
This bleſſed Union on, thus in glad Story
I give you all. Theſe two fair Cedar-branches,
The nobleſt of the Mountain, where they grew,
Straiteſt and talleſt, under whoſe ſtill Shades
The worthier Beaſts have made their Layers, and ſlept
Free from the *Sirian* Star, and the fell Thunder-ſtroke,
Free from the Clouds, when they were big with Humour,
And delivered in Thouſand Spouts, their Iſſues to the
O! there was none but ſilent Quiet there! [Earth:
'Till never-pleaſed Fortune ſhot up Shrubs,
Baſe Under-Brambles, to divorce theſe Branches;
And for a while they did ſo; and did reign
Over the Mountain, and choak'd up his Beauty
With Brakes, rude Thorns and Thiſtles, 'till the Sun
Scorch'd them ev'n to the Roots, and dry'd them there:
And now a gentle Gale hath blown again,
That made theſe Branches meet, and twine together,
Never to be divided: The God, that ſings
His holy Numbers over Marriage-Beds,
Hath knit their noble Hearts, and here they ſtand
Your Children, mighty King; and I have done.

King. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain Truth,
For now there is no Maſquing in't; This Gentleman,
The Priſoner, that you gave me, is become
My Keeper, and through all the bitter Throes
Your Jealouſies and his ill Fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he ſtruggled, and at length
Arriv'd here my dear Husband.

King. Your dear Husband! Call in
The Captain of the Citadel; there you ſhall keep
Your Wedding. I'll provide a Maſque ſhall make
Your *Hymen* turn his Saffron into a ſullen Coat,
And ſing ſad Requiems to your parting Souls:
Blood ſhall put out your Torches, and, inſtead
Of gaudy Flow'rs about your wanton Necks,

An

An Ax ſhall hang like a prodigious Meteor,
Ready to crop your Loves' Sweets. Hear, you Gods:
From this Time do I ſhake all Title off
Of Father to this Woman, this baſe Woman;
And what there is of Vengeance, in a Lion
Caſt amongſt Dogs, or robb'd of his dear Young,
The ſame inforc'd more Terrible, more Mighty,
Expect from me. *Are.* Sir.
By that little Life I have left to ſwear by,
There's nothing that can ſtir me from myſelf.
What I have done, I've done without Repentance;
For Death can be no Bugbear unto me,
So long as *Pharamond* is not my Headſman.
Dion. Sweet Peace upon thy Soul, thou worthy Maid,
Whene'er thou dieſt! For this time I'll excuſe thee,
Or be thy Prologue.
Phi. Sir, let me ſpeak next;
And let my dying Words be better with you
Than my dull living Actions; If you aim
At the dear Life of this ſweet Innocent,
You are a Tyrant and a ſavage Monſter;
Your Memory ſhall be as foul behind you,
(49) As you are, living; all your better Deeds
Shall be in Water writ, but this in Marble:
No Chronicle ſhall ſpeak you, though your own,
(50) But for the Shame of Men. No Monument
(Though

(49) ——————— *all your* better Deeds
Shall be in Water *writ, but this in* Marble:] This Sentiment ſeems to have been ſhadow'd out from SHAKESPEARE in his King *Henry* the *Eighth*.

Mens evil *Manners live in* Braſs, *their Virtues*
We write in Water.]

Tho' perhaps, our ſeveral Poets might have had CATULLUS for their Original.

In vento & rapidâ ſcribere *oportet* aquâ.

(50) ——————— *No Monument*
(*Tho' high and big as* Pelion) *&c.*] Some of the old *Quarto's* ridiculouſly have it *Pelican*; (as, I remember, ſome of the old Editions of SHAKESPEARE read *Politician* inſtead of *Pelican*.) The true Reading, undoubtedly, is *Pelion*, a Mountain very amply celebrated by the Claſſicks; and mentioned by our own choiſeſt Claſſick in his *Hamlet*.

Now

(Though high, and big, as *Pelion*) ſhall be able
To cover this baſe Murder; make it rich
With Braſs, with purſit Gold, and ſhining Jaſper,
Like to the Pyramids; lay on Epitaphs,
Such as make great Men Gods; my little Marble
(That only cloaths my Aſhes, not my Faults)
Shall far out-ſhine it. And, for after Iſſues,
Think not ſo madly of the heav'nly Wiſdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad Rage
To cut off, 'leſs it be ſome Snake, or ſomething
Like to yourſelf, that in his Birth ſhall ſtrangle you.
Remember my Father, King; there was a Fault,
But I forgive it: Let that Sin perſuade you
To love this Lady. If you have a Soul,
Think, ſave her, and be ſaved; for myſelf,
I have ſo long expected this glad Hour,
So languiſh'd under you, and daily wither'd,
That, Heaven knows, it is my Joy to die;
I find a Recreation in't.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where's the King? *King.* Here.
Meſ. Get you to your Strength,
And reſcue the Prince *Pharamond* from Danger;
He's taken Priſoner by the Citizens,
Fearing the Lord *Philaſter*. *Dion.* Oh brave Followers!
Mutiny, my fine dear Countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant Foremen, ſhew your Weapons
In Honour of your Miſtreſſes.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. Arm, arm, arm.
King. A Thouſand Devils take 'em!
Dion. A Thouſand Bleſſings on 'em!
Meſ. Arm, arm, O King, the City is in Mutiny,
Led by an old grey Ruffian, who comes on

Now pile your Duſt upon the quick and dead,
Till of this Flat a Mountain you have made
T' o'er top old Pelion, *or the Skyiſh Head*
Of blue Olympus.

In Reſcue of the Lord *Philaſter*.

[*Exit with* Are. Phi. Bel.

King. Away to th' Citadel; I'll ſee them ſafe,
And then cope with theſe Burgers: Let the Guard
And all the Gentlemen give ſtrong Attendance. [*Exit* King.

[*Manent* Dion, Cleremont, Thraſiline.

Cle. The City up! This was above our Wiſhes.

Dion. Ay, and the Marriage too; now, by my Life, This noble Lady has deceiv'd us all. A Plague upon my ſelf; a Thouſand Plagues, for having ſuch unworthy Thoughts of her dear Honour! O I could beat myſelf, or do you beat me and I'll beat you, for we had all one Thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but loſe Time.

Dion. You ſay true, are your Swords ſharp? Well, my dear Countrymen, what ye lack,—If you continue and fall not back upon the firſt broken Shin, (51) I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and ſung in all-to-be-prais'd Sonnets, and grav'd in new brave Ballads, that all Tongues ſhall troule you *in Sæcula Sæculorum*, my kind Can-carriers.

Thra. What if a Toy take 'em i' th' Heels now, and they run all away, (52) and cry, *the Devil take the hindmoſt?*

Dion. Then the ſame Devil take the foremoſt too, and ſowce him for his Breakfaſt! If they all prove Cowards, my Curſes fly amongſt them and be ſpeeding! May they have Murrains reign to keep the Gentlemen at home, unbound in eaſy Freeze! May the Moths branch their Velvets, and their Silks only be worn before ſore Eyes!

(51) *I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and* all-to-be prais'd, *and ſung in Sonnets, and* bath'd *in new brave Ballads, that all Tongues ſhall* trouble *you in* Sæcula Sæculorum, *my kind Can-carriers*] I thought this for a long Time to be ſuch deſperate Nonſenſe, that the Meaning of the Poets would be quite irretrievable, as no one of the Editions give the leaſt Glimpſe of Light or Aſſiſtance. But (Thanks to plodding Induſtry!) I hope, I have found the certain Cure.

(52) *and cry*, the Devil take the Hindmoſt?] *Occupet extremum Scabies*, ſays HORACE: To which Execration, no Doubt, our Author's had an Eye.

May

May their falſe Lights undo 'em, and diſcover Preſſes, Holes, Stains, and Oldneſs in their Stuffs, and make them Shop-rid! May they keep Whores and Horſes, and break; and live mewed up with Necks of Beef and Turnips! May they have many Children, and none like the Father! May they know no Language but that Gibberiſh they prattle to their Parcels; (53) unleſs it be the *Gothick* Latine they write in their Bonds, and may they write that falſe, and loſe their Debts!

Enter the King.

King. Now the Vengeance of all the Gods confound them; how they ſwarm together! What a Hum they raiſe? Devils choak your wild Throats; if a Man had need to uſe their Valours, he muſt pay a Brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, they will fight like Sheep. 'Tis *Philaſter*, none but *Philaſter*, muſt allay this Heat: They will not hear me ſpeak, but fling Dirt at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh run, dear Friend, and bring the Lord *Philaſter*; ſpeak him fair, call him Prince, do him all the Courteſy you can, commend me to him. Oh my Wits, my Wits!

[*Exit* Cle.

Dion. Oh my brave Countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a Pin out of your Walls for this; Nay, you ſhall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and ſend you Brawn and Bacon, and foil you every long Vacation a Brace of Foremen, that at *Michaelmas* ſhall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor Prince, the Gods know, and I fear.

(53) *Unleſs it be the* goariſh *Latine*] Thus the *Folio* Edition in 1679; but there is no ſuch Word in *Engliſh*, and, conſequently, it is ſtark Nonſenſe. The *Quarto* of 1628 has it, *goatiſh*; but there is nothing wanton, or laſcivious, in a Bond; therefore, this Reading is as unmeaning as the other. I dare warrant, that I have retriev'd the Authors' genuine Text, in the Word *Gothick*; i. e. *barbarous*: No greater *Barbariſms* than in *Law-Latine*. So, in *Wit without Money*,

No more Senſe ſpoken, all Things Goth *and* Vandal.]

Dion. Why, Sir, They'll flea him, and make Church-Buckets on's Skin to quench Rebellion, then clap a Rivet in's Sconce, and hang him up for a Sign.

Enter Cleremont *with* Philaſter.

King. O worthy Sir, forgive me; do not make
Your Miſeries and my Faults meet together,
To bring a greater Danger. Be yourſelf,
Still found amongſt Diſeaſes. I have wrong'd you,
And though I find it laſt, and beaten to it,
Let firſt your Goodneſs know it. Calm the People,
And be what you were born to: Take your Love,
And with her my Repentance, and my Wiſhes,
And all my Pray'rs; by th' Gods, my Heart ſpeaks this:
And if the leaſt fall from me not perform'd,
May I be ſtruck with Thunder!

Phi. Mighty Sir,
I will not do your Greatneſs ſo much Wrong,
As not to make your Word Truth; free the Princeſs,
And the poor Boy, and let me ſtand the Shock
Of this mad Sea-breach, which I'll either turn
Or periſh with it. *King.* Let your own Word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my Leave, kiſſing your Hand,
And hanging on your Royal Word: Be kingly,
And be not mov'd, Sir; I ſhall bring you Peace,
Or never bring myſelf back.

King. All the Gods go with thee! [*Exeunt.*

Enter an old Captain and Citizens with Pharamond.

Cap. Come, my brave Myrmidons, let us fall on,
Let our Caps ſwarm, my Boys,
And your nimble Tongues forget your Mothers
Gibberiſh, of what do you lack, and ſet your Mouths
Up, Children, till your Pallats fall frighted half a
Fathom, paſt the Cure of Bay-ſalt and groſs Pepper.
And then cry *Philaſter*, brave *Philaſter*,
Let *Philaſter* be deeper in Requeſt, my Ding-dongs,
My pairs of dear Indentures, Kings of Clubs,

Than

(54) Than your cold Water Camblets or your Paintings
Spotted with Copper; let not your hafty Silks,
Or your branch'd Cloath of Bodkin, or your Tiffues,
Dearly belov'd of ſpiced Cake and Cuſtard,
(55) You *Robbin-hoods*, *Scarlets*, and *Johns*, tie your Affections
In Durance to your Shops; no, dainty Duckers,
Up with your three-pil'd Spirits, your wrought Valours;
And let your uncut Choler make the King feel
The Meaſure of your Mightineſs. *Philaſter!*
Cry, my Roſe-nobles, cry. *All. Philaſter! Philaſter!*

Cap. How do you like this, my Lord Prince? theſe are mad Boys, I tell you; theſe are Things that will not ſtrike their Top-ſails to a Foiſt: and let a Man of War, (56) an Argoſy, hull and cry Cockles.

Pha. Why, you rude Slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know,
And give your Greatneſs Warning, that you talk
No more ſuch Bug-words, or that ſoldred Crown
Shall be ſcratch'd with a Musket: Dear Prince Pippen,
Down with your noble Blood; or, as I live,
I'll have you codled: Let him looſe, my Spirits,
Make us a round Ring with your Bills, my *Hectors*,
And let us ſee what this trim Man dares do.
Now, Sir, have at you; here I lie,
(57) And with this ſwaſhing Blow, (do you ſweat, Prince?)

(54) ——————— *or your Paintings*
Spitted *with Copper*,] This to me is quite unintelligible; I have ventured to ſubſtitute, *ſpotted*; *i. e.* ſprinkled with Copper, as our painted Papers for Hangings are, to reſemble Gold, and look gaudy.

(55) *Robin-hoods*, *Scarlets*, and *Johns*,] All, who know any thing of the Story of *Robin-hood*, muſt know that *Scarlet* and *John* were two of his Favourite Dependants.

(56) *an* Argoſie, *hull and cry Cockles.*] Any large Veſſel, ſo called from *Jaſon*'s large Ship *Argo*. A Veſſel is ſaid to *hull*, when ſhe floats, or rides idle to and fro upon the Water.

(57) *Do you* ſwear, *Prince?*] If he did *ſwear*, it muſt be to himſelf; for he was too much intimidated to venture to ſwear at the ſwaggering Rout who had incircled him, and were at the very Point of knocking out his Brains. But I have reform'd the Text by the Authority of ſeveral of the old *Quarto's*.

I could hulk your Grace, and hang you up croſs-legg'd,
Like a Hare at a Poulterer's, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not ſee me murder'd, wicked Villains?

(58) 1 *Cit.* Yes, indeed, will we, Sir; we have not ſeen one ſo a great while.

Cap. He would have Weapons, would he? Give him a thouſand Pikes, my brave Boys, with your Pikes, branch me him in Flowers like a Satin, and between every Flower a mortal Cut; your Royalty ſhall ravel; jag him, Gentlemen; I'll have him cut to the Kell, then down the Seams; oh, for a Whip to make him Galoone-Laces.

I'll have a Coach-whip.

Pha. O ſpare me, Gentlemen. [himſelf,

Cap. Hold, hold, the Man begins to fear and know
(59) He ſhall for this time only be ſeel'd up
With a Feather through his Noſe, that he may only
See Heaven, and think whither he is going.
Nay, beyond-Sea Sir, we will proclaim you, you'd
Be King, thou tender Heir apparent to
A Church-Ale, thou ſlight Prince of ſingle Sarcenet;
(60) Thou royal Ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing
But poor Men's Poultry, and have every Boy
Beat thee from that too with his Bread and Butter.

Pha. Gods keep me from theſe Hell-hounds!

2 *Cit.* Shall's geld him, Captain?

Cap. No, you ſhall ſpare his Dowcets, my dear Donſels,
As you reſpect the Ladies, let them flouriſh;
The Curſes of a longing Woman kill
As ſpeedy as a Plague, Boys.

(58) *Yes, indeed, will we, Sir; We have not ſeen one* Foe *a great while.*] This is a typographical Error, which, however, makes Non-Senſe of the Paſſage. *Foe* is miſtakenly put for *ſo.* Mr. *Sympſon.*

(59) *He ſhall for this time only be* ſeal'd *up with a Feather thro'the Noſe,*] There is a Difference, which the Printers did not know, betwixt *ſeal'd* and *ſeel'd*; the Latter is a Term in *Falconry*; When a Hawk is firſt taken, a Thread is run through its Eye-lids, ſo that ſhe may ſee very little, to make her the better endure the Hood.

(60) *Thou royal* Ring-tail,] A *Ring-tail* is a ſort of a Kite with a whitiſh Tail.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* I'll have a Leg, that's certain.

2 *Cit.* I'll have an Arm.

3 *Cit.* I'll have his Nose, and at mine own Charge build a College, and clap'd upon the Gate.

4 *Cit.* I'll have his little Gut to string a Kit with,
For, certainly, a royal Gut would sound like Silver.

Pha. 'Would, they were in thy Belly, and I past my Pain once! [rets.

5 *Cit.* Good Captain, let me have his Liver to feed Fer-

Cap. Who will have Parcels else? Speak.

Pha. Good Gods, consider me, I shall be tortur'd.

1 *Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the Trimming of your two-hand Sword,
And let me have his Skin to make false Scabbards.

2 *Cit.* He had no Horns, Sir, had he?

(61) *Cap.* No, Sir, he's a Pollard;
What would'st thou do with Horns? 2 *Cit.* O, if he had,
I would have made rare Hasts and Whistles of 'em;
But his Shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve me.

Enter Philaster.

All. Long live *Philaster*, the brave Prince *Philaster!*

Phi. I thank you, Gentlemen; but why are these
Rude Weapons brought abroad, to teach your Hands
Uncivil Trades? *Cap.* My Royal *Roficlear*,
We are thy Myrmidons, thy Guard, thy Roarers;
And when thy noble Body is in Durance,
Thus do we clap our musty Murrions on,
And trace the Streets in Terror: Is it Peace,
Thou *Mars* of Men; Is the King sociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy Foemen,
And free as *Phœbus?* Speak; if not, this Stand
Of Royal Blood shall be abroach, a-tilt, and run
Even to the Lees of Honour.——

Phi. Hold and be satisfied, I am myself
Free as my Thoughts are; by the Gods, I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty Darling of the King?

(61) *No, Sir, he's a* Pollard;] A *Pollard*, amongst *Gardiners*, is an old Tree which has been often lopp'd; but, amongst *Hunters*, a Stag, or Male-Deer, which has cast its Head, or Horns.

Art thou the *Hylas* to our *Hercules?*
Do the Lords bow, and the regarded Scarlets,
Kiſs the gum-gols, and cry, *we are your Servants?*
Is the Court navigable, and the Preſence ſtuck
With Flags of Friendſhip? If not, we are thy Caſtle,
And this Man ſleeps.

Phi. I am what I deſire to be, your Friend;
I am what I was born to be, your Prince.

Pha. Sir, there is ſome Humanity in you,
You have a noble Soul, forget my Name,
And know my Miſery; ſet me ſafe aboard
From theſe wild *Canibals*, and, as I live,
I'll quit this Land for ever: There is nothing,
(62) Perpetual Priſonment, Cold, Hunger, Sickneſs,
All Dangers of all Sorts, and all together,
The worſt Company of the worſt Men, Madneſs, Age,
To be as many Creatures as a Woman;
And do, as all they do; nay, to deſpair;
But I would rather make it a new Nature,
And live with all thoſe, that endure one Hour
Amongſt theſe wild Dogs.

(62) *Perpetual Priſonment, Cold, Hunger, Sickneſs*
Of all ſorts, all Dangers, *and all together,*] The miſplacing the Words here has ſpoil'd the Meaſure of the Verſe, and the Beauty of the *Climax*. It ſhould have been,

—— —— *Hunger, Sickneſs,*
All Dangers of all ſorts, *and all together,*

The latter part of this Speech has great Difficulties in it; I cannot model it into a conſiſtent Senſe, tho' I have ſome Glimpſe of a Meaning. I wiſh the old *Quarto's* may aſſiſt in clearing up the Obſcurity. Mr. *Seward.*

As none of the old *Quarto's* come in to our Aid, we muſt try how far Explanation will go towards it.

To be as many Creatures as a Woman,
i. e. To be as fickle, variable, and changing:

And do as all they do;
i. e. make a Practiſe of Incontinency: For, as he thought, there were Proofs of the Princeſs being turn'd a Wanton, he on that Account deems the whole Sex Proſtitutes. After he has number'd up the worſt States of Mankind, and wiſh'd himſelf as one of them, (as Mr. *Seward* obſerv'd to me) he carries it farther, and would chooſe to be of a Species below Human Nature; and live with ſuch, rather than to endure one Hour amongſt theſe wild Dogs.

Phi.

Phi. I do pity you: Friends, discharge your Fears,
Deliver me the Prince; I'll warrant you,
I shall be old enough to find my Safety.

3 *Cit.* Good Sir, take heed he does not hurt you,
He's a fierce Man I can tell you, Sir.

Cap. Prince, by your Leave, I'll have a Sur-cingle,
And mail you like a Hawk. [*He stirs.*

Phi. Away, away, there is no Danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his Fit off.
Look you, Friends, how gently he leads; upon my Word,
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
Good, my Friends, go to your Houses, and by me have
Your Pardons, and my Love; ——
And know, there shall be nothing in my Pow'r
You may deserve, but you shall have your Wishes.
To give you more Thanks, were to flatter you;
Continue still your Love, and for an Earnest
Drink this. *All.* Long maist thou live, brave Prince!
Brave Prince, brave Prince! [*Exeunt* Phi. *and* Pha.

Cap. Go thy ways; thou art the King of Courtesy:
Fall off again, my sweet Youths; come, and every Man trace to his House again, and hang his Pewter up; then to the Tavern, and bring your Wives in Muffs: We will have Musick, and the red Grape shall make us dance, and rise, Boys. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Cleremont, Dion, Thrasiline, Bellario, *and Attendants.*

King. Is it appeas'd?

(63) *Dion.* Sir, all is quiet as the Dead of Night,
(64) As peaceable as Sleep; my Lord *Philaster*
Brings on the Prince himself. *King.* Kind Gentleman!

(63) *Sir, all is quiet as* this *Dead of Night.*] There is no Hint of the Scene being at Midnight; we must therefore read *the* Dead of Night. Mr. *Seward.*

(64) —— —— —— —— *My Lord* Philaster
Brings on the Prince himself. King. *Kind* Gentlemen!] It is plain, that the King is speaking here of the Kindness of *Philaster* in appeasing the People, and redeeming *Pharamond*; and not of the Kindness of *Dion*, and the others present, who only inform'd him of it. We must therefore read, *Gentleman.* Mr. *Seward.*

I will

I will not break the leaſt Word I have giv'n
In Promiſe to him; I have heap'd a World
Of Grief upon his Head, which yet, I hope,
To waſh away.

Enter Philaſter *and* Pharamond.

Cle. My Lord is come. *King.* My Son!
Bleſt be the Time, that I have Leave to call
Such Virtue mine! Now thou art in mine Arms,
Methinks, I have a Salve unto my Breaſt
For all the Stings that dwell there; Streams of Grief
That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of Joy
That I repent it, iſſue from mine Eyes:
Let them appeaſe thee, take thy Right; take her,
She is thy Right too, and forget to urge
My vexed Soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my Memory,
Paſt and forgotten: For you, Prince of *Spain*,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full Leave
To make an honourable Voyage home.
And if you would go furniſh'd to your Realm
With fair Proviſion, I do ſee a Lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you Company:
How like you this Piece?

Meg. Sir, he likes it well,
For he hath tried it, and has found it worth
His princely Liking; we were ta'en a-bed,
I know your Meaning; I am not the firſt,
That Nature taught to ſeek a Fellow forth:
Can Shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or have Princes Salves
To cure ill Names, that meaner People want?

Phi. What mean you?

(65) *Meg.* You muſt get another Ship
To bear the Princeſs and the Boy together.

Dion. How now!

(65) ——— *you muſt get another Ship*
To clear *the Princeſs and the Boy together.*] Inſtead of *clear*, I have ſubſtituted the Word that has the Sanction of all the old *Quarto's*.

Meg.

Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At That all Women may be ta'en ſometimes:
Ship us all four, my Lord, we can endure
Weather and Wind alike.

King. Clear thou thyſelf, or know not me for Father.

Are. This Earth, how falſe it is! what Means is left
For me to clear myſelf? It lies in your Belief.
My Lords, believe me, and let all things elſe
Struggle together to diſhonour me.

Bel. O ſtop your Ears, great King, that I may ſpeak
As Freedom would, then I will call this Lady
As baſe as be her Actions: Hear me, Sir,
Believe your heated Blood when it rebels
Againſt your Reaſon, ſooner than this Lady.

Meg. By this good Light, he bears it handſomly.

Phi. This Lady? I will ſooner truſt the Wind
With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with Pearl,
Than her with any thing; believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her Words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you, then what were to be known
But Death? *King.* Forget her, Sir, ſince all is knit
Between us: But I muſt requeſt of you
(66) One Favour, and will ſadly be denied.

Phi. Command whate'er it be. *King.* Swear to be true
To what you promiſe. *Phi.* By the Pow'rs above,
Let it not be the Death of her or him,
And it is granted. *King.* Bear away the Boy
To Torture, I will have her clear'd or buried.

Phi. O, let me call my Words back, worthy Sir;
Ask ſomething elſe, bury my Life and Right
In one poor Grave, but do not take away
My Life and Fame at once.

King. Away with him, it ſtands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your Eyes on me, here ſtands a Man
The falſeſt and the baſeſt of this World:
Set Swords againſt this Breaſt, ſome honeſt Man,

(66) ——— *And will* ſadly *be denied.*] i. e. ſhall be very ſorry to be denied.

For

For I have liv'd till I am pitied.
My former Deeds were hateful, but this laſt
Is pitiful; for I unwillingly
Have given the dear Preſerver of my Life
Unto his Torture: Is it in the Pow'r
[*Offers to kill himſelf.*
Of Fleſh and Blood to carry this, and live?
Are. (67) Dear Sir, be patient yet; Oh, ſtay that Hand.
King. Sirs, ſtrip that Boy.
Dion. Come, Sir, your tender Fleſh will try your Conſtancy.
Bel. O kill me, Gentlemen. *Dion.* No, help, Sirs.
Bel. Will you torture me?
King. Haſte there, why ſtay you?
Bel. Then I ſhall not break my Vow,
You know, juſt Gods, though I diſcover all.
King. How's that? Will he confeſs?
Dion. Sir, ſo he ſays. *King.* Speak then.
Bel. Great King, if you command
This Lord to talk with me alone, my Tongue,
Urg'd by my Heart, ſhall utter all the Thoughts
My Youth hath known, and ſtranger Things than theſe
You hear not often. *King.* Walk aſide with him.
Dion. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not?
Bel. Know you this Face, my Lord?
Dion. No. *Bel.* Have you not ſeen it, nor the like?
Dion. Yes, I have ſeen the like, but readily
I know not where. *Bel.* I have been often told
In Court of one *Euphraſia*, a Lady,
And Daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They, that would flatter my bad Face, would ſwear
There was ſuch ſtrange Reſemblance, that we two
Could not be known aſunder, dreſt alike.
Dion. By Heav'n, and ſo there is.
Bel. For her fair Sake,
Who now doth ſpend the Spring-time of her Life
In holy Pilgrimage, move to the King,

(67) *Dear Sir, be patient yet*; or *ſtay that Hand.*] I have reform'd the Text, from the Authority of the old *Quarto*'s: and the ingenious Mr. *Seward* preſcrib'd the ſame Emendation.

That

That I may 'ſcape this Torture. *Dion.* But thou ſpeak'ſt
As like *Euphraſia*, as thou doſt look.
How came it to thy Knowledge that ſhe lives
In Pilgrimage? *Bel.* I know it not, my Lord.
But I have heard it, and do ſcarce believe it.
Dion. Oh, my Shame, is it poſſible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee; art thou ſhe?
Or elſe her Murderer? Where wert thou born?
Bel. In *Siracuſa*. *Dion.* What's thy Name?
Bel. Euphraſia.
Dion. 'Tis juſt, 'tis ſhe now, I do know thee; Oh
That thou hadſt died, and I had never ſeen
Thee nor my Shame. How ſhall I own thee? Shall
This Tongue of mine e'er call thee Daughter more?
Bel. 'Would, I had died, indeed, I wiſh it too;
And ſo I muſt have done by Vow, e'er publiſh'd
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer; yet I joy in this,
The Princeſs is all clear.
King. What have you done?
Dion. All is diſcover'd. *Phi.* Why then hold you me?
[*He offers to ſtab himſelf*
All is diſcover'd; pray you, let me go.
King. Stay him. *Are.* What is diſcover'd?
Dion. Why, my Shame;
It is a Woman, let her ſpeak the reſt.
Phi. How! that again. *Dion.* It is a Woman.
Phi. Bleſt be you Pow'rs that favour Innocence!
King. Lay hold upon that Lady.
Phi. It is a Woman, Sir; hark, Gentlemen!
It is a Woman. *Arethuſa*, take
My Soul into thy Breaſt, that would be gone
With Joy: It is a Woman, —— thou art fair,
And virtuous ſtill to Ages, 'ſpight of Malice.
King. Speak you, where lies his Shame?
Bel. I am his Daughter.
Phi. The Gods are juſt.
Dion. I dare accuſe none, but before you two,
The Virtue of our Age, I bend my Knee
For Mercy. *Phi.* Take it freely; for, I know,

Though

Though what thou didſt were indiſcreetly done,
'Twas meant well. *Are.* And for me,
I have a Pow'r to pardon Sins as oft
As any Man has Pow'r to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy. *Phi.* But, *Bellario*,
(For I muſt call thee ſtill ſo) tell me, why
Thou didſt conceal thy Sex; it was a Fault;
A Fault, *Bellario*, though thy other Deeds
Of Truth outweigh'd it: All theſe Jealouſies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadſt diſcover'd,
What now we know.

(68) *Bel.* My Father oft would ſpeak
Your Worth and Virtue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehenſive, I did thirſt
To ſee the Man ſo prais'd; but yet all this
Was but a Maiden-longing, to be loſt
As ſoon as found; till ſitting in my Window,
Printing my Thoughts in Lawn, I ſaw a God,
I thought (but it was you) enter our Gates;
My Blood flew out, and back again as faſt,
As I had puff'd it forth and ſuck'd it in
Like Breath, then was I call'd away in haſte
To entertain you. Never was a Man,
Heav'd from a Sheep-cote to a Scepter, rais'd
So high in Thoughts as I; you left a Kiſs
Upon theſe Lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever; I did hear you talk,
Far above Singing; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my Heart, and ſearch'd
What ſtir'd it ſo: Alas! I found it Love;
Yet far from Luſt, for could I have but liv'd
In Preſence of you, I had had my End;

(68) ——— *My Father oft would ſpeak*, &c.] The Beauty, the Innocence, of *Euphraſia*'s Character is finely depicted in this Narration from her own Mouth. Our Poets, when they intended it, ſeldom fail'd in the Art of moving the Paſſions. The young Lady, from her Father's Encomiums firſt, had fal'n in Love with *Philaſter*; tho' ſhe knew, that ſhe could have no Pretenſions to his Bed. But as her next, and only, Happineſs was to live in his Sight, ſhe diſguis'd her Sex, and enter'd into his Service. Her Reſolution, and Vow, never to marry any other, is a fine Heightning of her Character.

For

For this I did delude my noble Father
With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and dreſs'd myſelf
In Habit of a Boy; and, for I knew
My Birth no Match for you, I was paſt Hope
Of having you: and underſtanding well
That when I made Diſcovery of my Sex,
I could not ſtay with you; I made a Vow,
By all the moſt religious Things a Maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilſt there was Hope to hide me from Mens Eyes,
For other than I ſeem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you; then ſate I by the Fount,
Where firſt you took me up.

King. Search out a Match
Within our Kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy Dowry; and thyſelf
Wilt well deſerve him.

Bel. Never, Sir, will I
Marry, it is a Thing within my Vow;
But if I may have Leave to ſerve the Princeſs,
To ſee the Virtues of her Lord and her,
I ſhall have Hope to live. *Are.* And I, *Philaſter*
Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady
Dreſt like a Page to ſerve you, nor will I
Suſpect her living here: Come, live with me,
Live free, as I do; ſhe that loves my Lord,
Curſt be the Wife that hates her!

Phi. I grieve, ſuch Virtues ſhould be laid in Earth
Without an Heir. Hear me, my royal Father,
Wrong not the Freedom of our Souls ſo much,
To think to take Revenge of that baſe Woman;
Her Malice cannot hurt us; ſet her free
As ſhe was born, ſaving from Shame and Sin.

King. Set her at Liberty, but leave the Court,
This is no Place for ſuch: You, *Pharamond*,
Shall have free Paſſage, and a Conduct home
Worthy ſo great a Prince; when you come there,
Remember, 'twas your Faults that loſt you her,
And not my purpos'd Will. *Pha.* I do confeſs,
Renowned Sir.

King.

King. Laſt, join your Hands in one. Enjoy, *Philaſter*,
This Kingdom which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine; my Bleſſing on you!
All happy Hours be at your Marriage-Joys,
That you may grow yourſelves over all Lands,
And live to ſee your plenteous Branches ſpring
Where-ever there is Sun! —— Let Princes learn
By this to rule the Paſſions of their Blood,
For, What Heav'n wills, can never be withſtood.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

A KING,

AND

NO KING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Arbaces, *King of* Iberia.

Tigranes, *King of* Armenia.

Gobrias, *Lord Protector, and Father of* Arbaces.

Bacurius, *another Lord.*

Mardonius, Beſſus, } *Two Captains,*

Ligones, *Father of* Spaconia.

Arane, *the Queen's Mother.*

Panthea, *her Daughter.*

Spaconia, *a Lady, Daughter of* Ligones.

Mandane, *a Waiting-woman; and other Attendants.*

Two Gentlemen.

Three Men and a Woman.

Philip, *a Servant, and two Citizens Wives.*

A Meſſenger.

A Servant to Bacurius.

Two Sword-men.

A Boy.

SCENE, *on the Frontiers of* Armenia; *and, afterwards, in the Metropolis of* Iberia.

A KING

A KING, *and No* KING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mardonius *and* (1) Beſſus.

MARDONIUS.

BESSUS, the King has made a fair Hand on't, he has ended the Wars at a Blow; Would my Sword had a cloſe Basket Hilt to hold Wine, and the Blade would make Knives, for we ſhall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Beſ. We, that are Commanders, ſhall do well enough.

Mar. 'Faith, *Beſſus*, ſuch Commanders as thou may; I had as lieve ſet thee Perdue for a Pudding i' th' Dark, as *Alexander* the Great.

Beſ. I love theſe Jeſts exceedingly.

Mar. I think, thou lov'ſt 'em better than quarrelling, *Beſſus*, I'll ſay ſo much i' thy Behalf; and yet thou'rt

(1) The Character of *Beſſus*, I think, muſt be allow'd in general a fine Copy from SHAKESPEARE's inimitable *Falſtaffe*. He is a Coward, yet would fain ſet up for a Hero; Oſtentatious, without any Grain of Merit to ſupport his Vain glory; A Lyar throughout, to exalt his aſſumed Qualifications; and lewd, without any Countenance from the Ladies to give him an Umbrage for it. As to his *Wit* and *Humour*, the Precedence muſt certainly be adjudg'd to *Falſtaffe*, the great Original.

valiant enough upon a Retreat; I think, thou wouldſt kill any Man that ſtop'd thee, if thou couldſt.

Bef. But was not this a brave Combate, *Mardonius?*

Mar. Why, didſt thou ſee't?

Bef. You ſtood wi' me.

Mar. I did ſo; but, methought, thou wink'dſt every Blow they ſtruck.

Bef. Well, I believe, there are better Soldiers than I, that never ſaw two Princes fight in Liſts.

Mar. By my Troth, I think ſo too, *Beſſus*, many a Thouſand; but, certainly, all that are worſe than thou have ſeen as much.

Bef. 'Twas bravely done of our King.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the Wars: I'm glad, thou dar'ſt talk of ſuch dangerous Buſineſſes.

Bef. To take a Prince Priſoner in the Heart of's own Country in ſingle Combat.

Mar. See, how thy Blood curdles at this; I think, thou couldſt be contented to be beaten i' this Paſſion.

Bef. Shall I tell you truly? *Mar.* Ay.

Bef. I could willingly venture for't.

Mar. Hum! no Venture neither, good *Beſſus.*

Bef. Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver Piece of Service than that I'm ſo fam'd for.

Mar. Why, art thou fam'd for any Valour?

Bef. I fam'd! Ay, I warrant you.

Mar. I'm e'en heartily glad on't; I have been with thee e'er ſince thou cam'ſt to th' Wars, and this is the firſt Word that ever I heard on't; prithee, who fames thee?

Bef. The Chriſtian World.

Mar. 'Tis heathenifhly done of 'em, in my Conſcience; thou deſerv'dſt it not.

Bef. Yes, I ha' done good Service.

Mar. I do not know how thou may'ſt wait of a Man in's Chamber, or thy Agility in ſhifting a Trencher; but, otherwiſe, no Service, good *Beſſus.*

Bef. You ſaw me do the Service yourſelf.

Mar. Not ſo haſty, ſweet *Beſſus*, where was it, is the Place vaniſh'd?

Bef.

Bef. At *Beſſus'* deſp'rate Redemption.

Mar. At *Beſſus'* deſp'rate Redemption, where's that?

Bef. There, where I redeem'd the Day; the Place bears my Name.

Mar. Pray thee, who chriſtened it?

Bef. The Soldiers.

Mar. If I were not a very merrily diſpos'd Man, what would become of thee? One, that had but a Grain of Choler in the whole Compoſition of his Body, would ſend thee of an Errand to the Worms for putting thy Name upon that field: Did not I beat thee there i' th' Head o' th' Troops with a Truncheon, becauſe thou wouldſt needs run away with thy Company, when we ſhould charge the Enemy?

Bef. True; but I did not run.

Mar. Right, *Beſſus*, I beat thee out on't.

Bef. But came I not up when the Day was gone, and redeem'd all?

Mar. Thou knoweſt, and ſo do I, thou mean'dſt to fly, and, thy Fear making thee miſtake, thou ran'ſt upon the Enemy, and a hot Charge thou gav'ſt; as I'll do thee Right, thou art furious in running away, and, I think, we owe thy Fear for our Victory; If I were the King, and were ſure thou wouldſt miſtake always and run away upon th' Enemy, thou ſhouldſt be General, by this Light.

Bef. You'll never leave this till I fall foul.

Mar. No more ſuch Words, dear *Beſſus*; for though I have ever known thee a Coward, and therefore durſt never ſtrike thee, yet if thou proceedeſt, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

Bef. Come, come, our King's a brave Fellow.

Mar. He is ſo, *Beſſus*; I wonder how thou cam'ſt to know it. But if thou wert a Man of Underſtanding I would tell thee, (2) he is vain-glorious and humble, and angry and

(2) *He is vain-glorious, and humble, and angry, and patient, and merry, and dull, and joyful, and ſorrowful, in Extremity in an Hour:* } *Mardonius* here has very exactly decypher'd the Character of the King. The ſlight Variation that I have made in the pointing, I think, gives us the Meaning of the Poets; *viz.* that *Arbaces* diſplays the Contraſt of all his Paſſions, to their utmoſt pitch, in the compaſs of an Hour.

and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful, in Extremity, in an Hour: Do not think me thy Friend for this, for, if I car'd who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it, *Bessus*. Here he is with his Prey in his Foot.

Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, *and two Gentlemen.*

Arb. Thy Sadness, brave *Tigranes*, takes away
From my full Victory: Am I become
Of so small Fame, that any Man should grieve
When I o'ercome him? They, that plac'd me here,
Intended it an Honour large enough,
For the most valiant living, but to dare
Oppose me single, though he lost the Day.
What should afflict you? you're as free as I;
To be my Prisoner, is to be more free
Than you were formerly; and never think,
The Man, I held worthy to combat me,
Shall be us'd servilely: Thy Ransom is
To take my only Sister to thy Wife.
A heavy one, *Tigranes*, for she is
A Lady, that the Neighbour Princes send
Blanks to fetch home. I have been too unkind
To her, *Tigranes*; she but nine Years old,
I left her, and ne'er saw her since; your Wars
Have held me long, and taught me, though a Youth,
The way to Victory; she was a pretty Child,
Then I was little better; but now Fame

For, as *Mardonius* afterwards says of him, this Comment is confirm'd;

I never saw such sudden Extremities.

I ought to subjoin Mr. *Seward*'s Defence of this Play. — "Mr. *Rhymer* flings the most virulent of all his Invectives against *Othello* and "*Arbaces*, falsly deeming all the Faults of those Characters to be so "many Charges against the Poets; whereas their Intent was not to "paint *Perfection* but *Human Nature*, to blend the *Virtues* and *Vices* "together, so that both may spring from the same *Temper*, and, like "*handsom* and *ill-favour'd Children*, both still bear a *Resemblance* to their "*Sire*. To do this well is one of the highest Efforts of Poetry. *Ar*"*baces*, like his great Pattern *Achilles*, has *Virtues* and *Vices* in the Ex"treme. His *Violence* makes us expect some dreadful Effect, and it "therefore soon hurries him into an Attempt to commit *Incest*. He is "to raise *Terror* and *Anger*, not *Pity* and *Love*; and Mr. *Rhymer* hav"ing the same *Choler* in his *Temper*, ridiculously took fire, and fu"riously attack'd his *own Shadow*.

Cries

Cries loudly on her, and my Meſſengers
Make me believe, ſhe is a Miracle;
She'll make you ſhrink, as I did, with a Stroke
But of her Eye, *Tigranes.* *Tigr.* Is't the Courſe of
Iberia to uſe their Priſoners thus?
Had Fortune thrown my Name above *Arbaces*,
I ſhould not thus have talk'd, Sir: In *Armenia*,
We hold it baſe: You ſhould have kept your Temper
Till you ſaw Home again, where 'tis the Faſhion,
Perhaps, to brag. *Arb.* Be you my Witneſs, Earth,
Need I to brag? Doth not this Captive Prince
Speak me ſufficiently, and all the Acts
That I have wrought upon his ſuffering Land?
Should I then boaſt! where lies that Foot of Ground
Within his whole Realm, that I have not paſt,
Fighting and conquering; far then from me
Be Oſtentation. I could tell the World
How I have laid his Kingdom deſolate
By this ſole Arm, prop'd by Divinity;
Stript him out of his Glories, and have ſent
The Pride of all his Youth to people Graves;
And made his Virgins languiſh for their Loves,
If I would brag. Should I, that have the Pow'r
To teach the neighbour World Humility,
Mix with Vain-glory?
Mar. Indeed, this is none. [*Aſide.*
Arb. *Tigranes*, —— no, did I but take Delight
To ſtretch my Deeds as others do, on Words,
I could amaze my Hearers. *Mar.* So you do.
Arb. (3) But he ſhall wrong his and my Modeſty,
That thinks me apt to boaſt: After an Act
Fit for a God to do upon his Foe,
A little Glory in a Soldier's Mouth

(3) *But he ſhall wrong his and my Modeſty,*
That thinks me apt to boaſt after any *Act*
Fit for a good Man *to do upon his Foe,*] The Meaſure, the Pointing, and the Senſe, are all defective here. I have reſtor'd all three from the Authority of the *Quarto*'s in 1619, and 1676.

Is well-becoming; be it far from vain.

Mar. 'Tis pity, that Valour ſhould be thus drunk. [*Aſide.*

Arb. I offer you my Siſter, and you anſwer,
I do inſult: A Lady that no Suit,
Nor Treaſure, nor thy Crown, could purchaſe thee,
But that thou fought'ſt with me.

Tigr. Though this be worſe
Than that you ſpake before, it ſtrikes me not;
But that you think to over-grace me with
The Marriage of your Siſter, troubles me,
I would give Worlds for Ranſoms, were they mine,
Rather than have her. *Arb.* See, if I inſult,
That am the Conqueror, and for a Ranſom
Offer rich Treaſure to the Conquered,
Which he refuſes, and I bear his Scorn:
It cannot be Self-Flattery to ſay,
The Daughters of your Country, ſet by her,
Would ſee their Shame, run home and bluſh to Death,
At their own Foulneſs; yet ſhe is not fair,
Nor beautiful, thoſe Words expreſs her not;
They ſay, her Looks have ſomething excellent,
That wants a Name: Yet were ſhe odious,
Her Birth deſerves the Empire of the World,
Siſter to ſuch a Brother; that hath ta'en
Victory Priſoner, and throughout the Earth
Carries her bound, and ſhould he let her looſe,
She durſt not leave him; Nature did her Wrong,
To print continual Conqueſt on her Cheeks,
And make no Man worthy for her to take,
But me, that am too near her; and as ſtrangely
She did for me, but you will think I brag.

Mar. I do, I'll be ſworn. Thy Valour and thy Paſſions ſever'd, would have made two excellent Fellows in their kinds: I know not, whether I ſhould be ſorry thou art ſo valiant, or ſo paſſionate; 'wou'd, one of 'em were away! [*Aſide.*

Tigr. Do I refuſe her, that I doubt her Worth?
Were ſhe as virtuous as ſhe would be thought,
So perfect, that no one of her own Sex

Could

Could find a Want; (4) Were she so tempting fair,
That she could wish it off, for damning Souls;
I would pay any Ransom, twenty Lives,
Rather than meet her married in my Bed.
Perhaps, I have a Love, where I have fix'd
Mine Eyes not to be mov'd, and she on me;
I am not fickle. *Arb.* Is that all the Cause?
Think you, you can so knit yourself in Love
To any other, that her searching Sight
Cannot dissolve it? So, before you try'd,
You thought yourself a Match for me in Fight:
Trust me, *Tigranes*, she can do as much
In Peace, as I in War; she'll conquer too;
You shall see, (5) if you have the Pow'r to stand
The Force of her swift Looks. If you dislike,
I'll send you home with Love, and name your Ransom
Some other way; but if she be your Choice,
She frees you: To *Iberia* you must.

(4) ——— ——— *were she so tempting fair,*
That she could wish it off, for damning *Souls*;] This Passage is so obscure in the Expression, that, I believe, it will want a short Comment to the Generality of Readers. The Authors mean "Were she "so temptingly fair, that she could wish to be less beauteous, *for* "*Fear* of damning Souls, in their coveting to enjoy her Charms; &c. So, SHAKESPEARE in his *Othello*;

A Fellow almost damn'd *in a fair Wife,*

i. e. grown so uxorious through the Attractions of her Beauty, as to neglect all his Duty towards Heaven, and consequently incur the Danger of Damnation. This Sentiment is explain'd in another Passage of that immortal Author, in his *Merchant of* Venice.

——— ——— *it is very meet,*
The Lord Bassanio *live an* upright Life.
For, having such a Blessing *in his Lady,*
He finds the Joys *of* Heaven *here on Earth*;
And if on Earth he do not merit *it,*
In Reason he should never come to Heav'n.

(5) ——— *if you have the Pow'r to stand*
The Force of her swift *Looks.*] Both Mr. *Seward* and Mr. *Sympson* chuse to adopt the Epithet, *sweet*. I have not ventur'd to alter the Text; because, I think, the Word *swift* is more consonant to *Force*, i. e. the Power of her *keen*, *pointed* Glances; as *Arbaces* speaks of her a little above;

She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a Stroke
Out of her Eye, Tigranes.

Tigr.

Tigr. Sir, I have learn'd a Priſoner's Sufferance,
And will obey; but give me Leave to talk
In private with ſome Friends before I go.

Arb. Some do await him forth, and ſee him ſafe,
But let him freely ſend for whom he pleaſe,
And none dare to diſturb his Conference;
I will not have him know what Bondage is,
[*Exit* Tigranes.
'Till he be free from me. This Prince, *Mardonius*,
Is full of Wiſdom, Valour, all the Graces
Man can receive. *Mar.* And yet you conquer'd him.

Arb. And yet I conquer'd him, and could have don't,
Hadſt thou join'd with him, though thy Name in Arms
Be great; muſt all Men, that are virtuous,
Think ſuddenly to match themſelves with me?
I conquered him, and bravely, did I not?

Beſ. An pleaſe your Majeſty, I was afraid at firſt,——

Mar. When wert thou other? *Arb.* Of what?

Beſ. That you would not have ſpy'd your beſt Advantage; for your Majeſty, in my Opinion, lay too high; methinks, under favour, you ſhould have lain thus.

Mar. Like a Tailor at a Wake.

Beſ. And then, if't pleaſe your Majeſty to remember, at one Time, by my troth, I wiſh'd myſelf wi'you.

Mar. By my troth, thou would'ſt ha' ſtunk 'em both out o'th' Liſts.

Arb. What to do?

Beſ. To put your Majeſty in mind of an Occaſion; you lay thus, and *Tigranes* falſified a Blow at your Leg, which you, by doing thus, avoided; but if you had whip'd up your Leg thus, and reach'd him on the Ear, you had made the Blood-Royal run down his Head.

Mar. What Country Fence-School did'ſt thou learn that at?

Arb. Piſh! did not I take him nobly?

Mar. Why, you did, and you have talk'd enough on't.

Arb. Talk'd enough?
Will you confine my Words? By Heav'n and Earth,
I were much better be a King of Beaſts
Than

Than ſuch a People: If I had not Patience
Above a God, I ſhould be call'd a Tyrant
Throughout the World. They will offend to Death
Each Minute: Let me hear thee ſpeak again,
And thou art Earth again: Why, this is like
Tigranes' Speech, that needs would ſay, I brag'd.
Beſſus, he ſaid, I brag'd. *Beſ.* Ha, ha, ha!
Arb. Why doſt thou laugh?
By all the World, I'm grown ridiculous
To my own Subjects: Tie me to a Chair,
And jeaſt at me; but I ſhall make a Start,
And puniſh ſome, that others may take heed
How they are haughty; who will anſwer me?
He ſaid, I boaſted; ſpeak, *Mardonius*,
Did I? He will not anſwer. O my Temper!
I give you Thanks above, that taught my Heart
Patience, I can endure his Silence. What, will none
Vouchſafe to give me Anſwer? Am I grown
To ſuch a poor Reſpect, or do you mean
To break my Wind? Speak, ſpeak, ſome one of you,
Or elſe by Heav'n, — 1 *Gent.* So pleaſe your ——
Arb. Monſtrous,
I cannot be heard out, they cut me off,
As if I were too ſaucy. I will live
In Woods, and talk to Trees, they will allow me
To end what I begin. The meaneſt Subject
Can find a Freedom to diſcharge his Soul,
And not I; now it is a Time to ſpeak;
I hearken. 1 *Gent.* May it pleaſe ———
Arb. I mean not you,
Did not I ſtop you once? (6) but I am grown

To

(6) ——— ——— *but I am grown*

To balk, *but* I defie, *let another ſpeak.*] The flagrant Nonſenſe of this Paſſage made me look upon it as one of the *Loci deſperati* in our Authors; and irretrievable by Conjecture, as none of the Copies lend the leaſt Light to clear it up. If I have made ſome tolerable Emendations thro' the Work, I would give the Merit of them all up, to have been the Maſter of that Correction which the Sagacity of Mr. *Seward* has ſhewn in reſtoring the undiſputed Senſe of our Authors.

To talk but idly; let another ſpeak.
2 *Gent.* I hope your Majeſty ——
Arb. Thou drawl'ſt thy Words,
That I muſt wait an Hour, where other Men
Can hear in Inſtants; throw your Words away,
Quick, and to purpoſe; I have told you this.
Beſ. An pleaſe your Majeſty, ——
Arb. Wilt thou devour me? this is ſuch a Rudeneſs
As yet you never ſhew'd me, and I want
Pow'r to command too, elſe *Mardonius*
Would ſpeak at my Requeſt; were you my King,
I would have anſwer'd at your Word, *Mardonius*;
I pray you ſpeak, and truely, did I boaſt?
Mar. Truth will offend you.
Arb. You take all great Care

—— *but I am grown*
To talk *but* idley; *i. e.* neither to be attended to, nor obey'd. I am proud here to ſubjoin the Gentleman's Note.

" As it may be ſome Entertainment to the curious Reader to ſee " an humble Critick poring in the Dark, if he by that means has at " laſt open'd the Door to Day-light, I will give the Proceſs of this " Emendation. Every one muſt ſee, that the Text, as it ſtood, was " abſolutely Nonſenſe: and Mr. *Theobald* inform'd me, that it has " ſtood ſo through all the Editions: and, not having hit upon any " Emendation himſelf, he had look'd upon it as one of the *Loci deſ-* " *perati* of our Authors. It is eaſy to obſerve, that the Senſe re- " quired muſt be either, *that I am grown not to have what I ſay ob-* " *ſerv'd*: or, *to have my Will contradicted in every thing.* I had " advanc'd ſeveral Conjectures, but they departed too much from the " Traces of the Letters. In rejecting them, therefore, I obſerv'd, " that had any of them been clear, as to the Senſe; yet they made " a Syllable too much in the Verſe. Nothing is ſo great an Aſſiſtance " in retrieving the Senſe, as a due Attendance to the Metre; for a " redundant Syllable having crept into the former Reading, one may " eaſily ſee that it moſt probably was in the Words; *I deſie*, that be- " ing evidently a Corruption. The Word, therefore, that I have hit " upon, gives the full Idea required; and ſuppoſe, *deſie*, to have been " written with a final *y* inſtead of *ie*, it drops only one Vowel, and " changes an *ſ* into an *l*." Mr. *Seward.*

In ſupport of this beautiful Emendation, I will obſerve, that the King, in the next Page, inculcates the ſame Meaning, tho' in different Words.

—— *Why, here they ſtand like Death*;
My Words move nothing.

What

What will offend me, when you dare to utter
Such Things as these.

Mar. You told *Tigranes*, you had won his Land,
With that sole Arm prop'd by Divinity:
Was not that Bragging, and a Wrong to us,
That daily ventur'd Lives?

Arb. O that thy Name
Were great as mine! 'would, I had paid my Wealth,
It were as great, that I might combate thee!
I would, through all the Regions habitable,
Search thee, and, having found thee, wi' my Sword
Drive thee about the World, 'till I had met
Some Place that yet Man's Curiosity
Hath miss'd of; there, there would I strike thee dead:
Forgotten of Mankind; such Funeral Rites
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.

Bes. The King
Rages extreamly, shall we slink away?
He'll strike us. 2 *Gent.* Content.

Arb. There I would make you know, 'twas this sole Arm.
I grant, you were my Instruments, and did
As I commanded you, but 'twas this Arm
Mov'd you like Wheels, it mov'd you as it pleas'd.
Whither slip you now? what, are you too good
To wait on me, Puffe? I had need have Temper,
That rule such People; I have nothing left
At my own Choice; I would, I might be private:
Mean Men enjoy themselves, but 'tis our Curse,
To have a Tumult that out of their Loves
Will wait on us, whether we will or no;
Will you be gone? Why, here they stand like Death,
My Words move nothing. 1 *Gent.* Must we go?

Bes. I know not.

Arb. I pray you, leave me, Sirs; I'm proud of this,
That you will be intreated from my Sight:
[*Exeunt all but* Arb. *and* Mar.
Why, now they leave me all: *Mardonius* — *Mar.* Sir.

Arb. What, will you leave me quite alone? methinks,
Civility should teach you more than this;
If I were but your Friend, — Stay here, and wait.

Mar.

Mar. Sir, ſhall I ſpeak?

Arb. Why, you would now think much
To be denied, but I can ſcarce intreat
What I would have: Do, ſpeak.

Mar. But will you hear me out?

Arb. You article with me, to talk thus: Well,
I'll hear you out. *Mar.* Sir, that I have ever lov'd you,
My Sword hath ſpoken for me; that I do,
If it be doubted, I dare call an Oath,
A great one to my Witneſs; and were you not
My King, from amongſt Men, I ſhould have choſe
You out to love above the reſt; nor can
This challenge Thanks; for my own ſake I ſhould have
Done it, becauſe I would have lov'd the moſt
Deſerving Man; for ſo you are.

Arb. Alas! *Mardonius*, riſe, you ſhall not kneel;
We all are Soldiers, and all venture Lives:
And where there is no Difference in Mens Worths,
Titles are Jeaſts. Who can outvalue thee?
Mardonius, thou haſt lov'd me, and haſt Wrong;
Thy Love is not rewarded; but believe,
It ſhall be better; more than Friend in Arms,
My Father, and my Tutor, good *Mardonius*.

Mar. Sir, you did promiſe, you would hear me out.

Arb. And ſo I will; ſpeak freely, for from thee
Nothing can come, but worthy Things and true.

Mar. Though you have all this Worth, you hold ſome Qualities
That do eclipſe your Virtues.

Arb. Eclipſe my Virtues? *Mar.* Yes, your Paſſions;
Which are ſo manifold, that they appear even in this:
When I commend you, you hug me for that Truth;
But when I ſpeak your Faults, you make a Start,
(7) And fly the Hearing out.

Arb. When you commend me? O, that I ſhould live
To need ſuch Commendations! If my Deeds

(7) *And fly the Hearing* but.] This Particle ſeems to have no Right to ſtand here; we muſt, to make Senſe, ſubſtitute *out* in its Place. Mr. *Sympſon.*

And ſo I had corrected the Paſſage long ago.

Blew

Blew not my Praiſe themſelves about the Earth,
I were moſt wretched: Spare your idle Praiſe:
If thou did'ſt mean to flatter, and ſhould'ſt utter
Words in my Praiſe, that thou thought'ſt Impudence,
My Deeds ſhould make 'em modeſt: When you praiſe,
I hug you? 'tis ſo falſe, that wert thou worthy
Thou ſhould'ſt receive a Death, a glorious Death
From me: but thou ſhalt underſtand thy Lyes,
For ſhould'ſt thou praiſe me into Heav'n, and there
Leave me inthron'd, I would deſpiſe thee then
As much as now, which is as much as Duſt,
Becauſe I ſee thy Envy.

Mar. However you will uſe me after, yet for your own Promiſe ſake, hear me the reſt.

Arb. I will, and after call unto the Winds,
For they ſhall lend as large an Ear as I
To what you utter: Speak.

Mar. Would you but leave theſe haſty Tempers, which I do not ſay take from you all your Worth,
(8) But darken it, then you will ſhine indeed.

Arb. Well.

Mar. Yet I would have you keep ſome Paſſions, leſt Men ſhould take you for a God, your Virtues are ſuch.

Arb. Why, now you flatter.

Mar. I never underſtood the Word. Were you no King, and free from theſe Moods, ſhould I chuſe a Companion for Wit and Pleaſure, it ſhould be you; or for Honeſty to enterchange my Boſom with, it ſhould be you; or Wiſdom to give me Counſel, I would pick out you; or Valour to defend my Reputation, ſtill I ſhould find out you; for you are fit to fight for all the World, if it could come in Queſtion: Now I have ſpoke, conſider to yourſelf, find out a Uſe; if ſo, then what ſhall fall to me is not material.

Arb. Is not material? more than ten ſuch Lives
As mine, *Mardonius:* It was nobly ſaid,
Thou haſt ſpoke Truth, and boldly ſuch a Truth

(8) *which I do not ſay take from you all your Worth, but darken* 'em,] *Worth* being a Subſtantive of the Singular Number, we muſt certainly read *it*, inſtead of *'em*. Mr. *Sympſon*.

As

As might offend another. I have been
Too paſſionate and idle, thou ſhalt ſee
A ſwift Amendment, but I want thoſe Parts
You praiſe me for: I fight for all the World?
(9) Give thee a Sword, and thou wilt go as far
Beyond me, as thou art beyond in Years,
I know, thou dar'ſt and wilt; it troubles me
That I ſhould uſe ſo rough a Phraſe to thee,
Impute it to my Folly, what thou wilt,
So thou wilt pardon me: that thou and I
Should differ thus! *Mar.* Why, 'tis no matter, Sir.

Arb. Faith, but it is; but thou doſt ever take
All things I do, thus patiently; for which
I never can requite thee, but with Love,
And that thou ſhalt be ſure of. Thou and I
Have not been merry lately: Pray thee, tell me
Where had'ſt thou that ſame Jewel in thine Ear?

Mar. Why, at the taking of a Town.

Arb. A Wench, upon my Life, a Wench, *Mardonius*, gave thee that Jewel.

Mar. Wench! they reſpect not me, I'm old and rough, and every Limb about me, but that which ſhould, grows ſtiffer; i'thoſe Buſineſſes, I may ſwear, I am truly honeſt: For I pay juſtly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a Certainty.

Arb. Why, do the Wenches encroach upon thee?

Mar. Ay, by this Light, do they.

Arb. Did'ſt thou ſit at an old Rent with 'em?

Mar. Yes, faith.

Arb. And do they improve themſelves?

Mar. Ay, ten Shillings to me, every new young Fellow they come acquainted with.

Arb. How can'ſt live on't?

Mar. Why, I think, I muſt petition you.

Arb. Thou ſhalt take them up at my Price.

(9) *Give* me *a Sword, and thou wilt go as far Beyond me,*] The whole Turn of the Sentence plainly requires an Alteration of *Me* into *Thee*, as Mr. *Seward* pointed out to me; and his Conjecture is authoriz'd by the three *Quarto*'s in 1619, 1631, and 1676.

Enter

Enter two Gentlemen, and Beſſus.

Mar. Your Price? *Arb.* Ay, the King's Price.

Mar. That may be more than I'm worth.

2 *Gent.* Is he not merry now?

1 *Gent.* I think not.

Beſ. He is, he is: we'll ſhew ourſelves.

Arb. Beſſus, I thought you had been in *Iberia* by this, I bad you haſte; *Gobrias* will want Entertainment for me.

Beſ. An pleaſe your Majeſty, I have a Suite.

Arb. Is't not louſy, *Beſſus*, what is't?

Beſ. I am to carry a Lady with me.

Arb. Then thou haſt two Suites.

Beſ. And if I can prefer her to the Lady *Panthea* your Majeſty's Siſter, to learn Faſhions, as her Friends term it, it will be worth ſomething to me.

Arb. So many Nights' Lodgings as 'tis thither, will't not?

Beſ. I know not that, Sir, but Gold I ſhall be ſure of.

Arb. Why, thou ſhalt bid her entertain her from me, ſo thou wilt reſolve me one thing.

Beſ. If I can.

Arb. Faith, 'tis a very diſputable Queſtion, and yet, I think, thou can'ſt decide it.

Beſ. Your Majeſty has a good Opinion of my Underſtanding.

Arb. I have ſo good an Opinion of it: 'Tis, whether thou be valiant.

Beſ. Somebody has traduced me to you: Do you ſee this Sword, Sir?

Arb. Yes.

Beſ. If I do not make my Back-biters eat it to a Knife within this Week, ſay, I am not valiant.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Health to your Majeſty!

Arb. From *Gobrias?* *Meſ.* Yes, Sir.

Arb. How does he, is he well?

Meſ. In perfect Health.

Arb. Take that for thy good News. A truſtier Servant to his Prince there lives not, than is good *Gobrias*.

1 *Gent.* The King ſtarts back.
Mar. His Blood goes back as faſt.
2 *Gent.* And now it comes again.
Mar. He alters ſtrangely.
Arb. The Hand of Heaven is on me; be it far
From me to ſtruggle! (10) If my ſecret Sins
Have pull'd this Curſe upon me, lend me Tears
Enow to waſh me white, that I may feel
A Child-like Innocence within my Breaſt;
Which once perform'd, O give me Leave to ſtand
As fix'd as Conſtancy herſelf; my Eyes
Set here unmov'd, regardleſs of the World,
Though thouſand Miſeries incompaſs me.
Mar. This is ſtrange, Sir, how do you?
Arb. Mardonius, my Mother — *Mar.* Is ſhe dead?
Arb. Alas, ſhe's not ſo happy; thou doſt know
How ſhe hath laboured, ſince my Father died,
To take by Treaſon hence this loathed Life,
That wou'd but be to ſerve her. I have pardon'd,
And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit
To practiſe new Sins, not repent the old:
(11) She now had hired a Slave to come from thence,
And ſtrike me here, whom *Gobrias*, ſifting out,
Took, and condemn'd, and executed there.
The careful'ſt Servant! Heav'n, let me but live
To pay that Man; Nature is poor to me,
That will not let me have as many Deaths
As are the Times that he hath ſav'd my Life,
That I might die 'em over all for him.
Mar. Sir, let her bear her Sins on her own Head;

(10) ——— ——— *if my ſecret Sins*
Have pull'd this Curſe upon me, lend me Tears
Now *to waſh me white, that I may feel*] The Defect of the Metre at the beginning of the third Verſe plainly demonſtrates a Defect in the Senſe. I have reſtor'd the true Reading from the oldeſt *Quarto* in 1619.

(11) *She now had* ſtirr'd *a Slave to come from thence.*
And ſtrike me here;] *Stirr'd* is not abſolute Nonſenſe, becauſe it may ſignify, *moved, prevail'd upon, egg'd on* to do a thing; but as *hired* is authoriz'd by the oldeſt *Quarto*, I have adopted it as the more eligible and eaſy Word.

Vex

Vex not yourſelf. *Arb.* What will the World
Conceive of me? with what unnatural Sins
Will they ſuppoſe me loaden, when my Life
Is ſought by her, that gave it to the World?
But yet he writes me Comfort here; my Siſter,
He ſays, is grown in Beauty and in Grace,
In all the innocent Virtues that become
A tender ſpotleſs Maid: (12) ſhe ſtains her Cheeks
With mourning Tears, to purge her Mother's Ill,
And 'mongſt that ſacred Dew ſhe mingles Pray'rs,
Her pure Oblations, for my ſafe Return.
If I have loſt the Duty of a Son,
If any Pomp or Vanity of State
Made me forget my Natural Offices;
Nay, farther, if I have not every Night
Expoſtulated with my wand'ring Thoughts,
If aught unto my Parent they have err'd,
And call'd 'em back: (13) Do you direct her Arm
Unto this foul diſſembling Heart of mine:
But if I have been juſt to her, ſend out
Your Pow'r to compaſs me, and hold me ſafe
From ſearching Treaſon; I will uſe no Means,
But Prayer: for rather ſuffer me to ſee
From mine own Veins iſſue a deadly Flood,
Than waſh my Danger off with Mother's Blood.
Mar. I never ſaw ſuch ſudden Extremities. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tigranes *and* Spaconia.

Tigr. Why? wilt thou have me die, *Spaconia*,
What ſhould I do? *Spa.* Nay, let me ſtay alone,

(12) ——————— *ſhe ſtains her Cheeks*
With morning *Tears, to purge her Mother's Ill*;] But why *morning* Tears? Are they more effective and prevalent than thoſe ſhed in the *Evening*, or at *Midnight?* The ingenious Mr. *Sympſon*, preſcrib'd *mourning* to me, .. e. *Tears of real Grief:* And his Conjecture is ſupported by the three *Quarto*'s in 1619, 1631, and 1676.

(13) ——————— *Do you direct her Arm*
Unto this foul diſſembling Heart of mine.] Who is to direct her Arm? The Gods, I ſuppoſe, muſt be meant; but they are neither invoked, nor mention'd. This is a bold *Elleipſis*; but yet not infrequent with our Poets. Mr. *Sympſon.*

And when you see *Armenia* again,
You shall behold a Tomb more worth than I;
Some Friend, that either loves me or my Cause,
Will build me something to distinguish me
From other Women; many a weeping Verse
He will lay on, and much lament those Maids,
That plac'd their Loves unfortunately high,
As I have done, where they can never reach.
But why should you go to *Iberia?*

Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt ask me! ask the Man,
That rages in a Fever, why he lies
Distemper'd there, when all the other Youths
Are coursing o'er the Meadows with their Loves?
Can I resist it? am I not a Slave
To him that conquer'd me? *Spa.* That conquer'd thee,
Tigranes! He has won but half of thee,
Thy Body; but thy Mind may be as free
As his; his Will did never combate thine,
And take it Prisoner. *Tigr.* But if he by Force
Convey my Body hence, what helps it me,
Or thee, to be unwilling? *Spa.* O *Tigranes*,
I know, you are to see a Lady there,
To see, and like, I fear: perhaps, the Hope
Of her makes you forget me, e'er we part;
Be happier than you know to wish; farewel!

Tigr. Spaconia, stay, and hear me what I say.
In short, Destruction meet me that I may
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave
To be thy faithful Lover! part with me
Thou shalt not, there are none that know our Love;
And I have given Gold unto a Captain,
That goes unto *Iberia* from the King,
That he will place a Lady of our Land
With the King's Sister that is offer'd me;
Thither shall you, and, being once got in,
Persuade her by what subtle Means you can
To be as backward in her Love as I.

Spa. Can you imagine that a longing Maid,
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away
With Words from loving you?

Tigr.

Tigr. Diſpraiſe my Health,
My Honeſty, and tell her I am jealous.
Spa. Why, I had rather loſe you: Can my Heart
Conſent to let my Tongue throw out ſuch Words?
And I, that ever yet ſpoke what I thought,
Shall find it ſuch a Thing at firſt to lie.
Tigr. Yet do thy beſt.

Enter Beſſus.

Beſ. What, is your Majeſty ready?
Tigr. There is the Lady, Captain.
Beſ. Sweet Lady, by your Leave; I could wiſh myſelf more full of Courtſhip for your fair Sake.
Spa. Sir, I ſhall feel no Want of that.
Beſ. Lady, you muſt haſte; I have receiv'd new Letters from the King, that require more Haſte than I expected; he will follow me ſuddenly himſelf, and begins to call for your Majeſty already.
Tigr. He ſhall not do ſo long.
Beſ. Sweet Lady, ſhall I call you my *Charge* hereafter?
Spa. I will not take upon me to govern your Tongue; Sir, you ſhall call me what you pleaſe.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthea, *and* Mandane, *Waiting-women with Attendants.*

GOBRIAS.

MY Lord *Bacurius*, you muſt have Regard
Unto the Queen, ſhe is your Priſoner;
'Tis at your Peril, if ſhe make Eſcape.
Bac. My Lord, I know't, ſhe is my Priſoner,
From you committed; yet ſhe is a Woman;
And ſo I keep her ſafe, you will not urge me
To keep her cloſe, I ſhall not ſhame to ſay
I ſorrow for her. *Gob.* So do I, my Lord;

I ſorrow for her, that ſo little Grace
Doth govern her; that ſhe ſhould ſtretch her Arm
Againſt her King; ſo little Womanhood
And natural Goodneſs, as to think the Death
Of her own Son. *Ara.* Thou know'ſt the Reaſon why,
Diſſembling as thou art, and wilt not ſpeak.

Gob. There is a Lady takes not after you,
Her Father is within her; that good Man,
Whoſe Tears weigh'd down his Sins. Mark, how ſhe [weeps,
How well it does become her; and if you
Can find no Diſpoſition in yourſelf
To Sorrow, yet by Gracefullneſs in her
Find out the way, and by your Reaſon weep:
All this ſhe does for you, and more ſhe needs,
When for yourſelf you will not loſe a Tear;
Think, how this Want of Grief diſcredits you.
And you will weep, becauſe you cannot weep.

Ara. You talk to me, as having got a Time
Fit for your Purpoſe; but you know, I know
You ſpeak not what you think. *Pan.* I would my Heart
Were Stone, before my Softneſs ſhould be urg'd
Againſt my Mother! A more troubled Thought
No Virgin bears about; ſhould I excuſe
My Mother's Fault, I ſhould ſet light a Life,
In loſing which a Brother and a King
Were taken from me; if I ſeek to ſave
That Life ſo lov'd, I loſe another Life
That gave me Being; I ſhall loſe a Mother;
A Word of ſuch a Sound in a Child's Ears,
That it ſtrikes Reverence through it; May the Will
Of Heav'n be done, and if One needs muſt fall,
Take a poor Virgin's Life to anſwer all!

Ara. But, *Gobrias*, let us talk; you know, this Fault
Is not in me as in another Mother.

Gob. I know, it is not. *Ara.* Yet you make it ſo.

Gob. Why, is not all that's paſt beyond your Help?

Ara. I know, it is.

Gob. Nay, ſhould you publiſh it before the World,
Think you, 'twould be believ'd?

Ara. I know, it would not.

Nay,

(14) *Gob.* Nay, ſhould I join wi' you, ſhould we both be ſworn,
Yet ſhould we not both die uncredited? [ſworn,

Ara. I think, we ſhould.

Gob. Why then take you ſuch violent Courſes? As for me, I do but Right in ſaving of the King from all your Plots.

Ara. The King?

Gob. I bad you reſt with Patience, and a Time
Would come for me to reconcile all to
Your own Content, but by this way you take
Away my Pow'r; and what was done unknown,
Was not by me but you: Your urging being done
I muſt preſerve my own, but Time may bring
All this to Light, and happily for all.

Ara. Accurſed be this over-curious Brain,
That gave that Plot a birth! Accurſt this Womb,
That after did conceive to my Diſgrace!

Bac. My Lord Protector, they ſay, there are divers Letters come from *Armenia*, that *Beſſus* has done good Service, and brought again a Day by his particular Valour; receiv'd you any to that Effect?

Gob. Yes, 'tis moſt certain.

Bac. I'm ſorry for't; not that the Day was won,
But that 'twas won by him; we held him here
A Coward: He did me Wrong once, at which I laugh'd,
And ſo did all the World; for neither I,
Nor any other, held him worth my Sword.

Enter Beſſus *and* Spaconia.

Beſ. Health to my Lord Protector; from the King

(14) *Nay, ſhould I join with you, ſhould we* not *both be* torn, *and yet both die uncredited?*] I can't think, this Word came from the Poets, or was deſign'd by them to ſtand for *tortured*; neither do I know how to apply an healing Hand to the Text, unleſs we tranſpoſe and read thus.

——— *ſhould we both be ſworn,*
Yet ſhould not we both die uncredited? Mr. *Sympſon.*

My Friend does not ſeem much to like his Conjecture: But as the Paſſage is certainly corrupted without it, and as it retrieves plain Senſe, I have ventured to inſert it; and, I am verily perſuaded, it will not do him any Diſcredit.

Theſe Letters; and to your Grace, Madam, theſe.

Gob. How does his Majeſty?

Beſ. As well as Conqueſt by his own Means and his valiant Commanders can make him; your Letters will tell you all.

Pan. I will not open mine, till I do know
My Brother's Health: Good Captain, is he well?

Beſ. As the reſt of us that fought are.

Pan. But how's that? is he hurt?

Beſ. He's a ſtrange Soldier, that gets not a Knock.

Pan. I do not ask how ſtrange that Soldier is
That gets no Hurt, but whether he have one.

Beſ. He had divers. *Pan.* And is he well again?

Beſ. Well again, an't pleaſe your Grace? Why, I was run twice through the Body, and ſhot i' th' Head with a Croſs-arrow, and yet am well again.

Pan. I do not care how thou do'ſt, is he well?

Beſ. Not care how I do? Let a Man out of the Mightineſs of his Spirit fructify foreign Countries with his Blood for the Good of his own, and thus he ſhall be anſwered: Why, I may live to relieve with Spear and Shield ſuch a Lady as you diſtreſſed.

Pan. Why, I will care; I'm glad that thou art well; I prithee, is he ſo?

Gob. The King is well, and will be here To-morrow.

Pan. My Prayer is heard, now will I open mine.

Gob. Bacurius, I muſt eaſe you of your Charge:
Madam, the wonted Mercy of the King,
That overtakes your Faults, has met with this,
And ſtruck it out; he has forgiven you freely;
Your own Will is your Law, be where you pleaſe.

Ara. I thank him. [morrow?

Gob. You will be ready to wait upon his Majeſty To-

Ara. I will. [*Exit* Arane.

Bac. Madam, be wiſe hereafter; I am glad I have loſt this Office.

Gob. Good Captain *Beſſus*, tell us the Diſcourſe betwixt *Tigranes* and our King, and how we got the Victory.

Pan. I prithee do, and if my Brother were
In any Danger, let not thy Tale make him

Abide

Abide there long, before thou bring him off;
For all that while my Heart will beat.

Bef. Madam, let what will beat, I muſt tell the Truth, and thus it was; they fought ſingle in Liſts, but one to one; As for my own Part, I was dangerouſly hurt but three Days before, elſe, perhaps, we had been two to two; I cannot tell, ſome thought, we had; and the Occaſion of my Hurt was this, the Enemy had made Trenches——

Gob. Captain, without the Manner of your Hurt be much material to this Buſineſs, we'll hear't ſome other Time.

Pan. I prithee, leave it, and go on with my Brother.

Bef. I will, but 'twould be worth your Hearing: (15) To the Liſts they came, and ſingle Sword and Target was their Fight.

Pan. Alas!

Bef. Without the Liſts there ſtood ſome dozen Captains of either ſide mingled, all which were ſworn, and one of thoſe was I: And 'twas my Chance to ſtand next a Captain o' th' Enemies' ſide, called *Tiribaſus*; Valiant, they ſaid, he was; whilſt theſe two Kings were ſtretching themſelves, this *Tiribaſus* caſt ſomething a ſcornful Look on me, and ask'd me who I thought would overcome; I ſmil'd, and told him, if he would fight with me, he ſhould perceive by the Event of that whoſe King would

(15) *To the Liſts they came, and ſingle Sword and* Gantlet *was their Fight.*] I know, in all Ages of the World, that Soldiers had a Steel Glove, or *Gantlet*, to defend the Back of their Hands from the Cuts of a broad Sword; but, ſurely, this is an odd Word for a Weapon of War; and for two Combatants to fight with their Gloves on, was no great ſign of Courage or Dexterity. A *Target*, (as I ſuſpect, the original Word to have been) gracefully and artfully managed, was a Defence for the whole Body.

So the Words are again join'd in *The Mad Lover.*

——— *This Fellow,*
With all his Frights about him and his Furies,
His Larums, and his Lances, Swords, *and* Targets, *&c.*

And ſo we find in *The Coronation.*

Enter Seleucus *and* Arcadius *at ſeveral Doors; their Pages before them, bearing their* Targets.

Mr. *Sympſon.*

win:

win: Something he anſwered, and a Scuffle was like to grow, when one *Zipetus* offered to help him, I——

Pan. All this is of thyſelf; I pray thee, *Beſſus*, Tell ſomething of my Brother, did he nothing?

Beſ. Why, yes, I'll tell your Grace, they were not to fight till the Word given, which for my own Part, by my troth, I confeſs, I was not to give.

Pan. See, for his own Part.——

Bac. I fear yet, this Fellow's abus'd with a good Report.

Beſ. But I——

Pan. Still of himſelf.

Beſ. Cry'd, give the Word, when, as ſome of them ſay, *Tigranes* was ſtooping; but the Word was not given then; yet one *Coſroes*, of the Enemies' part, held up his Finger to me, which is as much with us Martialiſts, as I will fight with you: I ſaid not a Word, nor made Sign during the Combat, but that once done——

Pan. He ſlips o'er all the Fight.

Beſ. I call'd him to me, *Coſroes*, ſaid I,——

Pan. I will hear no more.

Beſ. No, no, I lye.

Bac. I dare be ſworn thou doſt.

Beſ. Captain, ſaid I, ſo it was.

Pan. I tell thee, I will hear no further.

Beſ. No? Your Grace will wiſh you had.

Pan. I will not wiſh it. What, is this the Lady My Brother writes to me to take?

Beſ. And pleaſe your Grace, this is ſhe: Charge, will you come near the Princeſs?

Pan. You're welcome from your Country, and this Land Shall ſhew unto you all the Kindneſſes That I can make it; what's your Name?

Spa. Thaleſtris.

Pan. You're very welcome, you have got a Letter To put you to me, that has Power enough To place mine Enemy here; then much more you, That are ſo far from being ſo to me That you ne'er ſaw me.

Beſ. Madam, I dare paſs my Word for her Truth.

Spa. My Truth?

Pan.

Pan. Why, Captain, do you think I am afraid ſhe'll ſteal?

Beſ. I cannot tell, Servants are ſlippery, but I dare give my Word for her; and for Honeſty, ſhe came along with me, and many Favours ſhe did me by the way; but, by this Light, none but what ſhe might do with Modeſty, to a Man of my Rank.

Pan. Why, Captain, here's no Body thinks otherwiſe.

Beſ. Nay, if you ſhould, your Grace may think your Pleaſure; but I am ſure I brought her from *Armenia*, and in all that way, if ever I touch'd any bare of her above her Knee, I pray God, I may ſink where I ſtand.

Spa. Above my Knee?

Beſ. No, you know, I did not; and if any Man will ſay, I did, this Sword ſhall anſwer; Nay, I'll defend the Reputation of my Charge, whilſt I live: Your Grace ſhall underſtand, I am ſecret in theſe Buſineſſes; and know how to defend a Lady's Honour.

Spa. I hope, your Grace knows him ſo well already, I ſhall not need to tell you he's vain and fooliſh.

Beſ. Ay, you may call me what you pleaſe, but I'll defend your good Name againſt the World; and ſo I take my Leave of your Grace, and of you my Lord Protector; I am likewiſe glad to ſee your Lordſhip well.

Bac. O Captain *Beſſus*, I thank you, I would ſpeak with you anon.

Beſ. When you pleaſe, I will attend your Lordſhip.

Bac. Madam, I'll take my Leave too.

Pan. Good *Bacurius!* [*Exeunt* Beſ. *and* Bac.

Gob. Madam, what writes his Majeſty to you?

Pan. O my Lord,
The kindeſt Words, I'll keep 'em whilſt I live,
Here in my Boſom; there's no Art in 'em,
They lie diſordered in this Paper, juſt
As hearty Nature ſpeaks 'em. (16) *Gob.* And to me

(16) ——— ——— *And to me*
He writes, what Tears of Joy he ſhed, to hear
How you were grown in ev'ry Virtue's *Way*] The ingenious Mr. *Sympſon* conjectured to me, that it ſhould be, *virtuous* Way: And this is confirm'd by the Authority of the old *Quarto* in 1619.

He

He writes, what Tears of Joy he ſhed to hear
How you were grown in every virtuous Way,
And yields all Thanks to me, for that dear Care
Which I was bound to have in Training you,
There is no Princeſs living that enjoys
A Brother of that Worth.—

Pan. My Lord, no Maid longs more for any thing,
And feels more Heat and Cold within her Breaſt,
Than I do now, in hopes to ſee him.

Gob. Yet I wonder much
At this he writes, he brings along with him
A Husband for you, that ſame Captive Prince;
And if he loves you, as he makes a Shew,
He will allow you Freedom in your Choice.

Pan. And ſo he will, my Lord, I warrant you,
He will but offer, and give me the Power
To take or leave. *Gob.* Truſt me, were I a Lady,
I could not like that Man were bargain'd with
Before I choſe him. *Pan.* But I am not built
On ſuch wild Humours, if I find him worthy,
He is not leſs becauſe he's offered.

Spa. 'Tis true, he is not; 'would, he would ſeem leſs!

Gob. I think, there is no Lady can affect
Another Prince, your Brother ſtanding by;
He doth eclipſe Men's Virtues ſo with his.

Spa. I know a Lady may, and, more I fear,
Another Lady will. *Pan.* 'Would, I might ſee him!

Gob. Why ſo you ſhall, my Buſineſſes are great,
I will attend you when it is his Pleaſure to ſee you.

Pan. I thank you, good my Lord.

Gob. You will be ready, Madam? [*Exit* Gob.

Pan. Yes.

Spa. I do beſeech you, Madam, ſend away
Your other Women, and receive from me
A few ſad Words, which, ſet againſt your Joys,
May make 'em ſhine the more.

Pan. Sirs, leave me all. [*Exeunt Women.*

Spa. I kneel a Stranger here to beg a Thing
Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant;
'Tis ſuch another ſtrange ill-laid Requeſt,

As

As if a Beggar ſhould intreat a King
To leave his Scepter and his Throne to him,
And take his Rags to wander o'er the World
Hungry and cold.

Pan. That were a ſtrange Requeſt.

Spa. As ill is mine. *Pan.* Then do not utter it.

Spa. Alas, 'tis of that Nature, that it muſt
Be utter'd, ay, and granted, or I die:
(17) I am aſham'd to ſpeak it; but where Life
Lies at the Stake, I cannot think her Woman,
That will not talk ſomething unreaſonably
To hazard ſaving of it: I ſhall ſeem
A ſtrange Petitioner, that wiſh all Ill
To them I beg of, e'er they give me aught;
Yet ſo I muſt: I would you were not fair,
Nor wiſe, for in your Ill conſiſts my Good:
If you were fooliſh, you would hear my Prayer,
If foul, you had not Power to hinder me,
He would not love you.

Pan. What's the Meaning of it?

Spa. Nay, my Requeſt is more without the Bounds
Of Reaſon yet: For 'tis not in the Pow'r
Of you to do, what I would have you grant.

Pan. Why, then 'tis idle; pray thee, ſpeak it out.

Spa. Your Brother brings a Prince into this Land,
Of ſuch a noble Shape, ſo ſweet a Grace,
So full of Worth withal, that every Maid,
That looks upon him, gives away herſelf
To him for ever; and for you to have
He brings him: And ſo mad is my Demand,
That I deſire you not to have this Man;
This excellent Man, for whom you needs muſt die,

(17) ——————— *but where Life*
Lies at the Stake, I cannot think her Woman,
That will not take *ſomething unreaſonably*
To hazard ſaving of it:] But what was the Woman to *take* in this Caſe? I think, I may venture to ſay, I have reſtored the original Word of the Poets; My Emendation is confirm'd by what ſhe ſays three Lines above.
Alas! 'Tis of that Nature, that it muſt
Be utter'd, ———

If

If you ſhould miſs him. I do now expect,
You ſhould laugh at me. *Pan.* Truſt me, I could weep
Rather, for I have found in all thy Words
A ſtrange disjointed Sorrow. *Spa.* 'Tis by me
His own Deſire ſo, that you would not love him.
Pan. His own Deſire! Why credit me, *Thaleſtris*,
I am no common Wooer: If he ſhall
Wooe me, his Worth may be ſuch, that I dare
Not ſwear I will not love him; but if he
Will ſtay to have me wooe him, I will promiſe thee
He may keep all his Graces to himſelf,
And fear no Raviſhing from me. *Spa.* 'Tis yet
His own Deſire, but when he ſees your Face,
I fear, it will not be; therefore I charge you
As you have Pity, ſtop thoſe tender Ears
From his enchanting Voice, cloſe up thoſe Eyes,
That you may neither catch a Dart from him,
Nor he from you; I charge you as you hope
To live in Quiet; for when I am dead,
For certain I will walk to viſit him
If he break Promiſe with me: For as faſt
As Oaths without a formal Ceremony,
Can make me, I am to him,———
Pan. Then be fearleſs;
(18) For if he were a thing 'twixt God and Man,
I could gaze on him, if I knew it Sin
To love him, without Paſſion: Dry your Eyes;
I ſwear, you ſhall enjoy him ſtill for me,
I will not hinder you; but I perceive,
You are not what you ſeem; riſe, riſe, *Thaleſtris*,

(18) *For if he were a Thing 'twixt God and Man,*
I could gaze on him; if I knew it Sin
To love him without Paſſion:] The falſe Pointings have quite ſpoil'd the Senſe of this. It certainly is no Sin to love any one without Paſſion. The Difference, which I have made in the Punctuation, ſeems to give the proper Meaning of the Poets. *i. e.* If ſhe knew it a Sin to fall in Love with him, let him be ever ſo lovely, ſhe could avoid it. The Confidence, with which ſhe ſpeaks this, is extremely natural, to ſhew how little we know our own Weakneſs: For ſhe ſoon after falls in Love with one, whom ſhe took for her own Brother.
Mr. *Seward.*

If

If your right Name be ſo. *Spa.* Indeed, it is not;
Spaconia is my Name; but I deſire
Not to be known to other. *Pan.* Why, by me
You ſhall not, I will never do you Wrong;
What Good I can, I will: Think not my Birth
Or Education ſuch, that I ſhould injure
A ſtranger Virgin; you are welcome hither;
In Company you wiſh to be commanded,
But when we are alone, I ſhall be ready
To be your Servant. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Men and a Woman.

1 *Man.* Come, come, run, run, run.

2 *Man.* We ſhall out-go her.

3 *Man.* One were better be hang'd, than carry out Women fidling to theſe Shews.

Wom. Is the King hard by?

1 *Man.* You heard, he with the Bottles ſaid, he thought we ſhould come too late: What abundance of People here is?

Wom. But what had he in thoſe Bottles?

3 *Man.* I know not.

2 *Man.* Why, Ink, goodman Fool.

3 *Man.* Ink, what to do?

1 *Man.* Why, the King, look you, will many times call for theſe Bottles, and break his Mind to his Friends.

Wom. Let's take our Places, we ſhal lhave no Room elſe.

2 *Man.* The Man told us he would walk o' Foot through the People. 3 *Man.* Ay, marry, did he.

1 *Man.* Our Shops are well look'd to now.

2 *Man.* 'Slife, yonder's my Maſter, I think.

1 *Man.* No, 'tis not he.

Enter Philip *with two Citizens Wives.*

1 *Cit.* Lord, how fine the Fields be, what ſweet Living 'tis in the Country!

2 *Cit.* Ay, poor Souls, God help 'em; they live as contentedly as one of us.

1 *Cit.* My Husband's Couſin would have had me gone into the Country laſt Year; wert thou ever there?

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Ay, poor Souls, I was amongſt 'em once.

1 *Cit.* And what kind of Creatures are they, for Love of God?

2 *Cit.* Very good People, God help 'em.

1 *Cit.* Wilt thou go down with me this Summer when I am brought to Bed?

2 *Cit.* Alas, it is no Place for us.

1 *Cit.* Why, pray thee?

2 *Cit.* Why, you can have nothing there, there's no body cries Brooms.

1 *Cit.* No?

2 *Cit.* No truly, nor Milk.

1 *Cit.* Nor Milk! how do they?

2 *Cit.* They are fain to milk themſelves i'th' Country.

1 *Cit.* Good Lord! but the People there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us.

2 *Cit.* Ay, God knows, will they; and yet they do not greatly care for our Husbands.

1 *Cit.* Do they not? Alas! I'good faith, I cannot blame them: For we do not greatly care for them ourſelves. *Philip*, I pray, chuſe us a Place.

Phil. There's the beſt, Forſooth.

1 *Cit.* By your Leave, good People, a little.

3 *Man.* What's the matter?

Phil. I pray you, my Friend, do not thruſt my Miſtreſs ſo, ſhe's with Child.

(19) 2 *Man.* Let her look to herſelf then, has ſhe not had Thruſting enough yet? If ſhe ſtay ſhouldring here, ſhe may, haps, go home with a Cake in her Belly.

3 *Man.* How now, goodman Squitter-breech, why do you lean on me?

Phil. Becauſe I will.

(19) *Let her look to herſelf then, has ſhe not had* ſhowing *enough yet?*] How could ſhe have *ſhowing* enough, when as yet ſhe had ſeen nothing? The Woman, as we find, was with Child; and the Man, having a mind to be rude upon the Occaſion, ſays, *has ſhe not had* thruſting *enough?* For ſo the eldeſt *Quarto* in 1619 exhibits it: and *Philip* ſays in the preceding Speech, *do not* thruſt *my Miſtreſs ſo, ſhe's with Child.* In 1676, the Players, I preſume, had chang'd this Word to *ſhoving*; and thence came the Corruption of *ſhowing*.

3 *Man.*

3 *Man.* Will you, Sir Sawce-box?

1 *Cit.* Look, if one ha' not ſtruck *Philip*; come hither, *Philip*; why did he ſtrike thee?

Phil. For leaning on him.

1 *Cit.* Why didſt thou lean on him?

Phil. I did not think he would have ſtruck me.

1 *Cit.* As God ſave me, la, thou'rt as wild as a Buck; there's no Quarrel, but thou'rt at one End or other on't.

3 *Man.* It's at the firſt End then, for he'll ne'er ſtay the laſt.

1 *Cit.* Well, Slip-ſtring, I ſhall meet with you.

3 *Man.* When you will.

1 *Cit.* I'll give a Crown to meet with you.

3 *Man.* At a Bawdy-houſe.

1 *Cit.* Ay, you're full of your Roguery; but if I do meet you, it ſhall coſt me a Fall.

Flouriſh. Enter one running.

4 *Man.* The King, the King, the King! Now, now, now, now.

Flouriſh. Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, *and* Mardonius.

All. God preſerve your Majeſty!

Arb. I thank you all, now are my Joys at full,
When I behold you ſafe, my loving Subjects;
By you I grow, 'tis your united Love
That lifts me to this Height: all the Account
That I can render you for all the Love
You've beſtowed on me, all your Expences to
Maintain my War, is but a little Word,
You will imagine 'tis ſlender Payment, yet 'tis ſuch a Word, as is not to be bought but with your Bloods, 'tis Peace.

All. God preſerve your Majeſty!

Arb. Now you may live ſecurely i'your Towns,
Your Children round about you; you may ſit
Under your Vines, and make the Miſeries
Of other Kingdoms a Diſcourſe for you,
And lend them Sorrows; for yourſelves, you may
Safely forget, there are ſuch Things as Tears;

And may you all, whoſe good Thoughts I have gain'd,
Hold me unworthy, when I think my Life
A Sacrifice too great to keep you thus
In ſuch a calm Eſtate!

All. God bleſs your Majeſty!

Arb. See, all good People, I have brought the Man,
Whoſe very Name you fear'd, a Captive home;
Behold him, 'tis *Tigranes*; in your Hearts
Sing Songs of Gladneſs, and Deliverance.

1 *Cit.* Out upon him!

2 *Cit.* How he looks.

3 *Wom.* Hang him, hang him.

Mar. Theſe are ſweet People.

Tigr. Sir, you do me Wrong,
To render me a ſcorned Spectacle
To common People. *Arb.* It was far from me
To mean it ſo: If I have aught deſerv'd,
My loving Subjects, let me beg of you,
Not to revile this Prince, (20) in whom there dwells
All Worth of which the Nature of a Man
Is capable; Valour beyond Compare;
The Terror of his Name has ſtretch'd itſelf
Where-ever there is Sun; and yet for you
I fought with him ſingle, and won him too;
I made his Valour ſtoop, and brought that Name
Soar'd to ſo unbeliev'd a Height, to fall
Beneath mine: this, inſpir'd with all your Loves,
I did perform, and will, for your Content,
Be ever ready for a greater Work.

All. The Lord bleſs your Majeſty!

Tigr. So, he has made me Amends now with a Speech in Commendation of himſelf: I would not be ſo vain-glorious.

Arb. If there be any thing in which I may

(20) ——— *in whom there dwells*
All Worth of which the Name of Man
Is capable.] As I have adjuſted all this Speech to its proper Metre, a Corruption is evident in the Text from the Defect of the Verſification. I have reſtored the right Reading, from the Authority of the three *Quarto*'s in 1619, 1631, and 1676.

Do

Do Good to any Creature here, ſpeak out;
For I muſt leave you: And it troubles me,
That my Occaſions for the Good of you,
Are ſuch as call me from you: elſe, my Joy
Would be to ſpend my Days among you all.
You ſhew your Loves in theſe large Multitudes
That come to meet me, I will pray for you;
(21) Heav'n proſper you, that you may know old Years,
And live to ſee your Childrens Children
Sit at your Boards with Plenty! When there is
A Want of any thing, let it be known
To me, and I will be a Father to you:
God keep you all!

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt Kings and their Train.*

All. God bleſs your Majeſty, God bleſs your Majeſty!

1 *Man.* Come, ſhall we go? All's done.

Wom. Ay, for God's ſake, I have not made a Fire yet.

2 *Man.* Away, away, all's done.

3 *Man.* Content: farewel, *Philip.*

1 *Cit.* Away, you Halter-ſack, you.

2 *Man.* *Philip* will not fight, he's afraid on's Face.

Phil. Ay, marry; am I afraid of my Face?

3 *Man.* Thou wouldſt be, *Philip*, if thou ſaw'ſt it in a Glaſs; it looks ſo like a Viſor.

[*Exeunt the three Men, and Woman.*

1 *Cit.* You'll be hang'd, Sirrah; Come, *Philip*, walk before us homewards; (22) did not his Majeſty ſay he had brought us home Peas for all our Money?

2 *Cit.*

(21) *Heav'n proſper you, that you may know old Years,*
And live to ſee your Children's Children ſit
At your Boards with Plenty!] As the *Emphaſis* at the Beginning of the third Verſe is manifeſtly faulty, ſo one might ſuſpect a Syllable had ſlipt out at Preſs; yet I do not take that to be the Caſe. For as I know it was a moſt frequent Licence in the Poets of that Age to extend a Diſſyllable in Pronunciation to three Syllables; I do not doubt but the Poets made out their Verſification by that Liberty, thus:

And live to ſee your Childrens' Chil-de-ren
Sit *at your Boards with Plenty!*

(22) *Did not his Majeſty ſay, he had brought us home* Peas *for all our Money?*] This ridiculous Blunder from the Ignorance of the Ci-

2 *Cit.* Yes, marry, did he.

1 *Cit.* They're the first I heard of this Year, by my troth; I long'd for some of 'em: Did he not say, we should have some?

2 *Cit.* Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant you, have every one a Peck brought home to our Houses. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Arbaces, *and* Gobrias.

Arb. MY Sister take it ill?
Gob. Not very ill;
Something unkindly she does take it, Sir,
To have her Husband chosen to her Hands.
Arb. Why, *Gobrias*, let her; I must have her know,
My Will, and not her own, must govern her:
What, will she marry with some Slave at home?
Gob. O, she is far from any Stubbornness,
You much mistake her, and, no doubt, will like
Where you would have her; but when you behold her,
You will be loth to part with such a Jewel.
Arb. To part with her? Why, *Gobrias*, art thou mad?
She is my Sister. *Gob.* Sir, I know, she is:
But it were pity to make poor our Land,
With such a Beauty to enrich another.
Arb. Pish! will she have him?
Gob. I do hope, she will not; [*Aside.*
I think, she will, Sir. ———
Arb. Were she my Father, and my Mother too,
And all the Names for which we think Folks Friends,
She should be forc'd to have him, when I know
'Tis fit: I will not hear her say, she's loth.

tizen in mistaking *Peace* for *Peas*, might have an effect perhaps (at least of Laughter) on the gross Audiences of those Times; tho' I question whether it would not meet with a Rebuke from the nicer Tastes in ours.

Gob.

Gob. Heav'n bring my Purpoſe luckily to paſs!
You know, 'tis juſt; ſhe will not need Conſtraint
She loves you ſo. *Arb.* How does ſhe love me? Speak.
Gob. She loves you more than People love their Health,
That live by Labour; more than I could love
A Man that died for me, if he could live
Again. *Arb.* She is not like her Mother then.
Gob. O, no, when you were in *Armenia*,
I durſt not let her know when you were hurt:
For at the firſt, on every little Scratch,
She kept her Chamber, wept, and could not eat,
Till you were well; and many times the News
Was ſo long coming, that before we heard
She was as near her Death, as you your Health.
Arb. Alas, poor Soul! but yet ſhe muſt be rul'd;
I know not how I ſhall requite her well.
I long to ſee her; have you ſent for her,
To tell her I am ready? *Gob.* Sir, I have.

Enter 1 *Gentleman and* Tigranes.

1 *Gent.* Sir, here is the *Armenian* King.
Arb. He's welcome.
1 *Gent.* And the Queen Mother and the Princeſs wait without.
Arb. Good *Gobrias*, bring 'em in. [*Exit* Gobrias.
Tigranes, you will think you are arriv'd
In a ſtrange Land, where Mothers caſt to poiſon
Their only Sons; think you, you ſhall be ſafe?
Tigr. Too ſafe I am, Sir.

Enter Gobrias, Arane, Panthea, Spaconia, Bacurius, Mardonius, Beſſus, *and two Gentlemen.*

(23) *Ara.* As low as this I bow to you, and would
As

(23) *As low as this I bow to you, and would*
As low as is my Grave, to ſhew a Mind
Thankful for all your Mercies.
Arb. *O ſtand up,*
And let me kneel; the Light will be aſham'd
To ſee Obſervance done to me by you.] There is a fine Paſſage, upon a ſimilar Occaſion, in SHAKESPEARE's *Coriolanus*; to

As low as is my Grave, to ſhew a Mind
Thankful for all your Mercies. *Arb.* O ſtand up,
And let me kneel; the Light will be aſham'd
To ſee Obſervance done to me by you.
Ara. You are my King.
Arb. You are my Mother, riſe;
As far be all your Faults from your own Soul,
As from my Memory; then you ſhall be
As white as Innocence herſelf. *Ara.* I came
Only to ſhew my Duty, and acknowledge
My Sorrows for my Sins; longer to ſtay,
Were but to draw Eyes more attentively
Upon my Shame; that Pow'r, that kept you ſafe
From me, preſerve you ſtill! *Arb.* Your own Deſires
Shall be your Guide. [*Exit* Arane.
Pan. Now let me die, ſince I
Have ſeen my Lord the King return in Safety.
I have ſeen all the Good that Life can ſhew me;
I've ne'er another Wiſh for Heav'n to grant,
Nor were it fit I ſhould; for I am bound
To ſpend my Age to come, in giving Thanks
That this was granted me.
Gob. Why does not your Majeſty ſpeak?
Arb. To whom? *Gob.* To the Princeſs.
Pan. Alas, Sir, I am fearful; you do look
On me, as if I were ſome loathed Thing,
That you were finding out a way to ſhun.
Gob. Sir, you ſhould ſpeak to her. *Arb.* Ha?
Pan. I know, I am unworthy, yet not ill: arm'd with

which our Authors might poſſibly have an Eye:

Vol. *O ſtand up bleſs'd!*
Whilſt with no ſofter Cuſhion than the Flint
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Shew Duty as miſtaken all the while
Between the Child and Parent.

Cor. *What is this?*
Your Knees to me? to your corrected Son?
Then let the Pebbles on the hungry Beach
Fillop the Stars; then let the mutinous Winds
Strike the proud Cedars 'gainſt the fiery Sun;
Murth'ring Impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be ſlight Work.

which

which Innocence here I will kneel, 'till I am one with Earth, but I will gain ſome Words and Kindneſs from you.

Tigr. Will you ſpeak, Sir?

Arb. Speak, am I what I was?
What art thou, that doſt creep into my Breaſt,
And dar'ſt not ſee my Face? ſhew forth thyſelf:
(24) I feel a pair of fiery Wings diſplay'd,
Hither, from thence; you ſhall not tarry there,
Up, and be gone, if thou be'ſt Love, be gone:
Or I will tear thee from my wounded Breaſt,
Pull thy lov'd Down away, (25) and with a Quill
By this right Arm drawn from thy wanton Wing,
Write to thy laughing Mother i'thy Blood;
That you are Pow'rs bely'd, and all your Darts
Are to be blown away, by Men reſolv'd,
Like Duſt; I know, thou fear'ſt my Words, away.

Tigr. O Miſery! Why ſhould he be ſo ſlow?
There can no Falſhood come of loving her;
Though I have given my Faith, ſhe is a Thing
Both to be lov'd and ſerv'd beyond my Faith:
I would, he would preſent me to her quickly.

Pan. Will you not ſpeak at all? Are you ſo far
From kind Words? Yet to ſave my Modeſty,
That muſt talk till you anſwer, do not ſtand
As you were dumb, ſay ſomething, though it be
Poiſon'd with Anger, that may ſtrike me dead.

Mar. Have you no Life at all? For Manhood ſake,

(24) *I feel a pair of fiery Wings diſplay'd*
Hither, from hence:] I have retriev'd the genuine Reading here by the Addition of a ſingle Letter, from the eldeſt *Quarto* in 1619; and the ingenious Mr. *Sympſon* likewiſe obſerv'd to me, that it ſhould be ſo; and was a Speech with Action.

(25) ——— *And with* thy *Quill*
Drawn by this right Arm from thy wonted *Wing*,
Write to thy laughing Mother *in thy Blood*;] The Alterations, made here, are likewiſe from the Authority of the eldeſt *Quarto*'s; and Mr. *Sympſon*'s Sagacity here ſaw, that the Changes, which are ſo confirm'd, were abſolutely neceſſary. Thy *laughing Mother* ——— *Venus* is by the Poets, both *Greek* and *Latine*, characteriz'd with the Epithets of φιλομμειδὴς, and *ridens*.

Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus;
A Tree would find a Tongue to answer her,
Did she but give it such a lov'd Respect.

Arb. You mean this Lady: Lift her from the Earth;
Why do you let her kneel so long? Alas,
Madam, your Beauty uses to command,
And not to beg. What is your Suit to me?
It shall be granted, yet the Time is short,
And my Affairs are great:
But where's my Sister? I bade, she should be brought.

(26) *Mar.* What, is he mad?

Ar. Gobrias, where is she?

Gob. Sir.

Arb. Where is she, Man?

Gob. Who, Sir?

Arb. Who, hast thou forgot my Sister?

Gob. Your Sister, Sir?

Arb. Your Sister, Sir? Some one that hath a Wit, Answer, where is she?

Gob. Do you not see her there?

Arb. Where?

Gob. There.

Arb. There, where?

Mar. S'light, there, are you blind?

Arb. Which do you mean, that little one?

Gob. No, Sir.

Arb. No, Sir? Why, do you mock me? I can see No other here, but that petitioning Lady.

Gob. That's she.

Arb. Away.

Gob. Sir, it is she.

Arb. 'Tis false.

Gob. Is it?

Arb. As Hell; by Heav'n, as false as Hell;

(26) *What is* she *mad?*] There is no Reason to ask this with regard to the Princess; she had given no Symptoms of any thing like Madness, which the King had; and concerning him is the Question ask'd. Mr. *Seward.*

The Change is authoriz'd by the *Quarto* in 1619, and the *Folio* in 1679.

My

My Sister —— Is she dead? If it be so,
Speak boldly to me? for I am a Man,
And dare not quarrel with Divinity;
And do not think to cozen me with this:
I see, you all are mute and stand amaz'd,
Fearful to answer me; (27) it is too true,
A decreed Instant cuts off ev'ry Life,
For which to mourn, is to repine; she dy'd
A Virgin though, more innocent than Sleep;
As clear as her own Eyes; and Blessedness
Eternal waits upon her where she is:
I know, she could not make a Wish to change
Her State for new, and you shall see me bear
My Crosses like a Man; we all must die,
And she hath taught us how. *Gob.* Do not mistake,
And vex yourself for nothing; for her Death
Is a long Life off yet, I hope: 'Tis she,
And if my Speech deserve not Faith, lay Death
Upon me, and my latest Words shall force
A Credit from you. *Arb.* Which, good *Gobrias?*
That Lady, dost thou mean? *Gob.* That Lady, Sir,
She is your Sister, and she is your Sister
That loves you so, 'tis she for whom I weep,
To see you use her thus. *Arb.* It cannot be.
Tigr. Pish! this is tedious,
I cannot hold, I must present myself,
And yet the Sight of my *Spaconia*

(27) —— —— —— *it is too true,*
A decreed Instant cuts off ev'ry Life,
For which to mourn is to repine; she died
A Virgin, though more innocent than Sheep,] The King has been mourning for his Sister's supposed Death; and then immediately comforts himself up, that she died a Virgin. But this Passage has long labour'd under a wrong Reading, a wrong Pointing, and, thence consequently, an absurd Reasoning. If she were more innocent than a Sheep, might she not therefore die a Virgin? But how low and ridiculous is it in a Prince to compare the *Innocence* of a fine young Lady, his beloved Sister, to that of a *Sheep?* I have cured the Pointing; and retriev'd the genuine Reading, by the Aid of the old *Quarto* in 1619.

Touches

Touches me, as a ſudden Thunder-clap
Does one that is about to ſin. *Arb.* Away,
No more of this; here I pronounce him Traitor,
The direct Plotter of my Death, that names
Or thinks her for my Siſter; 'tis a Lye,
The moſt malicious of the World, invented
To mad your King; he that will ſay ſo next,
Let him draw out his Sword and ſheath it here,
It is a Sin fully as pardonable:
She is no Kin to me, nor ſhall ſhe be;
If ſhe were ever, I create her none:
And which of you can queſtion this? my Pow'r
Is like the Sea, that is to be obey'd,
And not diſputed with: I have decreed her
As far from having part of Blood with me,
As the nak'd *Indians*; come and anſwer me,
He that is boldeſt now; is that my Siſter?

Mar. O, this is fine.

Beſ. No, marry, ſhe is not, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, I never thought ſhe was, ſhe's nothing like you.

Arb. No, 'tis true, ſhe is not.

Mar. Thou ſhou'dſt be hang'd.

Pan. Sir, I will ſpeak but once; by the ſame Pow'r
You make my Blood a Stranger unto yours,
You may command me dead; and ſo much Love
A Stranger may importune; pray you, do;
If this Requeſt appear too much to grant,
Adopt me of ſome other Family,
By your unqueſtion'd Word; elſe I ſhall live
Like ſinful Iſſues that are left in Streets
By their regardleſs Mothers, and no Name
Will be found for me.

Arb. I will hear no more,
Why ſhould there be ſuch Muſick in a Voice,
And Sin for me to hear it? All the World
May take Delight in this; (28) yet 'tis Damnation
For

(28) ——— ——— and *'tis Damnation*
For me to do ſo;] To make Senſe and true Reaſoning, the Conjunction

For me to do ſo: You are fair, and wiſe,
And virtuous, I think; and he is bleſt,
That is ſo near you as a Brother is;
But you are nought to me but a Diſeaſe;
Continual Torment without Hope of Eaſe;
Such an ungodly Sickneſs I have got,
That he, that undertakes my Cure, muſt firſt
O'erthrow Divinity, all moral Laws,
And leave Mankind as unconfin'd as Beaſts;
Allowing 'em to do all Actions
As freely, as they drink when they deſire,
Let me not hear you ſpeak again; yet ſo
I ſhall but languiſh for the Want of that,
The having which would kill me: No Man here
Offer to ſpeak for her; for I conſider
As much as you can ſay; I will not toil
My Body and my Mind too, reſt thou there,
Here's one within will labour for you both.

Pan. I would, I were paſt ſpeaking.

Gob. Fear not, Madam,
The King will alter, 'tis ſome ſudden Rage,
And you ſhall ſee it end ſome other way.

Pan. Pray Heav'n it do!

Tig. Though ſhe, to whom I ſwore, be here, I cannot
Stifle my Paſſion longer; if my Father,
Should riſe again diſquieted with this,
And charge me to forbear, yet it would out.
Madam, a Stranger, and a Pris'ner begs
To be bid welcome. *Pan.* You are welcome, Sir,
I think; but if you be not, 'tis paſt me
To make you ſo: For I am here a Stranger
Greater than you; we know from whence you come;
But I appear a loſt Thing, and by whom
Is yet uncertain, found here i'the Court,
And only ſuffer'd to walk up and down,

junction *and* muſt be changed into the diſcretive Particle *yet*. The King means, all the World, beſides himſelf, may take Delight in the Muſick of her Tongue; but it would be Damnation in him to do ſo.

As

As one not worth the owning. *Spa.* O, I fear
Tigranes will be caught, he looks, methinks,
As he would change his Eyes with her; ſome Help
There is above for me, I hope.
Tigr. Why do you turn away, and weep ſo faſt,
And utter Things that miſ-become your Looks,
Can you want owning? *Spa.* O, 'tis certain ſo.
Tigr. Acknowledge yourſelf mine.
Arb. How now? *Tigr.* And then
See if you want an Owner. *Arb.* They are talking.
Tigr. Nations ſhall own you for their Queen.
Arb. *Tigranes*, art not thou my Priſoner?
Tigr. I am:
Arb. And who is this?
Tigr. She is your Siſter. *Arb.* She is ſo.
Mar. Is ſhe ſo again? that's well. *Arb.* And then
How dare you offer to change Words with her?
Tigr. Dare do it! Why? You brought me hither, Sir,
To that Intent. *Arb.* Perhaps, I told you ſo;
If I had ſworn it, had you ſo much Folly
To credit it? The leaſt Word, that ſhe ſpeaks,
Is worth a Life; rule your diſorder'd Tongue,
Or I will temper it. *Spa.* Bleſt be that Breath!
Tigr. Temper my Tongue! — Such Incivilities
As theſe no barbarous People ever knew:
You break the Laws of Nature, and of Nations;
You talk to me as if I were a Priſoner
For Theft: My Tongue be temper'd? I muſt ſpeak,
If Thunder check me, and I will. *Arb.* You will?
Spa. Alas, my Fortune!
Tygr. Do not fear his Frown,
Dear Madam, hear me.
Arb. Fear not my Frown? But that 'twere baſe in me
To fight with one, I know I can o'ercome,
Again thou ſhouldſt be conquer'd by me.
Mar. He has one Ranſom with him already; methinks,
'Twere good to fight double, or quit.
Arb. Away with him to Priſon: Now, Sir, ſee
If my Frowns be regardleſs; Why delay you?
Seize him, *Bacurius*; you ſhall know my Word

Sweeps

Sweeps like a Wind; and all, it grapples with,
Are as the Chaff before it. *Tigr.* Touch me not.
Arb. Help there. *Tigr.* Away.
1 *Gent.* It is in vain to ſtruggle.
2 *Gent.* You muſt be forc'd.
Bac. Sir, you muſt pardon us,
We muſt obey. *Arb.* Why do you dally there?
Drag him away by any thing. *Bac.* Come, Sir.
Tig. Juſtice, thou ought'ſt to give me Strength enough
To ſhake all theſe off; (29) this is Tyranny,
Arbaces, ſubtler than the burning Bull's;
(30) Or that fam'd Tyrant's Bed. Thou mightſt as well

(29) ——————————— *this is Tyranny,*
Arbaces, *ſubtler than the burning* Bulls;] What *burning Bulls* the Editors had in their Heads, I am unacquainted with. *Jaſon*, I know, towards obtaining the *golden Fleece*, was obliged to combat with brazen-footed Bulls, that breath'd Fire from their Noſtrils. But theſe were only ſome of the Guardians of the *Fleece*; and how is any Tyranny concern'd in this? The Alluſion is to the Tyranny of *Phalaris*, who incloſed the Wretches, that had offended him, in a Bull of Braſs, and burn'd them alive; being delighted to hear their Groans expreſs the bellowing of a Bull. This was, indeed, Tyranny. One *Perillus*, we are told, made this Savage Preſent to *Phalaris*; and the Tyrant made the firſt Experiment upon him of his own cruel Ingenuity: Upon which, *Ovid* has very properly obſerv'd,

——— *Nec Lex eſt juſtior ulla,*
Quàm necis Artifices Arte perire ſuâ.

"There is no more equal Juſtice, than that the Artificers of Miſ-
"chief ſhould ſuffer by their own bad Arts."

(30) *Or that fam'd* Titan's *Bed.*] Here the Editors (from the *Folio* Edition of 1679, downwards) have foiſted in another ſham Fable. What fam'd *Titan*'s Bed was this? The *Titans* took up Arms againſt *Jupiter*, with Intent to dethrone him; and, being vanquiſh'd, were thrown into ſubterranean *Volcano's*, and overwhelm'd with Mountains. But where, again, was the Tyranny of this? They rebell'd againſt a rightfull Prince, and were juſtly puniſh'd. The *Quarto* Edition of 1628, gives it us thus;

Or that fam'd Tyrant's *Bed.* ———

And this is the true Reading. The Poets allude to the Bed of the inhumane *Procruſtes*, an infamous Robber of *Attica*, who compell'd all his Priſoners to lie in it; and, if they were too ſhort, he by Racks ſtretch'd out their Limbs to the Extent of it; if they were of too tall a Stature, he lopp'd off their Feet, and reduced them to a Length ſuitable to his Bed. Both Mr. *Seward* and Mr. *Sympſon* ſagaciouſly ſaw, that *Tyrant* was the Word of our Authors.

Search

Search i' the deep of Winter through the Snow
For half-ſtarv'd People, to bring home with thee,
To ſhew 'em Fire and ſend 'em back again,
As uſe me thus.

Arb. Let him be cloſe, *Bacurius.* [*Exe.* Tigr. *and* Bac.

Spa. I ne'er rejoic'd at any Ill to him,
But this Impriſonment: What ſhall become
Of me forſaken? *Gob.* You will not let your Siſter
Depart thus diſcontented from you, Sir?

Arb. By no means, *Gobrias*, I have done her Wrong,
And made myſelf believe much of myſelf,
That is not in me: You did kneel to me,
Whilſt I ſtood ſtubborn and regardleſs by,
And, like a God incenſed, gave no Ear
To all your Prayers: Behold, I kneel to you,
Shew a Contempt as large as was my own,
And I will ſuffer it; yet at the laſt
Forgive me.

Pan. O you wrong me more in this,
Than in your Rage you did: You mock me now.

Arb. Never forgive me then, which is the worſt
Can happen to me. *Pan.* If you be in Earneſt,
Stand up and give me but a gentle Look,
And two kind Words, and I ſhall be in Heav'n.

Arb. Riſe you then too; here I acknowledge thee
My Hope, the only Jewel of my Life,
The beſt of Siſters, dearer than my Breath,
A Happineſs as high as I could think;
And when my Actions call thee otherwiſe,
Perdition light upon me! *Pan.* This is better
Than if you had not frown'd, it comes to me,
Like Mercy at the Block, and when I leave
To ſerve you with my Life, your Curſe be with me!

Arb. Then thus I do ſalute thee, and again,
To make this Knot the ſtronger; Paradiſe
Is there: It may be, you are yet in Doubt,
This third Kiſs blots it out — I wade in Sin,
And fooliſhly intice myſelf along;
Take her away, ſee her a Priſoner
In her own Chamber cloſely, *Gobrias.*

Pan.

Pan. Alas, Sir, why?
Arb. I muſt not ſtay the Anſwer,
Do it. *Gob.* Good Sir! *Arb.* No more, do it, I ſay.
Mar. This is better and better. ——
Pan. Yet hear me ſpeak.
Arb. I will not hear you ſpeak.
Away with her, let no Man think to ſpeak
For ſuch a Creature; (31) for ſhe is a Witch,
A Poiſoner, and a Traitor.
Gob. Madam, this Office grieves me.
Pan. Nay, it is well; the King is pleaſed with it.
Arb. Beſſus, go you along too with her; I will prove
All this that I have ſaid, if I may live
So long; but I am deſperately ſick,
For ſhe has given me Poiſon in a Kiſs;
She had it 'twixt her Lips, and with her Eyes
She witches People: Go, without a Word.
[*Exeunt* Gob. Pan. Beſ. *and* Spaconia.
Why ſhould you, that have made me ſtand in War
Like Fate itſelf, cutting what Threads I pleas'd,
Decree ſuch an unworthy End of me,
And all my Glories? What am I, alas,
That you oppoſe me? If my ſecret Thoughts
Have ever harbour'd Swellings againſt you,
They could not hurt you; and it is in you
To give me Sorrow, that will render me
Apt to receive your Mercy; rather ſo,
Let it be rather ſo, than puniſh me
With ſuch Unmanly Sins: (32) Inceſt is in me
Dwelling

(31) —— *for ſhe is a Witch,*
A Priſoner *and a Traitor.*] Here is a Blunder of the Copy-iſts; who, ſeeing in the Line above Orders given to take *Panthea* away, had foiſted in this Lection upon us: But *Poiſoner* is the Word that the Poets gave her. So, in a few Lines below;
Sh' as given me Poiſon *in a Kiſs,*
She had it 'twixt her Lips. Mr. *Sympſon.*
And the Conjecture is confirm'd by the *Quarto's* in 1619, 1631, and 1676.

(32) —— *Inceſt is in me*
Dwelling already, and it muſt be holy
That pulls it thence,] The Obſcurity of this Paſſage puzzled me

Dwelling already; and it must be holy,
That pulls it thence; where art, *Mardonius?*

Mar. Here, Sir.

Arb. I pray thee, bear me, if thou canst;
Am I not grown a strange Weight?

Mar. As you were.

Arb. No heavier?

Mar. No, Sir. *Arb.* Why, my Legs
Refuse to bear my Body; O *Mardonius*,
Thou hast in Field beheld me, when thou know'st
I could have gone, though I could never run.

Mar. And so I shall again. *Arb.* O, no, 'tis past.

Mar. Pray you go rest yourself.

Arb. Wilt thou hereafter when they talk of me,
As thou shalt hear nothing but Infamy,
Remember some of those Things?

Mar. Yes, I will.

Arb. I pray thee, do: For thou shalt never see me so again.

Mar. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bessus *alone.*

Bes They talk of Fame, I have gotten it in the Wars, and will afford any Man a reasonable Penny-worth: Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be atchiev'd with Danger; but my Opinion is otherwise: For if I might stand still in Cannon-proof, and have Fame fall upon me, I would refuse it: My Reputation came principally by thinking to run away, which no Body knows but *Mardonius*, and, I think, he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the Wars, I came to the Town a young Fellow, without Means or Parts to deserve Friends; and my empty Guts persuaded me to lye, and abuse People, for my Meat; which I did, and they beat me: Then would I fast two Days,

me a great while; but by pondering often over it, I think, I have traced the Intention of the Poets. The King would say, that Incest has already taken up its Residence in him; and is a Sin of so horrid a Dye, that nothing but the Assistance of the *Holy* Powers can expell it.

till

till my Hunger cry'd out on me, *Rail ſtill*; then, methought, I had a monſtrous Stomach to abuſe 'em again, and did it. In this State I continu'd till they hung me up by th' Heels, and beat me wi' Haſle-Sticks as if they would have baked me, and have cozen'd ſome Body wi' me for Veniſon: After this I rail'd, and eat quietly: For the whole Kingdom took Notice of me for a baffled whip'd Fellow, and what I ſaid was remembred in Mirth but never in Anger, of which I was glad; I would, it were at that Paſs again! After this, Heav'n calls an Aunt of mine, that left two Hundred Pounds in a Couſin's Hand for me, who, taking me to be a gallant young Spirit, raiſed a Company for me with the Money, and ſent me into *Armenia* with 'em: Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no Company, and alone I durſt not run. I was never at Battel but once, and there I was running, but *Mardonius* cudgel'd me; yet I got looſe at laſt, but was ſo afraid, that I ſaw no more than my Shoulders do; but fled with my whole Company amongſt mine Enemies, and overthrew 'em: Now the Report of my Valour is come over before me, and, they ſay, I was a raw young Fellow, but now I am improv'd; a Plague on their Eloquence! 'twill coſt me many a Beating; and *Mardonius* might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get Honour on me, (33) and all the Men I have abus'd call me freſhly to Account, (worthily, as they call it) by the way of Challenge.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Good-morrow, Captain *Beſſus*.

Beſ. Good-morrow, Sir.

Gent. I come to ſpeak with you.

Beſ. You're very welcome.

Gent. From one that holds himſelf wrong'd by you ſome three Years ſince: Your Worth, he ſays, is fam'd,

(33) *and all the Men I have abus'd call me freſhly worthily, as they call it by the way of Challenge*] I have retriev'd two Words from the old *Quarto*; and by regulating the Pointing, and the Addition of a *Parentheſis*, have cured this Paſſage of its Obſcurity.

ard he doth nothing doubt but you will do him Right, as beſeems a Soldier.

Beſ. A Pox on 'em, ſo they cry all!

Gent. And a ſlight Note I have about me for you, for the Delivery of which you muſt excuſe me; it is an Office that Friendſhip calls upon me to do, and no way offenſive to you; ſince I deſire but Right on both Sides.

Beſ. 'Tis a Challenge, Sir, is it not?

Gent. 'Tis an Inviting to the Field.

Beſ. An Inviting? O Sir, your Mercy; what a Compliment he delivers it with? He might as agreeable to my Nature preſent me Poiſon with ſuch a Speech: Um, um, um, *Reputation*, um, um, um, *call you to Account*, um, um, um, *forc'd to this*, um, um, um, *with my Sword*, um, um, um, *like a Gentleman*, um, um, um, *dear to me*, um, um, um, *Satisfaction:* 'Tis very well, Sir, I do accept it, but he muſt await an Anſwer this thirteen Weeks.

Gent. Why, Sir, he would be glad to wipe off his Stain as ſoon as he could.

Beſ. Sir, upon my Credit I am already ingag'd to two Hundred and twelve, all which muſt have their Stains wip'd off, if that be the Word, before him.

Gent. Sir, if you be truly ingag'd but to one, he ſhall ſtay a competent Time.

Beſ. Upon my Faith, Sir, to two Hundred and twelve, and I have a ſpent Body, too much bruis'd in Battel; ſo that I cannot fight, I muſt be plain, above three Combats a Day: All the Kindneſs I can ſhew him, is to ſet him reſolvedly in my Roll, the two Hundred and thirteenth Man, which is ſomething; for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him, than before him, I think ſo; pray you, commend me to him, and tell him this.

Gent. I will Sir, Good-morrow to you.

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Beſ. Good-morrow, good Sir. Certainly, my ſafeſt way were to print myſelf a Coward, with a Diſcovery how I came by my Credit, and clap it upon every Poſt; I have received above thirty Challenges within this two Hours; marry, all but the firſt I put off with Engagement;

ment; and, by good Fortune, the firſt is no madder of Fighting than I, ſo that that's referred, the Place where it muſt be ended is four Days Journey off, and our Arbitrators are theſe: He has choſen a Gentleman in Travel, and I have a ſpecial Friend with a quartain Ague, like to hold him this five Years, for mine: And when his Man comes home, we are to expect my Friend's Health: (34) If they would ſend me Challenges thus thick, as long as I liv'd, I would have no other Living; I can make ſeven Shillings a Day o' th' Paper to the Grocers: Yet I learn nothing by all theſe but a little Skill in comparing of Stiles. I do find evidently, that there is ſome one Scrivener in this Town, that has a great Hand in writing of Challenges, for they are all of a Cut, and ſix of 'em in a Hand; and they all end, *my Reputation is dear to me, and I muſt require Satisfaction.* Who's there? More Paper, I hope; no, 'tis my Lord *Bacurius*; I fear, all is not well betwixt us.

Enter Bacurius.

Bac. Now, Captain *Beſſus*, I come about a frivolous Matter, caus'd by as idle a Report: You know, you were a Coward.

Beſ. Very right.

Bac. And wrong'd me.

Beſ. True, my Lord.

Bac. But now People will call you Valiant, deſertleſly, I think; yet for their Satisfaction, I will have you fight with me.

Beſ. O my good Lord, my deep Engagements——

Bac. Tell not me of your Engagements, Captain *Beſſus*, it is not to be put off with an Excuſe: For my own Part, I am none of the Multitude that believe your Converſion from Coward.

(34) *if they would* find *me Challenges thus thick, as long as I liv'd, I would have no other Living*;] I have ſubſtituted the Word of the eldeſt *Quarto*, which is certainly the true Reading: If they would continue to *ſend* him ſo many Letters of Challenge, he could ſupply all his Neceſſities by the Money, that the Grocers would give him for the Paper.

Bef. My Lord, I ſeek no Quarrels, and this belongs not to me, I am not to maintain it.

Bac. Who then, pray?

Bef. *Beſſus*, the Coward, wrong'd you. *Bac.* Right.

Bef. And ſhall *Beſſus* the Valiant maintain what *Beſſus* the Coward did?

Bac. I pray thee, leave theſe cheating Tricks; I ſwear, thou ſhalt fight with me, or thou ſhalt be beaten extreamly, and kick'd.

Bef. Since you provoke me thus far, my Lord, I will fight with you; and, by my Sword, it ſhall coſt me twenty Pounds, but I will have my Leg well a Week ſooner purpoſely.

Bac. Your Leg? Why, what ails your Leg? I'll do a Cure on you, ſtand up. [*Kicks him.*

Bef. My Lord, this is not Noble in you.

Bac. What doſt thou with ſuch a Phraſe in thy Mouth? I will kick thee out of all good Words before I leave thee.

Bef. My Lord, I take this as a Puniſhment for the Offence I did when I was a Coward.

Bac. When thou wert? Confeſs thyſelf a Coward ſtill, or by this Light, I'll beat thee into Spunge.

Bef. Why, I am one.

Bac. Are you ſo, Sir? And why do you wear a Sword then? Come, unbuckle.

Bef. My Lord?

Bac. Unbuckle, I ſay, and give it me; or, as I live, thy Head will ake extreamly.

Bef. It is a pretty Hilt, and, if your Lordſhip take an Affection to it, with all my Heart I preſent it to you for a New-year's-gift.

Bac. I thank you very heartily, ſweet Captain, farewel.

Bef. One Word more, I beſeech your Lordſhip to render me my Knife again.

Bac. Marry, by all means, Captain; cheriſh yourſelf with it, and eat hard, good Captain; we cannot tell whether we ſhall have any more ſuch. Adieu, dear Captain. [*Exit* Bac.

Bef. I will make better Uſe of this, than of my Sword: A baſe

A baſe Spirit has this Vantage of a brave one, it keeps always at a Stay, nothing brings it down, not Beating. I remember, I promis'd the King in a great Audience, that I would make my Back-biters eat my Sword to a Knife; how to get another Sword, I know not; nor know any Means left for me to maintain my Credit, but Impudence: Therefore I will out-ſwear him and his Followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my Sword.

[*Exit* Beſſus.

Enter Mardonius.

(35) *Mar.* I'll move the King, he is moſt ſtrangely alter'd:
I gueſs the Cauſe, I fear, too right; Heav'n has
Some ſecret End in't, and it is a Scourge,
No Queſtion, juſtly laid on him: He 'as follow'd me
Through twenty Rooms; and ever, when I ſtay
To wait's Command, he bluſhes like a Girl,
And looks upon me, as if Modeſty
Kept in his Buſineſs; ſo turns away from me;
But, if I go on, he follows me again.

Enter Arbaces.

See, here he is. I do not uſe this, yet
I know not how, I cannot chooſe but weep
To ſee him; his very Enemies, I think,
Whoſe Wounds have bred his Fame, if they ſhould ſee
Him now, would find Tears i' their Eyes.

Arb. I cannot utter it; why ſhould I keep
A Breaſt to harbour Thoughts I dare not ſpeak?
Darkneſs is in my Boſom, and there lie
A thouſand Thoughts that cannot brook the Light:

(35) *I'll move the King*, &c.] This and all the ſubſequent Scene betwixt the King and *Mardonius* has all along been printed as Proſe; but it came from the Poets ſtrictly in Metre. To ſuch I have reduced it with no ſmall Difficulty, and with the great Aſſiſtance of the ingenious Mr. *Seward:* Not without the Neceſſity of throwing out, here and there, ſome few trifling Monoſyllables, which were foiſted in, as I preſume, by the Players, to ſupport a Cadence more to their Minds; but which, indeed, much incumber the Verſification.

How wilt thou vex me, when this Deed is done,
Conſcience, that art afraid to let me name it!
Mar. How do you, Sir?
Arb. Why, very well, *Mardonius*;
How doſt thou do? *Mar.* Better than you, I fear.
Arb. I hope, thou art; for to be plain with thee,
Thou art in Hell elſe: Secret ſcorching Flames,
That far tranſcend earthly material Fires,
Are crept into me, and there is no Cure.
Is it not ſtrange, *Mardonius*, there's no Cure?
Mar. Sir,
Either I miſtake, or there is ſomething hid
That you would utter to me. *Arb.* So there is,
But yet I cannot do it. *Mar.* Out with it, Sir,
If it be dangerous, I will not ſhrink
To do you Service, I ſhall not eſteem
My Life a weightier Matter than indeed
It is: I know, 'tis ſubject to more Chances
Than it has Hours, (36) and I were better loſe it
In my King's Cauſe, than with an Ague, or
A Fall, or ſleeping to a Thief; as all theſe
Are probable enough: Let me but know
What I ſhall do for you. *Arb.* It will not out:
Were you with *Gobrias*, and bad him give
My Siſter all Content the Place affords,
And give her Leave to ſend and ſpeak to whom
She pleaſe? *Mar.* Yes, Sir, I was.

(36) ——————— *and I were better loſe it*
In my King's Cauſe, than with an Ague, *or*
A Fall, *or ſleeping to a* Thief; *&c.*] I own, I did not underſtand, *this ſleeping to a* Thief; I had conjectured
——— *or ſleeping to my* Death;
i. e. meaning, by a *Lethargy*, or *Apoplexy*. But I have retracted my Conjecture, as Mr. *Seward* has given me ſo ingenious a Comment on the Paſſage.

" This is a very ſenſible Expreſſion: What can be more ſo, " than to call, *being ſtabb'd in one's Sleep by a Thief*, one of the " common Accidents by which our Lives may be taken away. Be- " ſides, the Expreſſions, an *Ague*, or a *Fall*, or *ſleeping to a Thief*, " contain the three common Methods of Death (in Oppoſition to the " glorious one of dying in War in our King's, and Country's Cauſe) " *viz. Sickneſs*, *Miſchance*, or *Villany*. Mr. *Seward*.

Arb.

Arb. And did you to
Bacurius ſay as much about *Tigranes?*
Mar. Yes.
Arb. That's all my Buſineſs.
Mar. O ſay not ſo,
You had an Anſwer of all this before;
Beſides, I think, this Buſineſs might be utter'd
More careleſly. *Arb.* Come thou ſhalt have it out;
I do beſeech thee by the Love thou haſt
Profeſt to me, to ſee my Siſter from me.
Mar. Well, and what then? *Arb.* That's all.
Mar. That's ſtrange,
Shall I ſay nothing to her? *Arb.* Not a Word;
But if thou lov'ſt me, find ſome ſubtle Way
To make her underſtand by Signs. *Mar.* But what ſhall
I make her underſtand? *Arb.* O *Mardonius*,
For that I muſt be pardoned. *Mar.* You may;
But I can only ſee her then. *Arb.* 'Tis true;
Bear her this Ring then, and, on more Advice,
Thou ſhalt ſpeak to her: Tell her I do love
My Kindred all: Wilt thou? *Mar.* Is there no more?
Arb. And her the beſt; better than a Broth'r loves
His Siſter: That is all. *Mar.* Methinks, this need not
Have been deliver'd with ſuch Caution; I'll do it.
Arb. There is more yet; Wilt thou be faithful to me?
Mar. Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it,
After I hear it, I'll paſs through Fire to do it.
Arb. I love her better than a Brother ought;
Doſt thou conceive me? *Mar.* I hope, I do not, Sir.
Arb. Thou'rt dull, kneel down before her, and ne'er
Again, 'till ſhe will love me. *Mar.* I think, ſhe does. [riſe
Arb. But better than ſhe does, another Way;
As Wives love Husbands.
Mar. Why, there are few Wives,
That love their Husbands better than ſhe does you.
Arb. Thou wilt not underſtand me: Is it fit
This ſhould be utter'd plainly? Take it then,
Naked as it is: I would deſire her Love
Laſciviouſly, lewdly, inceſtuouſly,
To do a Sin that needs muſt damn us both;

And thee too: Doſt thou underſtand me now?
Mar. Yes, there's your King again; what have I done
Diſhoneſtly in my whole Life, name it, Sir,
That you ſhould put ſo baſe a Buſineſs to me?
Arb. Didſt thou not tell me, then, that thou wouldſt [do it?
Mar. Yes, if I undertook it; but if all
My Hairs were Lives, I would not be engag'd
In ſuch a Cauſe to ſave my laſt of Life.
Arb. O Guilt! how poor and weak a thing art thou?
This Man that is my Servant, whom my Breath
Might blow about the World, might beat me here
Having this Cauſe; whilſt I, preſt down with Sin,
Could not reſiſt him: Dear *Mardonius*,
It was a Motion mis-beſeeming Man,
I'm ſorry for't. *Mar.* Heav'n grant, you may be ſo!
You muſt underſtand, nothing, that you can utter,
Can move my Love and Service from my Prince.
Otherwiſe, I think, I ſhall not love you more.
For you are ſinful, and if you do this Crime,
You ought to have no Laws. For after this,
It will be great Injuſtice in you to puniſh
Any Offender, and for any Crime.
For myſelf, I find my Heart too big: I feel,
I have not Patience to look on whilſt you
Run theſe forbidden Courſes. Means I have
None but your Favour, and I am rather glad
That I ſhall loſe 'em both together, than keep 'em
With ſuch Conditions; I ſhall find a Dwelling
Amongſt ſome People, where though our Garments per-
Be coarſe, we ſhall be richer far within, [haps
And harbour no ſuch Vices in 'em: The Gods
Preſerve and mend you!
Arb. Mardonius, ſtay, *Mardonius*; for though
My preſent State requires nothing but Knaves
To be about me, ſuch as are prepar'd
For every wicked Act, yet who does know,
But that my loathed Fate may turn about,
And I have Uſe for honeſt Men again?
I hope, I may; I prithee, leave me not.

Enter

Enter Beſſus.

Beſ. Where is the King? *Mar.* There.

Beſ. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, there's the Knife.

Arb. What Knife?

Beſ. The Sword is eaten.

Mar. Away, you Fool, the King is ſerious,
And cannot now admit your Vanities.

Beſ. Vanities! I'm no honeſt Man, if my Enemies have not brought it to this; what, do you think, I lye?

Arb. No, no, 'tis well, *Beſſus*, 'tis very well; I'm glad on't.

Mar. If your Enemies brought it to this, your Enemies are Cutlers, come leave the King.

Beſ. Why, may not Valour approach him?

Mar. Yes, but he has Affairs; depart, or I ſhall be ſomething unmannerly with you.

Arb. No, let him ſtay, *Mardonius*, let him ſtay;
I have Occaſion with him very weighty,
And I can ſpare you now. *Mar.* Sir?

Arb. Why, I can ſpare you now.

Beſ. *Mardonius* give way to theſe State-Affairs.

Mar. Indeed, you are fitter for his preſent Purpoſe.
[*Exit* Mar.

Arb. *Beſſus*, I ſhould imploy thee, wilt thou do't?

Beſ. Do't for you? By this Air, I will do any thing without Exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

Arb. Do not ſwear.

Beſ. By this Light, but I will, any thing whatſoever.

Arb. But I ſhall name the Thing,
Thy Conſcience will not ſuffer thee to do.

Beſ. I would fain hear that Thing.

Arb. Why, I would have thee get my Siſter for me;
Thou underſtandſt me, in a wicked manner.

Beſ. O, you would have a Bout with her?
I'll do't, I'll do't, i' faith.

Arb. Wilt thou, doſt thou make no more on't;

Beſ. More? No, why is there any thing elſe? If there be, it ſhall be done too.

Arb.

Arb. Haſt thou no greater Senſe of ſuch a Sin?
Thou art too wicked for my Company,
Though I have Hell within me, thou may'ſt yet
Corrupt me further: Pray thee, anſwer me,
How do I ſhew to thee after this Motion?

Beſ. Why, your Majeſty looks as well in my Opinion,
As ever you did ſince you were born.

Arb. But thou appear'ſt to me after thy Grant,
The ugliеſt, loathed, deteſtable Thing
That I have met with. Thou haſt Eyes
Like Flames of Sulphur, which, methinks, do dart
Infection on me; and thou haſt a Mouth
Enough to take me in, where there do ſtand
Four Rows of Iron Teeth.

Beſ. I feel no ſuch thing, but 'tis no matter how I look; I'll do my Buſineſs as well as they that look better; and when this is diſpatch'd, if you have a Mind to your Mother, tell me, and you ſhall ſee I'll ſet it hard.

Arb. My Mother! Heav'n forgive me, to hear this!
I am inſpir'd with Horror: Now I hate thee
Worſe than my Sin, which, if I could come by,
Should ſuffer Death eternal, ne'er to riſe
In any Breaſt again. Know, I will die
Languiſhing mad, as I reſolve I ſhall,
E'er I will deal by ſuch an Inſtrument:
Thou art too ſinful to imploy in this;
Out of the World, away!

Beſ. What do you mean, Sir?

Arb. Hung round with Curſes, take thy fearful Flight
Into the Deſarts, where 'mongſt all the Monſters,
If thou find'ſt one ſo beaſtly as thyſelf,
Thou ſhalt be held as innocent.

Beſ. Good Sir ——

Arb. If there were no ſuch Inſtruments as thou,
We Kings could never act ſuch wicked Deeds:
Seek out a Man that mocks Divinity,
That breaks each Precept both of God and Man,
And Nature's too, and does it without Luſt,
Meerly becauſe it is a Law, and good,

And

And live with him: for him thou canſt not ſpoil.
Away, I ſay, I will not do this Sin. [*Exit* Beſſus.
I'll preſs it here, 'till it do break my Breaſt;
It heaves me to get out; but thou art a Sin,
And ſpight of Torture I will keep thee in. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Gobrias, Panthea, *and* Spaconia.

Gab. HAVE you written, Madam?
Pan. Yes, good *Gobrias.*
Gob. And with a Kindneſs, and ſuch winning Words
As may provoke him, at one Inſtant, feel
His double Fault, your Wrong, and his own Raſhneſs?
Pan. I have ſent Words enough, if Words may win [him
From his Diſpleaſure; and ſuch Words, I hope,
As ſhall gain much upon his Goodneſs, *Gobrias.*
Yet fearing, ſince they're many, and a Woman's,
A poor Belief may follow; I have woven
As many Truths within 'em to ſpeak for me,
That if he but be gracious, and receive 'em ———
Gob. Good Lady, be not fearful; though he ſhould not
Give you your preſent End in this, believe it,
(37) You ſhall feel, if your Virtue can induce you
To labour out this Tempeſt (which I know,
Is but a poor Proof 'gainſt your Patience:)
All thoſe Contents, your Spirit will arrive at,

(37) *You ſhall feel, if your Virtue can induce you*
To labour on't. *this Tempeſt which I know,*
Is but a poor Proof 'gainſt your Patience:
All thoſe Contents, your Spirit will arrive at,
Newer and ſweeter to you,] The Corruption of the Letters and Stops of this Paſſage hath ſpoil'd both Senſe and Grammar. It ſhou'd, without queſtion, be as I have reform'd the Text. The Emendation, I think, ſelf-evident. Mr. *Seward.*

I had likewiſe made this Regulation myſelf, and it is authoriz'd by the old *Quarto* in 1619.

Newer

Newer and ſweeter to you; your Royal Brother,
When he ſhall once collect himſelf, and ſee
How far he has been aſunder from himſelf;
What a mere Stranger to his golden Temper:
Muſt from thoſe Roots of Virtue, (never dying,
Though ſomewhat ſtop'd with Humour,) ſhoot again
Into a thouſand Glories, bearing fair Branches
High as our Hopes can look at, ſtraight as Juſtice,
Loaden with ripe Contents; he loves you dearly,
I know it, and, I hope, I need not farther
Win you to underſtand it. *Pan.* I believe it.
But howſoever, I'm ſure, I love him dearly:
So dearly, that if any thing I write
For my Enlarging ſhould beget his Anger,
Heav'n be a Witneſs with me and my Faith,
I had rather live intomb'd here.——

Gob. You ſhall not feel a worſe Stroke than your Grief,
I am ſorry, 'tis ſo ſharp; I kiſs your Hand,
And this Night will deliver this true Story,
With this Hand to your Brother.

Pan. Peace go with you!
You are a good Man. [*Exit* Gob.
My *Spaconia*,
Why are you ever ſad thus? *Spa.* O dear Lady,——

Pan. Prithee, diſcover not a Way to Sadneſs,
Nearer than I have in me; our two Sorrows
Work like two eager Hawks, who ſhall get higheſt;
How ſhall I leſſen thine? for mine, I fear,
Is eaſier known than cur'd.

Spa. Heav'n comfort both,
And give yours happy Ends, however I
Fall in my ſtubborn Fortunes!

Pan. This but teaches
How to be more familiar with our Sorrows,
That are too much our Maſters: Good *Spaconia*,
How ſhall I do you Service? *Spa.* Nobleſt Lady,
You make me more a Slave ſtill to your Goodneſs;
I only live to purchaſe Thanks to pay you,
For that is all the Buſineſs of my Life now.
I will be bold, ſince you will have it ſo,

To

To ask a noble Favour of you.

Pan. Speak it, 'tis yours; for from ſo ſweet a Virtue,
No ill Demand has Iſſue.

Spa. Then, ever virtuous, let me beg your Will
In helping me to ſee the Prince *Tigranes*,
With whom I'm equal Priſoner, if not more.

Pan. Reſerve me to a greater End, *Spaconia*;
Bacurius cannot want ſo much Good-manners
As to deny your gentle Viſitation,
Though you came only with your own Command.

Spa. I know, they will deny me, gracious Madam,
Being a Stranger, and ſo little fam'd,
(38) So utter empty of thoſe Excellencies
That tame Authority; but in you, ſweet Lady,
All theſe are natural; beſide, a Pow'r
Deriv'd immediate from your Royal Brother,
Whoſe leaſt Word in you may command the Kingdom.

Pan. More than my Word, *Spaconia*, you ſhall carry,
For Fear it fail you.

Spa. Dare you truſt a Token?
Madam, I fear, I am grown too bold a Beggar.

Pan. You are a pretty One, and, truſt me, Lady,
It joys me, I ſhall do a Good to you,
Though to myſelf I never ſhall be happy:
Here, take this Ring, and from me as a Token
Deliver it; I think, they will not ſtay you:
So all your own Deſires go with you, Lady!

Spa. And ſweet Peace to your Grace!

Pan. Pray Heav'n, I find it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tigranes, *in Priſon.*

Tigr. Fool that I am, I have undone myſelf,
And with my own Hand turn'd my Fortune round,
That was a fair one: I have childiſhly

(38) *So utter empty of thoſe Excellencies*
That tame *Authority*;] The oldeſt *Quarto* in 1619 reads, that *have*, &c. but the *Quarto*'s in 1631, 1661, and 1676, all concur in giving us the Word *tame*, which, without doubt, is the true Reading. She means, ſhe is utterly void of thoſe Talents that can have any Controul over People in Office and Power.

Play'd

Play'd with my Hope ſo long, 'till I have broke it,
And now too late I mourn for't; O *Spaconia!*
Thou haſt found an even Way to thy Revenge now;
Why didſt thou follow me like a faint Shadow,
To wither my Deſires? But, wretched Fool,
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the Sun and me,
To make me freeze thus? Why did I prefer her
To the fair Princeſs? O thou Fool, thou Fool,
Thou Family of Fools, live like a Slave ſtill;
And in thee bear thine own Hell and thy Torment,
Thou haſt deſerv'd it: Couldſt thou find no Lady
But ſhe, that has thy Hopes to put her to,
And hazard all thy Peace? None to abuſe,
But ſhe that lov'd thee ever? (poor *Spaconia!*)
And ſo much lov'd thee, that in Honeſty
And Honour thou art bound to meet her Virtues:
She, that forgat the Greatneſs of her Grief
(39) And Miſeries, that muſt follow ſuch mad Paſſions,
Endleſs and wild in Women; ſhe that for thee,
And with thee, left her Liberty, her Name,
And Country; you have paid me, equal Heav'ns,
And ſent my own Rod to correct me with,
A Woman: for Inconſtancy I'll ſuffer;
Lay it on, Juſtice, 'till my Soul melt in me
For my unmanly, beaſtly, ſudden Doting
Upon a new Face; after all my Oaths,
Many, and ſtrange ones.
I feel my old Fire flame again and burn
So ſtrong and violent, that ſhould I ſee her
Again, the Grief and that would kill me.

(39) *And Miſeries, that muſt follow ſuch mad Paſſions, Endleſs and wild as Women?*] Why muſt *Tigranes*, whilſt he is ſpeaking in Praiſe of one Woman, abuſe all Women in general? Beſides, had he a mind to abuſe 'em, and apply the Epithet *wild* to them, he cou'd with no Propriety add the other, *endleſs*: I hope, I have reſtor'd the true Particle, which gives a very different and a very good Senſe to the whole Sentence, *i. e.* when Women, ſo weak to defend themſelves, have ſuch ſtrong Paſſions as to fly their Friends, and follow a Priſoner into an Enemy's Country, they muſt run the Hazard of *endleſs* and *wild* Miſeries. Or if the Epithets *endleſs* and *wild* be apply'd to Paſſions, the Senſe will be much the ſame, and the Emendation as neceſſary. Mr. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Bacurius *and* Spaconia.

Bac. Lady,
Your Token I acknowledge, you may pass;
There is the King.

Spa. I thank your Lordship for it. [*Exit* Bac.

Tigr. She comes, she comes, Shame hide me ever from her,
'Would, I were bury'd, or so far remov'd
Light might not find me out, I dare not see her.

Spa. Nay, never hide yourself; or were you hid,
Where Earth hides all her Riches, near her Center;
My Wrongs without more Day would light me to you:
I must speak, e'er I die; were all your Greatness
Doubled upon you, you're a perjur'd Man,
And only mighty in your Wickedness
Of wronging Women. Thou art false, false, Prince;
I live to see it, (40) poor *Spaconia* lives
To tell thee thou art false; and tell thee more;
She lives to tell thee, thou art more unconstant,
Than all ill Women ever were together.
Thy Faith as firm as raging Over-flows,
That no Bank can command; as lasting
As Boys' gay Bubbles, blown i'th' Air and broken:
The Wind is fix'd, to thee; and sooner shall
The beaten Mariner with his shrill Whistle
Calm the loud Murmur of the troubled Main,
And strike it smooth again; than thy Soul fall
To 've Peace in Love with any: Thou art all,
That all good Men must hate; and if thy Story
Shall tell succeeding Ages what thou wert,
O, let it spare me in it, lest true Lovers,
In Pity of my Wrong, burn thy black Legend,
And with their Curses, shake thy sleeping Ashes!

(40) ——— ——— *poor* Spaconia *lives*
To tell thee thou art false; and then no *more*;] Should not *Spaconia* then have held her Tongue? Yes. But does she so? The next Lines shew us, she does not. To cure this Place, therefore, I think, we ought to read.
To tell thee, thou art false; and tell thee *more*; Mr. *Sympson.*

Tigr.

Tigr. Oh! oh!

(41) *Spa.* The Deſtinies, I hope, have pointed out
Our Ends alike, that thou may'ſt die for Love,
Though not for me; for, this aſſure thyſelf,
The Princeſs hates thee deadly, and will ſooner
Be won to marry with a Bull, and ſafer,
Than ſuch a Beaſt as thou art. — I have ſtruck,
I fear, too deep; beſhrew me for it! Sir,
This Sorrow works me, like a cunning Friendſhip,
Into the ſame Piece with it; he's aſham'd,
Alas, I have been too rugged: Dear my Lord,
I am ſorry, I have ſpoken any thing,
Indeed, I am, that may add more Reſtraint
To that too much you have: Good Sir, be pleas'd
To think it was a Fault of Love, not Malice;
And do, as I will do, forgive it, Prince.
I do, and can forgive the greateſt Sins
To me you can repent of; pray, believe.

Tigr. O my *Spaconia!* O thou virtuous Woman!

Spa. No more; the King, Sir ———

Enter Arbaces, Bacurius, *and* Mardonius.

Arb. Have you been carefull of our noble Priſoner,
That he want nothing fitting for his Greatneſs?

Bac. I hope, his Grace will quit me for my Care, Sir.

Arb. 'Tis well. Royal *Tigranes*, Health!

Tigr. More than the Strictneſs of this Place can give, Sir,
I offer back again to great *Arbaces*.

Arb. We thank you, worthy Prince; and, pray, excuſe us,
We have not ſeen you ſince your being here;
I hope, your noble Uſage has been equal
With your own Perſon: Your Impriſonment,
If it be any, I dare ſay, is eaſy;
And ſhall not laſt two Days.

(41) *The Deſtinies, I hope, have pointed out*
Our Ends, that thou may'ſt die for Love,
Though not for me;] The Second Verſe is manifeſtly defective in a whole Foot. The *Quarto*'s in 1619, 1631, and 1676, all have furniſh'd me with the Word which I have ſubſtituted into the Text, and which makes out the Verſification.

Tigr.

Tigr. I thank you, Sir.
My Uſage here has been the ſame it was,
Worthy a Royal Conqueror. For my Reſtraint,
It came unkindly, becauſe much unlook'd-for;
But I muſt bear it.
Arb. What Lady's that, *Bacurius?*
Bac. One of the Princeſs' Women, Sir.
Arb. I fear'd it;
Why comes ſhe hither?
Bac. To ſpeak with Prince *Tigranes.*
Arb. From whom, *Bacurius?*
Bac. From the Princeſs, Sir.
Arb. I knew, I had ſeen her.
Mar. His Fit begins to take him now again,
'Tis a ſtrange Fever, and 'twill ſhake us all
Anon, I fear; I would, he were well cur'd of
This raging Folly! Give me the Wars, where Men
Are mad, and may talk what they liſt, and held
The braveſt Fellows; this pelting prating Peace
Is good for nothing: Drinking's a Virtue to't.
Arb. I ſee, there's Truth in no Man, nor Obedience,
But for his own Ends: Why did you let her in?
Bac. 'Twas your Command to bar none from him; beſides,
The Princeſs ſent her Ring, Sir, for my Warrant.
Arb. A Token to *Tigranes*, did ſhe not?
Sir, tell the Truth. *Bac.* I do not uſe to lie, Sir,
'Tis no Way I eat, or live by, and, I think,
This is no Token, Sir.
Mar. This Combat has undone him: If he had been well beaten, he had been temperate; I ſhall never ſee him handſome again, 'till he have a Horſe-man's ſtaff yok'd thorough his Shoulders, or an Arm broken with a Bullet.
Arb. I am trifled with. *Bac.* Sir?
Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be falſe.
Mar. Now the Clap comes.
Bac. You never knew me ſo, Sir, I dare ſpeak it;
And, durſt a worſe Man tell me, though my better —
Mar. 'Tis well ſaid, by my Soul.

Arb. Sirrah, you anſwer, as you had no Life.

Bac. That I fear, Sir, to loſe nobly.

Arb. I ſay, Sir, once again.

Bac. You may ſay what you pleaſe, Sir,
'Would, I might do ſo!

Arb. I will, Sir, and ſay openly, this Woman carries Letters; by my Life, I know, ſhe carries Letters, this Woman does it.

Mar. 'Would, *Beſſus* were here to take her aſide and ſearch her! he would quickly tell you what ſhe carried, Sir.

Arb. I have found it out, this Woman carries Letters.

Mar. If this hold, 'twill be an ill World for Bawds, Chamber-maids, and Poſt-boys. I thank Heav'n, I have none but his Letters-Patents, Things of his own inditing.

Arb. Prince, this Cunning cannot do't.

Tigr. Do what, Sir? I reach you not.

Arb. It ſhall not ſerve your Turn, Prince.

Tigr. Serve my Turn, Sir?

Arb. Ay, Sir, it ſhall not ſerve your Turn.

Tigr. Be plainer, good Sir.

Arb. This Woman ſhall carry no more Letters back to your Love *Panthea*; by Heav'n, ſhe ſhall not; I ſay, ſhe ſhall not.

Mar. This would make a Saint ſwear like a Soldier; (42) and a Soldier, like *Termagant*.

Tigr. This beats me more, King, than the Blows you gave me.

Arb. Take 'em away Both, and together let them Priſoners be, ſtrictly and cloſely kept, or Sirrah, your Life ſhall anſwer it; and let no body ſpeak with 'em hereafter.

Tigr. Well, I am ſubject to you,
And muſt indure theſe Paſſions:

(42) *and a Soldier like* Termagant.] Theſe Words I have retriev'd from the eldeſt *Quarto* in 1619. *Termagant* was an old ſwearing, ſwaggering Character, well known for ſome Centuries paſt. It is mention'd by SHAKESPEARE in his *Hamlet*; by SPENSER in his *Fairy Queen*; by CHAUCER in his Tale of Sir *Thopas*, and in ſeveral old Plays.

Spa.

(43) *Spa.* This is th' Impriſonment I've look'd for
And the dear Place I would chooſe. [always;
[*Exeunt* Tigr. Spa. Bac.

Mar. Sir, you have done well now.

Arb. Dare you reprove it? *Mar.* No.

Arb. You muſt be croſſing me.

Mar. I have no Letters, Sir, to anger you,
But a dry Sonnet of my Corporal's
To an old Suttler's Wife, and that I'll burn, Sir;
'Tis like to prove a fine Age for the Ignorant.

Arb. How dareſt thou ſo oft forfeit thy Life?
Thou know'ſt, 'tis in my Power to take it.

Mar. Yes, and I know you wo' not, or if you do, you'll miſs it quickly.

Arb. Why?

Mar. Who ſhall tell you of theſe childiſh Follies,
When I am dead? Who ſhall put to his Power
To draw thoſe Virtues out of a Flood of Humours,
When they are drown'd, and make 'em ſhine again?
No, cut my Head off:
Then you may talk, and be believed, and grow worſe,
(44) And have your too ſelf-glorious Temper rock'd
Into a deep Sleep, and the Kingdom with you;
Till foreign Swords be in your Throats, and Slaughter
Be every where about you like your Flatterers.
Do, kill me.

(43) *This is th' Impriſonment I've look'd for always.*] But, ſurely, *Tigranes* had no Reaſon to look for, or ſuſpect, any ſuch Treatment. The eldeſt *Quarto* in 1619, and that of 1676, place this Verſe and the ſubſequent one to the Beginning of *Spaconia*'s Speech; and they certainly belong to her. She bleſſes her Fate, that ſhe is to be with her *Tigranes*, tho' in a Priſon. I own, tho' I would not venture to depart ſo far from the Text, I could wiſh we might ſuppoſe, the Authors had wrote;

This is th' Impriſonment I've long'd *for always.*

For ſhe had no more Reaſon to *look* for it, than *Tigranes* had.

(44) *And have your too ſelf-glorious Temper* rot
Into a deep Sleep] Beſides the Impropriety of *rotting* into *Sleep*, the Expreſſion is too coarſe for the Character of *Mardonius*; who, tho' bold and honeſt, is not abuſive. I hope, I have reſtor'd the original Word. Mr. *Seward*.

This Emendation is finely imagin'd; and is ſufficiently confirm'd by the three Verſes that follow.

Arb. Prithee, be tamer, good *Mardonius*,
Thou know'ſt, I love thee; nay, I honour thee;
Believe it, good old Soldier, I am thine;
But I am rack'd clean from myſelf, bear with me,
Woo't thou bear with me, my *Mardonius?*

Enter Gobrias.

Mar. There comes a good Man, love him too, he's temperate,
You may live to have Need of ſuch a Virtue,
Rage is not ſtill in Faſhion.

Arb Welcome, good *Gobrias.*

Gob. My Service and this Letter to your Grace.

Arb. From whom?

Gob. From the rich Mine of Virtue and all Beauty,
Your mournful Siſter.

Arb. She is in Priſon, *Gobrias*, is ſhe not?

Gob. She is, Sir, till your Pleaſure do enlarge her,
Which on my Knees I beg. Oh, 'tis not fit,
That all the Sweetneſs of the World in one,
The Youth and Virtue that would tame wild Tygers,
And wilder People, that have known no Manners,
Should live thus cloiſter'd up; for your Love's ſake,
If there be any in that noble Heart,
To her a wretched Lady, and forlorn;
Or for her Love to you, which is as much
As Nature and Obedience ever gave,
Have Pity on her Beauties.

Arb. Pray thee, ſtand up; 'Tis true, ſhe is too fair,
And all theſe Commendations but her own;
'Would, thou hadſt never ſo commended her,
Or I ne'er liv'd to have heard it, *Gobrias!*
If thou but knew'ſt the Wrong her Beauty does her,
Thou wouldſt in Pity of her be a Lyar;
Thy Ignorance has drawn me, wretched Man,
Whither myſelf, nor thou, can'ſt well tell: O my Fate!
I think, ſhe loves me, but, I fear, another
Is deeper in her Heart: How think'ſt thou, *Gobrias?*

Gob. I do beſeech your Grace, believe it not;
For, let me periſh, if it be not falſe! Good Sir, read her Letter.

Mar.

Mar. This Love, or what a Devil it is, I know not, begets more Miſchief than a Wake. I had rather be well beaten, ſtarv'd, or louſy, than live within the Air on't. He, that had ſeen this brave Fellow charge through a Grove of Pikes but t'other Day, and look upon him now, will ne'er believe his Eyes again: If he continue thus but two Days more, a Tailor may beat him with one Hand tied behind him.

Arb. Alas, ſhe fain would be at Liberty.
And there be a thouſand Reaſons, *Gobrias*,
Thouſands that will deny't:
Which, if ſhe knew, ſhe would contentedly
Be where ſhe is, and bleſs her Virtues for it,
And me, though ſhe were cloſer; ſhe would, *Gobrias*,
Good Man, indeed, ſhe would.

Gob. Then, good Sir, for her Satisfaction,
Send for her, and with Reaſon make her know
Why ſhe muſt live thus from you.

Arb. I will; go bring her to me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Beſſus, *two Sword-men, and a Boy.*

Beſ. You're very welcome Both; ſome Stools there,
And reach a Table; Gentlemen o' th' Sword, [Boy,
Pray ſit without more Complement; be gone, Child.
I have been curious in the ſearching of you,
Becauſe I underſtand you wiſe and valiant.

1 *Sw.* We underſtand ourſelves, Sir.

Beſ. Nay, Gentlemen, and my dear Friends o'th' Sword,
No Complement, I pray; but to the Cauſe
I hang upon, which in few, is my Honour.

2 *Sw.* You cannot hang too much, Sir, for your Honour;
But to your Cauſe———

Beſ. Be wiſe, and ſpeak the Truth; my firſt Doubt is,
My Beating by my Prince.

1 *Sw.* Stay there a little, Sir; do you doubt a Beating?
Or have you had a Beating by your Prince?

Beſ. Gentlemen o'th' Sword, my Prince has beaten me.

2 *Sw.* Brother, what think you of this Caſe?

1 *Sw.* If he has beaten him, the Caſe is clear.

2 *Sw.* If he have beaten him, I grant the Caſe;

But how? We cannot be too ſubtle in this Buſineſs,
I ſay, but how?

Beſ. Even with his Royal Hand.

1 *Sw.* Was it a Blow of Love, or Indignation?

Beſ. 'Twas Twenty Blows of Indignation, Gentlemen;
Beſides two Blows o'th' Face.

(45) 2 *Sw.* Thoſe Blows o'th' Face have made a new Cauſe on't,
The reſt were but an honourable Rudeneſs.

1 *Sw.* Two Blows o'th' Face, and given by a worſe Man, I muſt confeſs, as the Sword-men ſay, had turn'd the Buſineſs: Mark me, Brother, by a worſe Man: But being by his Prince, had they been Ten, and thoſe Ten drawn Ten Teeth, beſides the Hazard of his Noſe for ever; all this had been but Favours: This is my flat Opinion, which I'll die in.

2 *Sw.* The King may do much, Captain, believe it; for had he crack'd your Skull through, like a Bottle, or broke a Rib or two with toſſing of you, yet you had loſt no Honour: This is ſtrange, you may imagine, but this is Truth now, Captain.

Beſ. I will be glad to embrace it, Gentlemen;
But how far may he ſtrike me?

1 *Sw.* There is another: A new Cauſe riſing from the Time and Diſtance, in which I will deliver my Opinion: He may ſtrike, beat, or cauſe to be beaten: For theſe are natural to Man: Your Prince, I ſay, may beat you, ſo far forth as his Dominion reacheth, that's for the Diſtance; the Time ten Miles a-Day, I take it.

2 *Sw.* Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen Miles a-Day;
His Stage is ten, his Beatings are fifteen.

Beſ. 'Tis of the longeſt, but we Subjects muſt ——

1 *Sw.* Be ſubject to it; you are Wiſe and Virtuous.

Beſ. Obedience ever makes that noble Uſe on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten Body;

(45) *Thoſe Blows o'th' Face have made a new Cauſe on't,*
The reſt were but an horrible *Rudeneſs.*] The laſt, I am ſure, is an *horrible* rough, as well as defective, Verſe. The *Quarto's* of 1619, and 1676 have the Epithet, which I have reſtored in the Text.

I muſt

I muſt trouble you a little further, Gentlemen o'th' Sword.

2 *Sw.* No Trouble at all to us, Sir, if we may
Profit your Underſtanding, we are bound
By virtue of our Calling to utter our Opinions,
Shortly, and diſcreetly.

Beſ. My foreſt Buſineſs is, I have been kick'd.

2 *Sw.* How far, Sir?

(46) *Beſ.* Not to flatter myſelf in it, all over; my Sword loſt, but not forc'd; for diſcreetly I rendred it, to ſave that Imputation.

1 *Sw.* It ſhew'd Diſcretion, the beſt Part of Valour.

2 *Sw.* Brother, this is a pretty Cauſe; pray, ponder
Our Friend here has been kick'd. [on't;

1 *Sw.* He has ſo, Brother.

2 *Sw.* Sorely, he ſays: Now, had he ſet down here
Upon the meer Kick, 't had been cowardly.

1 *Sw.* I think, it had been cowardly indeed.

2 *Sw.* But our Friend has redeem'd it, in delivering
His Sword without Compulſion; and that Man,
That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one,
And his Kicks Nullities.
He ſhould have kick'd him after the delivering,
Which is the Confirmation of a Coward.

1 *Sw.* Brother, I take it, you miſtake the Queſtion;
For, ſay, that I were kick'd.

2 *Sw.* I muſt not ſay ſo;

(46) *Not to flatter myſelf in it, all over*; *my Sword* forc'd, *but not* loſt;] This is as abſurd and ridiculous a Tranſpoſition (made thro' the Error of the Copyiſts, or at Preſs) as we ſhall meet with in haſte. Tho' *Beſſus* was by Nature and Habit a Lyar, yet here he meant to repreſent the State of his Caſe ſeriouſly to the *Sword-men*, to have their Opinion upon it. We find in a preceding Scene, that, upon *Bacurius* diſcovering him to be a notorious Poltron, he orders him to unbuckle and deliver up his Sword. *Beſſus* obeys, and does it with a Gaſconade; ſaying, *it is a pretty Hilt, and if his Lordſhip takes an Affection to it, with all his Heart he'll preſent it to him for a New-years-gift*. How then was his Sword *forc'd* from him? It was not; for he immediately ſubjoins here to the *Sword-men*; *for I diſcreetly* render'd *it to ſave that Imputation*. All the Editions concur in the Blunder; and, I imagine, the moſt accurate Readers may have ſlip'd over this Abſurdity. Let the two Words *forc'd* and *loſt* change Places, and then all is clear, and the Fact truly ſtated.

Nor I muſt not hear it ſpoke by Tongue of Man.
You kick'd, dear Brother! You're merry.

1 *Sw.* But put the Caſe, I were kick'd;——

2 *Sw.* Let them put it, that are Things weary of their Lives, and know not Honour; put the Caſe, you were kick'd?

1 *Sw.* I do not ſay, I was kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Nor no ſilly Creature that wears his Head without a Caſe, his Soul in a Skin-coat: You kick'd, dear Brother?

Beſ. Nay, Gentlemen, let us do what we ſhall do, Truly and honeſtly; good Sirs, to the Queſtion.

1 *Sw.* Why, then I ſay, ſuppoſe your Boy kick'd, Captain?

2 *Sw.* The Boy may be ſuppos'd, he's liable.
But kick my Brother?

1 *Sw.* A fooliſh forward Zeal, Sir, in my Friend;
But to the Boy,—— Suppoſe, the Boy were kick'd.

Beſ. I do ſuppoſe it.

1 *Sw.* Has your Boy a Sword?

Beſ. Surely, no; I pray, ſuppoſe a Sword too.

1 *Sw.* I do ſuppoſe it; you grant, your Boy was kick'd then.

2 *Sw.* By no means, Captain, let it be ſuppoſed ſtill; the Word *Grant* makes not for us.

(47) 1 *Sw.* I ſay this muſt be granted.

2 *Sw.*

(47) 1 Sw. *I ſay, this* muſt *be granted.*
2 Sw. *This* muſt *be granted, Brother?*
1 Sw. *Ay, this* muſt *be granted.*
2 Sw. *Still this* muſt, *&c.*] The Poets here are flirting (I was almoſt going to ſay, invidiouſly) at a Paſſage in SHAKESPEARE's *Coriolanus.*

——————— *It is a Mind*
That ſhall *remain a Poiſon where it is,*
Not poiſon any further.
Cor. Shall *remain?*
Hear you this Triton *of the Minnows? Mark you*
His abſolute ſhall?
Com. *'Twas from the Canon.*
Cor. Shall!
—— —— *Have you thus*
Giv'n Hydra *here to chooſe an Officer,*

That

2 *Sw.* This muſt be granted, Brother?

1 *Sw.* Ay, this muſt be granted.

2 *Sw.* Still, this muſt?

1 *Sw.* I ſay, this muſt be granted. [palter.

2 *Sw.* Ay, give me the muſt again? (48) Brother, you

1 *Sw.* I will not hear you, Waſp.

2 *Sw.* Brother, I ſay, you palter; the Muſt three times together? I wear as ſharp Steel as another Man, and my Fox bites as deep; muſted, my dear Brother? But to the Cauſe again.

Beſ. Nay, look you, Gentlemen.

2 *Sw.* In a Word, I ha' done.

1 *Sw.* A tall Man, but intemperate, 'tis great Pity; Once more ſuppoſe the Boy kick'd. 2 *Sw.* Forward.

1 *Sw.* And, being thoroughly kick'd, laughs at the Kicker.

2 *Sw.* So much for us; proceed.

1 *Sw.* And in this beaten Scorn, as I may call it, Delivers up his Weapon; where lies the Error?

Beſ. It lies i'th' Beating, Sir, I found it four Days ſince.

2 *Sw.* The Error, and a ſore one, as I take it, Lies in the Thing kicking.

Beſ. I underſtand that well, 'tis ſo, indeed, Sir.

1 *Sw.* That is according to the Man that did it.

2 *Sw.* There ſprings a new Branch, whoſe was the Foot?

Beſ. A Lord's.

That with his peremptory ſhall ——
—— —— *They chooſe their Magiſtrate!*
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his ſhall,
His popular ſhall, *&c.*

(48) 2 Sw. —— —— —— *Brother, you palter.*

1 Sw. *I will not hear you,* Waſp.] Here again is a Sneer upon that celebrated quarrelling Scene betwixt *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, in SHAKESPEARE's *Julius Cæſar.*

—— —— *Muſt I budge?*
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty *Humour? By the Gods,*
You ſhall digeſt the Venom of your Spleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you. For, from this Day forth,
I'll uſe you for my Mirth, yea, for my Laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.

1 *Sw.*

1 *Sw.* The Cauſe is mighty, but had it been two Lords,
And Both had kick'd you, if you laugh'd, 'tis clear.

Beſ. I did laugh,
But how will that help me, Gentlemen?

2 *Sw.* Yes, it ſhall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.

Beſ. As loud as a kick'd Man could laugh, I laugh'd, Sir.

1 *Sw.* My Reaſon now; the valiant Man is known
By ſuffering and contemning it; you have
Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2 *Sw.* If he be ſure, he has been kick'd enough:
For that brave Sufferance you ſpeak of, Brother,
Conſiſts not in a Beating and away,
But in a cudgell'd Body, from eighteen
To eight and thirty; (49) in a Head rebuk'd
With Pots of all ſize, Daggers, Stools, and Bed-ſtaves;
This ſhows a valiant Man.

(49) ——— *in a Head rebuk'd*
With Pots of all Size, degrees; *Stools and Bed-ſtaves*;
This ſhews a valiant Man.] What an inharmonious Line is this Second here? Beſides, where is the mighty Difference betwixt *Size* and *Degrees*? What then if we ſhould read *Daggers?* There is a pleaſant Paſſage in PLAUTUS's *Perſian* about Paraſites, whom he ſtyles *hard-headed* Fellows, becauſe they had frequently Things thrown at their Pates.

His Cognomentum erat duris Capitonibus.

Caſaubon has this Note upon the Place. *Olim inter alia Inſtrumenta perditi Luxûs, et Matulæ in Triclinia inferri ſolitæ; quas ſæpe, ubi incaluiſſent, in Capita ſibi invicem illiſerunt. Hinc dicti propterea Paraſiti*, duri Capitones. Mr. *Sympſon.*

My Friend has deliver'd his Conjecture, about ſubſtituting *Daggers*, with Diſtruſt and Diſapprobation. But, I believe, I ſhall ſoon overcome his Modeſty; and demonſtrate the Emendation to be moſt certain. In the firſt Place, the Word has the Sanction of the oldeſt *Quarto* in 1619. Then, again, afterwards, where *Mardonius* is characterizing *Beſſus* to *Lygones*, he ſays,

— He has had. ſince he was firſt a Slave,
At leaſt three Hundred Daggers *ſet in's Head,*
As little Boys do Knives in hot Meat;

So, in *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*;

From thence to th' Dicing-Houſe, there I found Quarrels,
Needleſs and ſenſeleſs, Swords, *Pots, Candleſticks,*
Tables, and Stools, and all in one Confuſion,
And no Man knew his Friend.

The Word, *Swords*, here, is plainly equivalent to *Daggers*.

Beſ.

Bef. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudeſt,
For theſe are all familiar Things to me;
Familiar as my Sleep, or Want of Money;
All my whole Body's but one Bruiſe with Beating,
I think I have been Cudgell'd with all Nations,
And almoſt all Religions.

2 *Sw.* Embrace him, Brother, this Man is valiant.
I know it by myſelf, he's valiant.

1 *Sw.* Captain, thou art a valiant Gentleman,
To abide upon't, a very valiant Man.

Bef. My equal Friends o' th' Sword, I muſt requeſt
Your Hands to this. 2 *Sw.* 'Tis fit it ſhould be.

Bef. Boy,
Get me ſome Wine, and Pen and Ink within:
Am I clear, Gentlemen?

1 *Sw.* Sir, when the World has taken Notice what we have done,
Make much of your Body, for I'll pawn my Steel,
Men will be coyer of their Legs hereafter.

Bef. I muſt requeſt you go along and teſtify to the Lord *Bacurius*, whoſe Foot has ſtruck me, how you find my Cauſe.

2 *Sw.* We will, and tell that Lord, he muſt be rul'd;
Or there are thoſe, abroad, will rule his Lordſhip.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Arbaces, *at one Door*; *and* Gobrias, *and* Panthea *at another.*

Gob. Sir, here's the Princeſs.

Arb. Leave us then alone,
For the main Cauſe of her Impriſonment
Muſt not be heard by any, but herſelf. [*Exit* Gob.
You're welcome, Siſter; and I would to Heav'n,
I could ſo bid you by another Name:
If You above love not ſuch Sins as theſe,
Circle my Heart with Thoughts as cold as Snow,
To quench theſe riſing Flames that harbour here.

Pan. Sir, does it pleaſe you, I ſhould ſpeak?

Arb. Pleaſe me?
Ay, more than all the Art of Muſick can;

Thy

Thy Speech doth pleaſe me, for it ever ſounds,
As thou brought'ſt joyful unexpected News;
And yet it is not fit thou ſhouldſt be heard.
I pray thee, think ſo. *Pan.* Be it ſo, I will.
I am the firſt, that ever had a Wrong
So far from being fit to have Redreſs,
That 'twas unfit to hear it: I will back
To Priſon, rather than diſquiet you,
And wait till it be fit. *Arb.* No, do not go;
For I will hear thee with a ſerious Thought:
I have collected all that's Man about me
Together ſtrongly, and I am reſolv'd
To hear thee largely; but I do beſeech thee,
Do not come nearer to me, for there is
Something in that, that will undo us Both.
Pan. Alas, Sir, am I Venom?
Arb. Yes, to me;
Though, of thyſelf, I think thee to be in
As equal a Degree of Heat or Cold,
As Nature can make: Yet as unſound Men
Convert the ſweeteſt and the nouriſhing'ſt Meats
Into Diſcaſes; ſo ſhall I, diſtemper'd,
Do thee; I pray thee, draw no nearer to me.
Pan. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late
Shut from the World, and why it ſhould be thus,
Is all I wiſh to know. *Arb.* Why, credit me,
Panthea, credit me that am thy Brother,
Thy loving Brother, that there is a Cauſe
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,
That might undo thee everlaſtingly,
Only to hear; wilt thou but credit this?
By Heav'n, 'tis true; believe it, if thou can'ſt.
Pan. Children and Fools are ever credulous,
And I am Both, I think, for I believe;
If you diſſemble, be it on your Head;
I'll back unto my Priſon: Yet, methinks,
I might be kept in ſome Place where you are;
For in myſelf, I find I know not what
To call it, but it is a great Deſire
To ſee you often.

Arb.

Arb. Fie, you come in a Step, what do you mean?
Dear Sifter, do not ſo: Alas, *Panthea*,
Where I am, would you be? Why, that's the Cauſe
You are impriſon'd, that you may not be
Where I am.
Pan. Then I muſt endure it, Sir; Heav'n keep you!
Arb. Nay, you ſhall hear the Cauſe in ſhort, *Panthea*;
And, when thou hear'ſt it, thou wilt bluſh for me;
And hang thy Head down like a Violet
Full of the morning Dew: There is a Way
To gain thy Freedom, but 'tis ſuch a one
As puts thee in worſe Bondage, and, I know,
Thou wouldſt encounter Fire, and make a Proof
Whether the Gods have Care of Innocence,
Rather than follow it: Know, that I've loſt,
The only Difference betwixt Man and Beaſt,
My Reaſon. *Pan.* Heav'n forbid!
Arb. Nay, it is gone;
And I am left as far without a Bound,
As the wild Ocean, that obeys the Winds;
Each ſudden Paſſion throws me where it liſts,
And overwhelms All that oppoſe my Will:
I have beheld thee with a luſtful Eye:
My Heart is ſet on Wickedneſs to act
Such Sins with thee, as I have been afraid
To think of; if thou dar'ſt conſent to this,
Which, I beſeech thee, do not, thou may'ſt gain
Thy Liberty, and yield me a Content;
If not, thy Dwelling muſt be dark and cloſe,
Where I may never ſee thee; for, Heav'n knows,
That laid this Puniſhment upon my Pride,
Thy Sight at ſome time will enforce my Madneſs
To make a Start e'en to thy Raviſhing;
Now ſpit upon me, and call all Reproaches
Thou can'ſt deviſe together, and at once
Hurl 'em againſt me; for I am a Sickneſs
As killing as the Plague, ready to ſeize thee.
Pan. Far be it from me to revile the King!
But it is true, that I ſhall rather chooſe
To ſearch out Death, that elſe would ſearch out me,

And

And in a Grave ſleep with my Innocence,
Than welcome ſuch a Sin: It is my Fate,
To theſe croſs Accidents I was ordain'd,
And muſt have Patience; and but that my Eyes
Have more of Woman in 'em than my Heart,
I would not weep: Peace enter you again!

Arb. Farewel, and, good *Panthea*, pray for me;
Thy Prayers are pure, that I may find a Death
However ſoon, before my Paſſions grow,
That they forget what I deſire is Sin;
For thither they are tending: If that happen,
Then I ſhall force thee, tho' thou wert a Virgin
By Vow to Heaven, and ſhall pull a Heap
Of ſtrange, yet uninvented, Sin upon me.

Pan. Sir, I will pray for you, yet you ſhall know
It is a ſullen Fate that governs us;
For I could wiſh as heartily as you
I were no Siſter to you, I ſhould then
Embrace your lawful Love, ſooner than Health.

Arb. Couldſt thou affect me then?

Pan. So perfectly,
That, as it is, I ne'er ſhall ſway my Heart
To like another. *Arb.* Then I curſe my Birth;
Muſt this be added to my Miſeries
That thou art willing too? Is there no Stop
To our full Happineſs, but theſe meer Sounds,
Brother and Siſter?

Pan. There is nothing elſe,
But theſe, alas! will ſeparate us more
Than twenty Worlds betwixt us.

Arb. I have liv'd
To conquer Men, and now am overthrown
Only by Words, Brother and Siſter: Where
Have thoſe Words Dwelling? I will find 'em out,
And utterly deſtroy 'em; but they are
Not to be graſp'd: Let 'em be Men or Beaſts,
And I will cut 'em from the Earth; or Towns,
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:
Let 'em be Seas, and I will drink 'em off,
And yet have unquench'd Fire left in my Breaſt:

Let

Let 'em be any thing but meerly Voice.
Pan. But 'tis not in the Pow'r of any Force,
Or Policy, to conquer them. *Arb. Panthea,*
What ſhall we do? Shall we ſtand firmly here,
And gaze our Eyes out? *Pan.* 'Would, I could do ſo!
But I ſhall weep out mine. *Arb.* Accurſed Man,
Thou bought'ſt thy Reaſon at too dear a Rate;
For thou haſt all thy Actions bounded in
With curious Rules, when ev'ry Beaſt is free:
What is there that acknowledges a Kindred,
But wretched Man? Who ever ſaw the Bull
Fearfully leave the Heifer that he lik'd,
Becauſe they had one Dam? *Pan.* Sir, I diſturb
You and myſelf too; 'twere better I were gone.
Arb. I will not be ſo fooliſh as I was,
Stay, we will love juſt as becomes our Births,
No otherwiſe: Brothers and Siſters may
Walk Hand in Hand together; ſo will we.
Come nearer: Is there any Hurt in this?
Pan. I hope not, Sir.
Arb. Faith, there is none at all:
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me?
Pan. No, by Heav'n. *Arb.* Why yet
You ſent unto *Tigranes*, Siſter. *Pan.* True,
But for another: For the Truth —— *Arb.* No more.
I'll credit thee, thou canſt not lie,
Thou art all Truth.
Pan. But is there nothing elſe,
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks,
Brothers and Siſters lawfully may kiſs.
Arb. And ſo they may, *Panthea*, ſo will we,
And kiſs again too; we were too ſcrupulous,
And fooliſh, but we will be ſo no more.
Pan. If you have any Mercy, let me go
To priſon, to my Death, to any thing:
I feel a Sin growing upon my Blood,
Worſe than all theſe, hotter, I fear, than yours.
Arb. That is impoſſible, what ſhou'd we do?

Pan.

Pan. Fly, Sir, for Heav'ns ſake.
Arb. So we muſt; away!
Sin grows upon us more by this Delay.
[*Exeunt, ſeveral ways.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Mardonius *and* Lygones.

Mar. SIR, the King has ſeen your Commiſſion, and believes it; and freely by this Warrant gives you Power to viſit Prince *Tigranes*, your noble Maſter.

Lyg. I thank his Grace, and kiſs his Hand.

Mar. But is the Main of all your Buſineſs ended in this?

Lyg. I have another, but a worſe; I am aſham'd, it is a Buſineſs, ———

Mar. You ſerve a worthy Perſon, and a Stranger, I am ſure, you are; you may employ me if you pleaſe without your Purſe, ſuch Offices ſhould ever be their own Rewards.

Lyg. I am bound to your Nobleneſs.

Mar. I may have Need of you, and then this Courteſy,
If it be any, is not ill beſtowed;
(50) But may I civilly deſire the reſt?
I ſhall not be a Hurter, if no Helper.

Lyg. Sir, you ſhall know; I have loſt a fooliſh Daughter,
And with her all my Patience, pilfer'd away
By a mean Captain of your King's.

Mar. Stay there, Sir:
If he have reach'd the noble Worth of Captain,
He may well claim a worthy Gentlewoman,

(50) *But may I civilly deſire the reſt?*] *Mardonius* may ſeem here, at firſt View, to be over-inquiſitive into the Secrets of one, whom he had never ſeen before: but he, firſt, offers him his beſt Services without Fee, or Reward. But the Motive of the Poets for this Curioſity was to let the Audience be inform'd that *Lygones* was the Father of *Spaconia*; and that a ſcurvy Captain, belonging to *Arbaces*, had pilfer'd her away from him.

Though

Though she were yours, and noble.

Lyg. I grant all that too: But this wretched Fellow
Reaches no further than the empty Name,
That serves to feed him; were he valiant,
Or had but in him any noble Nature,
That might hereafter promise him a good Man,
My Cares were so much lighter, and my Grave
A Span yet from me.

Mar. I confess, such Fellows
Be in all Royal Camps, and have and must be,
To make the Sin of Coward more detested
In the mean Soldier, that with such a Foil
Sets off much Valour. By Description
I should now guess him to you; it was *Bessus*,
I dare almost with Confidence pronounce it.

Lyg. 'Tis such a scurvy Name as *Bessus*, and now I think, 'tis he.

Mar. Captain, do you call him?
Believe me, Sir, you have a Misery
Too mighty for your Age: A Pox upon him!
For that must be the End of all his Service:
Your Daughter was not mad, Sir?

Lyg. No; 'would, she had been!
The Fault had had more Credit: I would do something.

Mar. I would fain counsel you, but to what, I know not,
He's so below a Beating, that the Women
Find him not worthy of their Distaves, and
To hang him were to cast away a Rope;
He's such an airy, thin, unbodied Coward,
That no Revenge can catch him: I'll tell you, Sir,
And Truth; this Rascal fears nor God nor Man,
He has been so beaten: Sufferance has made him
Wainscot; he has had since he was first a Slave,
At least three hundred Daggers set in's Head,
As little Boys do new Knives in hot Meat,
There's not a Rib in's Body, o' my Conscience,
That has not been thrice broken with dry Beating:
And now his Sides look like two Wicker Targets,
Every way bended; Children will shortly take him
For a Wall, and set their Stone-bows in his Forehead,

He's of so base a Sense, I cannot in
A Week imagine what shall be done to him.
Lyg. Surely, I have committed some great Sin
That this base Fellow should be made my Rod.
I would see him, but I shall have no Patience.
Mar. 'Tis no great matter if you have not: If
A Laming of him, or some such Toy may do
You Pleasure, Sir, he has it for you, and
I'll help you to him: 'tis now News to him
To have a Leg broken, or Shoulder out,
With being turn'd o' th' Stones like Tansy: Draw not
Your Sword, if you do love it; for, on my Conscience,
His Head will break it: we use him i'th' Wars
Like to a Ram to shake a Wall withal.
Here comes the very Person of him, do
As you shall find your Temper, I must leave you:
But if you do not break him like a Bisket,
You're much to blame, Sir. [*Exit* Mar.

Enter Bessus *and the Sword-men.*

Lyg. Is your Name *Bessus?*
Bes. Men call me Captain *Bessus.*
Lyg. Then, Captain *Bessus,*
You're a rank Rascal, without more Exordiums,
A dirty frozen Slave; and with the Favour
Of your Friends here, I will beat you.
2 *Sw.* Pray, use your Pleasure, Sir;
You seem to be a Gentleman.
Lyg. Thus, Captain *Bessus,* thus;
Thus twinge your Nose, thus kick, thus tread upon you.
Bes. I do beseech you, yield your Cause, Sir, quickly.
Lyg. Indeed, I should have told that first.
Bes. I take it so.
1 *Sw.* Captain, he should, indeed; he is mistaken.
Lyg. Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more Beating:
You have stol'n away a Lady, Captain Coward,
And such an one—— [*Beats him.*
Bes. Hold, I beseech you, hold, Sir,
I never yet stole any living Thing
That had a Tooth about it. *Lyg.* I know you dare lie.

Bes.

Bef. With none but Summer Whores upon my Life, Sir;
My Means and Manners never could attempt
Above a Hedge or Haycock.

Lyg. Sirrah, that quits not me, where is this Lady?
Do that, you do not uſe to do, tell Truth,
Or, by my Hand, I'll beat your Captain's Brains out,
Waſh 'em, and put 'em in again, that will I.

Bef. There was a Lady, Sir, I muſt confeſs,
Once in my Charge: The Prince *Tigranes* gave her
To my Guard for her Safety, how I us'd her
She may herſelf report, ſhe's with the Prince now:
I did but wait upon her like a Groom,
Which ſhe will teſtify, I'm ſure: If not,
My Brains are at your Service when you pleaſe, Sir,
And glad I have 'em for you.

Lyg. This is moſt likely; Sir,
I ask your Pardon, and am ſorry I
Was ſo intemperate. *Bef.* Well, I can ask no more,
You will think it ſtrange now to have me beat you
At the firſt Sight. *Lyg.* Indeed, I would; but, I know,
Your Goodneſs can forget twenty Beatings, you muſt
Forgive me.

Bef. Yes, there's my Hand, go where you will,
I ſhall think you a valiant Fellow for all this.

Lyg. My Daughter is a Whore, I feel it now
Too ſenſible; yet I will ſee her once,
Diſcharge myſelf from being Father to her,
And then back to my Country, and there die:
Farewel, good Captain. [*Exit* Lyg.

Bef. Farewel, Sir, farewel,
Commend me to the Gentlewoman, I pray.

1 *Sw.* How now, Captain? Bear up, Man.

Bef. Gentlemen o'th' Sword, your Hands once more;
I have been kick'd again, but the fooliſh Fellow is Penitent, h'as ask'd me Mercy, and my Honour's ſafe.

2 *Sw.* We knew that, or the fooliſh Fellow had better have kick'd his Grandſire.

Bef. Confirm, confirm, I pray.

1 *Sw.* There be our Hands again, now let him come
And ſay he was not ſorry, and he ſleeps for it.

Bef. Alas! good ignorant old Man, let him go, let him go, theſe Courſes will undo him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lygones *and* Bacurius.

Bac. My Lord, your Authority is good, and I am glad it is ſo; for my Conſent would never hinder you from ſeeing your own King: I am a Miniſter, but not a Governor of this State; yonder is your King, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Tigranes *and* Spaconia.

Lyg. There he is, indeed, and with him my diſloyal Child.

Tygr. I do perceive my Fault ſo much, that yet,
Methinks, thou ſhouldſt not have forgiven me.

Lyg. Health to your Majeſty!

Tigr. What, good *Lygones!*
Welcome, what Buſineſs hath brought thee hither?

Lyg. Several; my publick Buſineſs will appear
By this; I have a Meſſage to deliver,
Which if it pleaſe you ſo to authorize,
Is an Embaſſage from th' *Armenian* State,
Unto *Arbaces* for your Liberty:
The Offer's there ſet down, pleaſe you to read it.

Tigr. There is no Alteration happen'd ſince
I came thence? *Lyg.* None, Sir, all is as it was.

Tigr. And all our Friends are well?

Lyg. All very well.

Spa. Though I have done nothing but what was good,
I dare not ſee my Father, it was Fault
Enough not to acquaint him with that Good.

Lyg. Madam, I ſhould have ſeen you.

Spa. Good Sir, forgive me.

Lyg. Forgive you, why? I am no Kin t'you, am I?

Spa. Should it be meaſur'd by my mean Deſerts,
Indeed, you are not.

Lyg. Thou could'ſt prate unhappily,
E'er thou could'ſt go; 'would, thou could'ſt do as well!
And how does Cuſtom hold out here? *Spa.* Sir?

Lyg. Are you
In private ſtill, or how? *Spa.* What do you mean?

Lyg.

Lyg. Do you take Money? Are you come to ſell Sin yet?
Perhaps, I can help you to ſome liberal Clients:
Or has not the King caſt you off yet? O thou
Vile Creature, whoſe beſt Commendation is,
That thou art a young Whore. I would thy Mother
Had liv'd to ſee this, or rather that I had died
E'er I had ſeen it; why didſt not make me acquainted
When thou wert firſt reſolv'd to be a Whore,
I would have ſeen thy hot Luſt ſatisfied
More privately: I would have kept a Dancer
And a whole Conſort of Muſicians
In my own Houſe only to fiddle to thee.
Spa. Sir, I was never Whore.
Lyg. If thou could'ſt not
Say ſo much for thyſelf, thou ſhould'ſt be carted.
Tigr. Lygones, I have read it, and I like it;
You ſhall deliver it. *Lyg.* Well, Sir, I will: but I've
A private Buſineſs with you. *Tigr.* Speak, what is't?
Lyg. How has my Age deſerv'd ſo ill of you,
That you can pick no Strumpets in the Land,
But out of my Breed?
Tigr. Strumpets, good *Lygones?*
Lyg. Yes, and I wiſh to have you know, I ſcorn
To get a Whore for any Prince alive,
And yet Scorn will not help: methinks, my Daughter
Might have been ſpar'd, there were enow beſides.
Tigr. May I not proſper but ſhe's innocent
As Morning Light for me, and I dare ſwear
For all the World. *Lyg.* Why is ſhe with you then?
Can ſhe wait on you better than your Man,
Has ſhe a Gift in plucking off your Stockings,
Can ſhe make Cawdles well, or cut your Corns?
Why do you keep her with you? For a Queen
I know, you do contemn her, ſo ſhould I,
And every Subject elſe think much at it.
Tigr. Let 'em think much, but 'tis more firm than Earth:
Thou ſee'ſt thy Queen there. *Lyg.* Then have I made a fair
Hand on't: I call'd her Whore. If I ſhall ſpeak

Now as her Father, I cannot chuſe but greatly
Rejoice that ſhe ſhall be a Queen: but if I
Shall ſpeak to you as a Stateſman, ſhe were more fit
To be your Whore.

Tigr. Get you about your Buſineſs to *Arbaces*,
Now you talk idly. *Lyg.* Yes, Sir, I will go,
And ſhall ſhe be a Queen? ſhe had more Wit
Than her old Father, when ſhe ran away:
Shall ſhe be Queen? now, by my Troth, 'tis fine,
I'll dance out of all Meaſure at her Wedding:
Shall I not, Sir? *Tigr.* Yes, marry, ſhalt thou.

Lyg. I'll make theſe withered Kexes bear my Body
Two Hours together above Ground. *Tigr.* Nay, go,
My Buſineſs requires Haſte.

Lyg. Good Heav'n preſerve you!
You are an excellent King. *Spa.* Farewel, good Father.

Lyg. Farewel, ſweet virtuous Daughter,
I never was ſo joyful in all my Life,
That I remember: ſhall ſhe be a Queen?
Now I perceive a Man may weep for Joy,
I had thought they had lied that ſaid ſo. [*Exit* Ligones.

Tigr. Come, my dear Love.

Spa. But you may ſee another
May alter that again. *Tigr.* Urge it no more,
I have made up a new ſtrong Conſtancy,
Not to be ſhook with Eyes: I know, I have
The Paſſions of a Man, but if I meet
With any Subject that ſhould hold my Eyes
More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee,
And run away from it: let that ſuffice. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bacurius *and his Servant.*

Bac. Three Gentlemen without to ſpeak with me?
Ser. Yes, Sir.
Bac. Let them come in.

Enter Beſſus *with the two Sword-men.*

Ser. They are entred, Sir, already.
Bac. Now, Fellows, your Buſineſs? Are theſe the Gentlemen?

Beſ.

Bef. My Lord, I have made bold to bring theſe Gentlemen, my Friends o'th' Sword, along with me.

Bac. I am afraid, you'll fight then.

Bef. My good Lord, I will not,
Your Lordſhip's much miſtaken; fear not, Lord.

Bac. Sir, I am ſorry for't.

Bef. I ask no more in Honour; Gentlemen, you hear my Lord is ſorry.

Bac. Not that I have beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten; One whoſe dull Body will require a Laming,
As Surfeits do the Diet, Spring and Fall.
Now to your Sword-men; what come they for, good Captain Stock-fiſh?

Bef. It ſeems, your Lordſhip has forgot my Name.

Bac. No, nor your Nature neither, though they are
Things fitter, I muſt confeſs, for any thing,
Than my Remembrance, or any honeſt Man's:
What ſhall theſe Billets do; be pil'd up in my Wood-yard?

Bef. Your Lordſhip holds your Mirth ſtill, Heav'n continue it! but for theſe Gentlemen, they come ——

Bac. To ſwear you are a Coward, ſpare your Book, I do believe it.

Bef. Your Lordſhip ſtill draws wide, they come to vouch
Under their valiant Hands I am no Coward.

Bac. That would be a Show, indeed, worth ſeeing: Sirs, be wiſe, and take Money for this Motion, travell with it; and where the Name of *Beſſus* has been known, or a good Coward ſtirring, 'twill yield more than a Tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you, if you be thrifty, than your Captainſhip, and more natural: Men of moſt valiant Hands, is this true?

2 *Sw.* It is ſo, moſt renowned.

Bac. 'Tis ſomewhat ſtrange.

1 *Sw.* Lord, it is ſtrange, yet true;
We have examined from your Lordſhip's Foot there,
To this Man's Head, the Nature of the Beatings;
And we do find his Honour is come off
Clean and ſufficient: this, as our Swords ſhall help us.

Bac. You are much bounden to your *Bilbo* Men,
I'm glad you're ſtraight again; Captain, 'twere good,
You'd think on ſome way how to gratify them,
They've undergone a Labour for you, *Beſſus*,
'Would have puzzled *Hercules* with all his Valour

2. *Sw.* Your Lordſhip muſt underſtand, we are no Men o'th' Law, that take Pay for our Opinions: it is ſufficient we have clear'd our Friend.

Bac. Yet there is ſomething due, which I, as touch'd in Conſcience, will diſcharge, Captain; I'll pay this Rent for you.

Beſ. Spare yourſelf, my good Lord; my brave Friends aim at nothing but the Virtue.

Bac. That's but a cold Diſcharge, Sir, for their Pains.

2 *Sw.* O Lord, my good Lord.

Bac. Be not ſo modeſt, I will give you Something.

Beſ. They ſhall dine with your Lordſhip, that's ſufficient.

Bac. Something in Hand the while, you Rogues, you Apple-Squires:
Do you come hither with your bottled Valour,
Your windy Froth, to limit out my Beatings?

1 *Sw.* I do beſeech your Lordſhip.

2 *Sw.* O, good Lord!

Bac. S'foot, what a beavy of beaten Slaves are here? Get me a Cudgel, Sirrah, and a tough one.

2 *Sw.* More of your Foot, I do beſeech your Lordſhip.

Bac. You ſhall, you ſhall, Dog, and your Fellow-beagle.

1 *Sw.* O' this ſide, good my Lord.

Bac. Off with your Swords,
For if you hurt my Foot, I'll have you flead,
You Raſcals.

1 *Sw.* Mine's off, my Lord.

2 *Sw.* I beſeech your Lordſhip, ſtay a little, my Strap's tied to my Cod-piece Point: now, when you pleaſe.

Bac. Captain, theſe are your valiant Friends, you long for a little too?

Beſ. I am very well, I humbly thank your Lordſhip.

Bac. What's that in your Pocket hurts my Toe, you Mungril?

Mungril? Thy Buttocks cannot be ſo hard, out with it quickly.

2 *Sw.* Here 'tis, Sir, a ſmall Piece of Artillery, that a Gentleman, a dear Friend of your Lordſhip's, ſent me with, to get it mended, Sir; for, if you mark, the Noſe is ſomewhat looſe.

Bac. A Friend of mine, you Raſcal? I was never wearier of doing any thing, than kicking theſe two Foot-balls.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here is a good Cudgel, Sir.

Bac. It comes too late, I'm weary; pray thee, do thou beat them.

2 *Sw.* My Lord, this is foul Play, i'faith; to put a freſh Man upon us; Men are but Men, Sir.

Bac. That Jeaſt ſhall ſave your Bones; Captain, rally up your rotten Regiment, and be gone: I had rather thraſh than be bound to kick theſe Raſcals, 'till they cry'd, *Ho*; *Beſſus*, you may put your Hand to them now, and then you are quit. Farewel, as you like this, pray viſit me again, 'twill keep me in good Health. [*Exit* Bac.

2 *Sw.* H'as a deviliſh hard Foot, I never felt the like.

1 *Sw.* Nor I, and yet, I am ſure, I have felt a hundred.

2 *Sw.* If he kick thus i'th' Dog-days, he will be dry-foundred: What Cure now, Captain, beſides Oil of Bays?

Beſ. Why, well enough, I warrant you; you can go.

2 *Sw.* Yes, Heav'n be thanked; but I feel a ſhrew'd Ach; ſure, h'as ſprang my Huckle-bone.

1 *Sw.* I ha' loſt a Hanch.

Beſ. A little Butter, Friend, a little Butter, Butter and Parſley is a Sovereign Matter: *probatum eſt.*

2 *Sw.* Captain, we muſt requeſt your Hand now to our Honours.

Beſ. Yes, marry, ſhall ye, and then let all the World come, we are valiant to ourſelves, and there's an end.

1 *Sw.* Nay, then, we muſt be valiant; O my Ribs.

2 *Sw.* O my ſmall Guts! a Plague upon theſe ſharp-toed Shoes, they are Murtherers! [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Arbaces, *with his Sword drawn.*

(51) *Arb.* It is resolv'd: — I bare it whilst I could,
I can no more; Hell, open all thy Gates,
And I will thorough them: If they be shut,
I'll batter 'em, but I will find the Place
Where the most Damn'd have Dwelling: E'er I end,
Amongst them all they shall not have a Sin,
But I may call it mine: I must begin
Wi'th' Murder of my Friends, and so go on,
To that incestuous Ravishing, and end
My Life and Sins with a forbidden Blow
Upon myself.

Enter Mardonius.

Mar. What Tragedy is near?
That Hand was never wont to draw a Sword,
But it cry'd *Dead* to something. *Arb. Mardonius*,
Have you bid *Gobrias* come?
Mar. How do you, Sir?
Arb. Well; is he coming?
Mar. Why, Sir, are you thus?
Why do your Hands proclaim a lawless War
Against yourself? ——

(51) *It is resolv'd: —— I bare it whilst I could,*
I can no more; [- - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - -] *I must begin*
With Murther of my Friends, &c.] Thus this Passage has stood from the first Edition quite downwards. But, surely, no Character was ever introduced on the Stage, with a Sword drawn and an Intention of Self-Murther; and so little said, to explain to the Audience the Drift of what he was about. But neither Absurdity in This, or Barrenness of Invention, are to be placed to the Account of the Authors. The noble intermediate Lines, which I have inserted, are owing to the invaluable *Quarto* in 1619. I suspect, why they were dropp'd; they border, indeed, a little upon Impiety: and the Preciseness of the Players, or their wise Manager, could not judge them proper to be spoken; tho' *Arbaces*, through the whole Play, is drawn a Man of the most wild and extravagant Passions; tho' he was almost besides himself with the Thought of his intended Incest; and tho' he shew'd the utmost Contempt of Religion, in that confirm'd Madness of coming up to a Resolution of destroying himself.

Arb.

Arb. Thou anſwereſt me one Queſtion with another,
Is *Gobrias* coming? *Mar.* Sir, he is. *Arb.* 'Tis well,
I can forbear your Queſtions then, be gone.
Mar. Sir, I have mark'd, ——
Arb. Mark leſs, it troubles you
And me. *Mar.* You are more variable than you were.
Arb. It may be ſo. *Mar.* To Day no Hermit could be
Humbler than you were to us all.
Arb. And what of this?
Mar. And now you take new Rage into your Eyes,
As you would look us all out of the Land.
Arb. I do confeſs it, will that ſatisfy?
I prithee, get thee gone. *Mar.* Sir, I will ſpeak.
Arb. Will ye? *Mar.* It is my Duty.
I fear, you'll kill yourſelf: I am a Subject,
And you ſhall do me Wrong in't: 'tis my Cauſe,
And I may ſpeak. *Arb.* Thou art not train'd in Sin.
It ſeems, *Mardonius:* kill myſelf! by Heav'n,
I will not do it yet; and when I will,
I'll tell thee then, I ſhall be ſuch a Creature,
That thou wilt give me Leave without a Word.
(52) There is a Method in Man's Wickedneſs,
It grows up by degrees: I am not come
So high as killing of myſelf, there are
A hundred thouſand Sins 'twixt me and it,
Which I muſt do, and I ſhall come to't laſt;
But take my Oath, not now; be ſatisfied,
And get thee hence.
Mar. I'm ſorry, 'tis ſo ill.
(53) *Arb.* Be ſorry then, true Sorrow is alone,
Grieve by thyſelf. ——

Mar.

(52) *There is a Method in Man's Wickedneſs,*
It grows up by degrees.] This Thought is plainly borrow'd from JUVENAL's Satires; (as I had mark'd in the Margin of my Book, and as Mr. *Sympſon* likewiſe hinted to me)
Nemo repentè *fuit* turpiſſimus.

(53) *Be ſorry then; true Sorrow is* alone;
Grieve by thyſelf.] This Reflection is as evidently ſhadow'd out from one of MARTIAL's *Epigrams.*
Ille dolet verè, *qui* ſine Teſte *dolet.*

This,

Mar. I pray you, let me ſee your Sword put up
Before I go: I'll leave you then.
Arb. Why, ſo; — what Folly is this in thee? is it not
As apt to Miſchief as it was before?
Can I not reach it, think'ſt thou? theſe are Toys
For Children to be pleas'd with, and not Men,
Now I am ſafe, you think: I would, the Book
Of Fate were here; my Sword is not ſo ſure
But I would get it out and mangle that,
That all the Deſtinies ſhould quite forget
Their fix'd Decrees, and haſte to make us new,
Far other Fortunes; mine could not be worſe;
Wilt thou now leave me?
Mar. Heav'n put into your Boſom temperate Thoughts!
I'll leave you, though I fear. —— [*Exit* Mar.
Arb. Go, thou art honeſt.
Why ſhould the haſty Error of my Youth
Be ſo unpardonable to draw a Sin
Helpleſs upon me?

Enter Gobrias.

Gob. There is the King, now it is ripe.
(54) *Arb.* Draw near, thou guilty Man,
That art the Author of the loathed'ſt Crime
Five Ages have brought forth, and hear me ſpeak;
Curſes incurable, and all the Evils
Man's Body or his Spirit can receive,
Be with thee!
Gob. Why, Sir, do you curſe me thus?
Arb. Why do I curſe thee? if there be a Man
Subtle in Curſes, that exceeds the reſt,
His worſt Wiſh on thee! thou haſt broke my Heart.

This, if I remember right, was thus render'd by our facetious *Tom Brown*.

That Man grieves with a Witneſs, *who grieves* without one.

(54) *Draw near, thou guilty Man*] The ſubſequent Scenes, to the End of the Play, have been through the whole Courſe of the Impreſſions deliver'd down to us as Proſe; but I have reſtor'd them to their ſtrict Metre and Verſification: And thro' my whole Edition (where the Interpolations, or Caſtrations, by the Stage do not obſtruct me in it) I ſhall endeavour to do our Authors the ſame Juſtice.

Gob.

Gob. How, Sir, have I preſerv'd you from a Child,
From all the Arrows Malice or Ambition
Could ſhoot at you, and have I this for Pay?
Arb. 'Tis true, thou didſt preſerve me, and in that
Wert crueller than hardned Murtherers
Of Infants and their Mothers? thou didſt ſave me,
Only till thou hadſt ſtudied out a Way
How to deſtroy me cunningly thyſelf:
This was a curious Way of Torturing.
Gob. What do you mean?
Arb. Thou know'ſt the Evils thou haſt done to me;
Doſt thou remember all thoſe witching Letters
Thou ſent'ſt unto me to *Armenia*,
Fill'd with the Praiſe of my beloved Siſter,
Where thou extol'dſt her Beauty; what had I
To do with that? What could her Beauty be
To me? And thou didſt write how well ſhe lov'd me,
Doſt thou remember this? So that I doted
Something before I ſaw her. *Gob.* This is true.
Arb. Is it? and when I was return'd, thou know'ſt,
Thou didſt purſue it, 'till thou wound'ſt me in
To ſuch a ſtrange and unbeliev'd Affection,
As good Men cannot think on.
Gob. This I grant;
I think, I was the Cauſe. *Arb.* Wert thou? Nay, more,
I think, thou meant'ſt it. *Gob.* Sir, I hate to lie,
As I love Heav'n and Honeſty, I did;
It was my Meaning. *Arb.* Be thine own ſad Judge,
A further Condemnation will not need;
Prepare thyſelf to die. *Gob.* Why, Sir, to die?
Arb. Why ſhouldſt thou live? was ever yet Offender
So impudent, that had a Thought of Mercy
After Confeſſion of a Crime like this?
Get out I cannot where thou hurl'ſt me in,
But I can take Revenge, that's all the Sweetneſs
Left for me.
Gob. Now's the Time; —— hear me but ſpeak.
Arb. No, yet I will be far more merciful
Than thou wert to me; thou didſt ſteal into me,

And

And never gav'ſt me Warning; (55) ſo much Time
As I give thee now, had prevented me
For ever. Notwithſtanding all thy Sins,
If thou haſt Hope, that there is yet a Prayer
To ſave thee, turn and ſpeak it to thyſelf.

Gob. Sir, you ſhall know your Sins, before you do 'em;
If you kill me, — *Arb.* I will not ſtay then. *Gob.* Know,
You kill your Father. *Arb.* How?

Gob. You kill your Father.

Arb. My Father? though I know it for a Lye,
Made out of Fear to ſave thy ſtained Life,
The very Reverence of the Word comes croſs me,
And ties mine Arm down. *Gob.* I will tell you that
Shall heighten you again, I am thy Father;
I charge thee, hear me. *Arb.* If it ſhould be ſo,
As 'tis moſt falſe, and that I ſhould be found
A Baſtard Iſſue, the deſpiſed Fruit
Of lawleſs Luſt, I ſhould no more admire
All my wild Paſſions: but another Truth
Shall be wrung from thee: if I could come by
The Spirit of Pain, it ſhould be pour'd on thee,
'Till thou allow'ſt thyſelf more full of Lies
Than he that teaches thee.

Enter Arane.

Ara. Turn thee about,
I come to ſpeak to thee, thou wicked Man,
Hear me, thou Tyrant. *Arb.* I will turn to thee;
Hear me, thou Strumpet; I have blotted out
The Name of Mother, as thou haſt thy Shame.

Ara. My Shame! thou haſt leſs Shame than any thing;
Why doſt thou keep my Daughter in a Priſon?
Why doſt thou call her Siſter, and do this?

(55) ——— ——— ——— *ſo much Time*
As I give thee now, had prevented thee
For ever.] The eldeſt *Quarto* in 1619 gives us the genuine Text; *prevented me.* I had not taken notice of ſo minute a Variation, but that the Sagacity of the ingenious Mr. *Seward* pointed it out to me as abſolutely neceſſary to the Senſe.

Arb.

Arb. Ceaſe thy ſtrange Impudence, and anſwer quickly;
If thou contemn'ſt me, this will ask an Anſwer,
And have it. *Ara.* Help me, gentle *Gobrias*.

Arb. Guilt dares not help Guilt; though they grow together
In doing Ill, yet at the Puniſhment
They ſever, and each flies the Noiſe of other;
Think not of Help, anſwer. *Ara.* I will; to what?

Arb. To ſuch a thing, as if it be a Truth,
Think, what a Creature thou haſt made thyſelf,
That didſt not ſhame to do, what I muſt bluſh
Only to ask thee: Tell me who I am,
Whoſe Son I am, without all Circumſtance;
Be thou as haſty as my Sword will be,
If thou refuſeſt. *Ara.* Why, you are his Son.

Arb. His Son? ſwear, ſwear, thou worſe than Woman damn'd.

Ara. By all that's good, you are.

Arb. Then art thou all
That ever was known bad, now is the Cauſe
Of all my ſtrange Misfortunes come to Light:
What Reverence expecteſt thou from a Child,
To bring forth which thou haſt offended Heav'n,
Thy Husband, and the Land? Adulterous Witch!
I know now why thou wouldſt have poiſon'd me,
I was thy Luſt which thou wouldſt have forgot:
Thou wicked Mother of my Sins, and me,
Show me the Way to the Inheritance
I have by thee; which is a ſpacious World
Of impious Acts, that I may ſoon poſſeſs it:
Plagues rot thee, as thou liv'ſt, and ſuch Diſeaſes
As uſe to pay Luſt, recompence thy Deed!

Gob. You do not know why you curſe thus.

Arb. Too well;
You are a pair of Vipers; and behold
The Serpent you have got; there is no Beaſt
But if he knew it, has a Pedigree
As brave as mine, for they have more Deſcents,
And I am every way as beaſtly got,

As

As far without the Compaſs of a Law
As they.

Ara. You ſpend your Rage and Words in vain,
And rail upon a Gueſs; hear us a little.

Arb. No, I will never hear, but talk away
My Breath, and die. *Gob.* Why, but you are no Baſtard.

Arb. How's that? *Ara.* Nor Child of mine.

Arb. Still you go on
In Wonders to me. *Gob.* Pray you, be more patient;
I may bring Comfort to you. *Arb.* I will kneel,
And hear with the Obedience of a Child;
Good Father, ſpeak; I do acknowledge you,
So you bring Comfort.——

Gob. Firſt know, our laſt King, your ſuppoſed Father,
Was old and feeble when he married her,
And almoſt all the Land thought her paſt Hope
Of Iſſue from him. *Arb.* Therefore ſhe took Leave
To play the Whore, becauſe the King was old:
Is this the Comfort? *Ara.* What will you find out
To give me Satisfaction, when you find
How you have injur'd me? Let Fire conſume me,
If ever I were Whore! *Gob.* Forbear theſe Starts,
Or I will leave you wedded to Deſpair,
As you are now: If you can find a Temper,
My Breath ſhall be a pleaſant weſtern Wind
That cools and blaſts not.

Arb. Bring it out, good Father.
I'll lie, and liſten here as reverently
As to an Angel: If I breathe too loud,
Tell me; for I would be as ſtill as Night.

Gob. Our King, I ſay, was old, and this our Queen,
Deſir'd to bring an Heir, but yet her Husband
She thought, was paſt it; and to be diſhoneſt,
I think, ſhe would not: If ſhe would have been,
The Truth is, ſhe was watch'd ſo narrowly,
And had ſo ſlender Opportunities,
She hardly could have been: But yet her Cunning
Found out this way; ſhe feign'd herſelf with Child,
And Poſts were ſent in haſte throughout the Land,

And

(56) And God was humbly thank'd in ev'ry Church,
That ſo had bleſs'd the Queen; and Prayers were made
For her ſafe Going and Delivery:
She feign'd now to grow bigger, and perceiv'd
This Hope of Iſſue made her fear'd, and brought
A far more large Reſpect from every Man,
And ſaw her Pow'r encreaſe, and was reſolv'd
Since, ſhe believ'd, ſhe could not have't indeed,
At leaſt ſhe would be thought to have a Child.
Arb. Do I not hear it well? Nay, I will make
No Noiſe at all; but pray you to the Point,
Quick as you can. *Gob.* Now when the Time was full,
She ſhould be brought to Bed, I had a Son
Born, which was You; this, the Queen hearing of,
Mov'd me to let her have you; and ſuch Reaſons
She ſhew'd to me, as ſhe knew well would tie
My Secrecy, ſhe ſwore you ſhould be King;
And, to be ſhort, I did deliver you
Unto her, and pretended you were dead,
And in mine own Houſe kept a Funeral,
And had an empty Coffin put in Earth.
That Night this Queen feign'd haſtily to labour,
And by a pair of Women of her own,
Which ſhe had charm'd, ſhe made the World believe,
She was delivered of you. You grew up
As the King's Son, till you were ſix Years old;
Then did the King die, and did leave to me
Protection of the Realm; and, contrary
To his own Expectation, left this Queen
Truly with Child, indeed, of the fair Princeſs
Panthea: Then ſhe could have torn her Hair,
And did alone to me, yet durſt not ſpeak
In Publick, for ſhe knew ſhe ſhould be found
A Traitor; and her Tale would have been thought
Madneſs, or any thing rather than Truth.

(56) *And God was humbly thank'd in every Church,*
That ſo had bleſs'd the Queen.] This Paſſage is only to be found in the two *Quarto's* of 1619, and 1676; but without them the whole Verſification is diſconcerted, and made imperfect.

This was the only Cauſe why ſhe did ſeek
To poiſon you, and I to keep you ſafe;
And this the Reaſon, why I ſought to kindle
Some Sparks of Love in you to fair *Panthea*,
That ſhe might get part of her Right again.
Arb. And have you made an End now? Is this all?
If not, I will be ſtill till I be aged;
Till all my Hairs be Silver. *Gob.* This is all.
Arb. And is it true, ſay you too, Madam?
Ara. Yes,
Heav'n knows, it is moſt true. *Arb. Panthea* then
Is not my Siſter? *Gob.* No.
Arb. But can you prove this?
Gob. If you will give Conſent, elſe who dares go
About it. *Arb.* Give Conſent?
Why I will have 'em all that know it rack'd,
To get this from 'em; All, that wait without,
Come in, whate'er you be, come in and be
Partakers of my Joy: O, you are welcome.

Enter Beſſus, *Gentlemen*, Mardonius, *and other Attendants.*

Arb. Mardonius, the beſt News! nay, draw no nearer;
They all ſhall hear it, I am found no King.
Mar. Is that ſo good News?
Arb. Yes, the happieſt News
That e'er was heard. *Mar.* Indeed, 'twere well for you
If you might be a little leſs obey'd.
Arb. One call the Queen. *Mar.* Why, ſhe is there.
Arb. The Queen,
Mardonius; *Panthea* is the Queen;
And I am plain *Arbaces*; go ſome one,
She is in *Gobrias'* Houſe; and, ſince I ſaw you,
There are a thouſand Things delivered to me,
You little dream of. [*Exit a Gentleman.*
Mar. So it ſhould ſeem: My Lord,
What Fury's this? *Gob.* Believe me, 'tis no Fury,
All that he ſays is Truth. *Mar.* 'Tis very ſtrange.
Arb. Why do you keep your Hats off, Gentlemen?
Is it to me? I ſwear, it muſt not be;

Nay,

Nay, truſt me; in good Faith, it muſt not be;
I cannot now command you, but I pray you
For the Reſpect you bare me, when you took
Me for your King, each Man clap on his Hat
At my Deſire.

Mar. We will. But you're not found
So mean a Man, but that you may be cover'd
As well as we, may you not? *Arb.* O, not here;
You may, but not I, for here is my Father
In Preſence. *Mar.* Where?

Arb. Why, there: O the whole Story
Would be a Wilderneſs to loſe thyſelf
For ever: O pardon me, my deareſt Father,
For all the idle and unreverend Words
That I have ſpoke in idle Moods to you:
I am *Arbaces*, we all Fellow-Subjects,
Nor is the Queen *Panthea* now my Siſter.

Beſ. Why, if you remember, Fellow-ſubject *Arbaces*, I told you once ſhe was not your Siſter: Ay, and ſhe look'd nothing like you.

Arb. I think you did, good Captain *Beſſus*.

Beſ. Here will ariſe another Queſtion now amongſt the Sword-men, whether I be to call him to Account for beating me, now he is proved no King.

Enter Lygones.

Mar. Sir, here's *Lygones*, the Agent for the *Armenian* State.

Arb. Where is he? I know your Buſineſs, good *Lygones*.

Lyg. We muſt have our King again, and will.

Arb. I knew, that was your Buſineſs: You ſhall have
Your King again, and have him ſo again
As never King was had. Go one of you
And bid *Bacurius* bring *Tigranes* hither;
And bring the Lady with him, that *Panthea*,
The Queen *Panthea*, ſent me Word this Morning,
Was brave *Tigranes'* Miſtreſs. [*Exeunt two Gentlemen.*

Lyg. 'Tis *Spaconia*.

Arb. Ay, Ay, *Spaconia*. *Lyg.* She is my Daughter.

Arb. She is ſo: I could now tell any thing
I never heard: Your King ſhall go ſo home,
As never Man went. *Mar.* Shall he go on's Head?
Arb. He ſhall have Chariots eaſier than Air,
That I will have invented; and ne'er think,
He ſhall pay any Ranſom, and thyſelf,
That art the Meſſenger, ſhall ride before him
On a Horſe cut out of an entire Diamond,
That ſhall be made to go with golden Wheels,
I know not how yet *Lyg.* Why I ſhall be made
For ever! They bely'd this King with us,
And ſaid he was unkind. *Arb.* And then thy Daughter,
She ſhall have ſome ſtrange Thing; we'll have the King-
Sold utterly, and put into a Toy [dom
Which ſhe ſhall wear about her careleſly
Some where or other. See, the virtuous Queen;
Behold the humbleſt Subject, that you have,
Kneel here before you.

Enter Panthea *and* 1 *Gentleman.*

Pan. Why kneel you to me,
That am your Vaſſal? *Arb.* Grant me one Requeſt.
Pan. Alas! what can I grant you? What I can,
I will. *Arb.* That you will pleaſe to marry me,
If I can prove it lawful. *Pan.* Is that all?
More willingly than I would draw this Air.
Arb. I'll kiſs this Hand in Earneſt.
2 *Gent.* Sir, *Tigranes*
Is coming, though he made it ſtrange at firſt,
To ſee the Princeſs any more.

Enter Tigranes *and* Spaconia.

Arb, The Queen,
Thou mean'ſt. O my *Tigranes*, pardon me,
Tread on my Neck, I freely offer it;
And if thou be'ſt ſo given, take Revenge,
For I have injur'd thee,—— *Tigr.* No, I forgive,
And rejoice more that you have found Repentance,
Than I my Liberty. *Arb.* May'ſt thou be happy
In thy fair Choice, for thou art temperate!

You

You owe no Ranſom to the State; know, that
I have a thouſand Joys to tell you of,
Which yet I dare not utter, till I pay
My Thanks to Heav'n for 'em: Will you go
With me and help me? Pray you, do. *Tigr.* I will.
Arb. Take then your Fair One with you, and you Queen
Of Goodneſs and of us, O give me Leave
To take your Arm in mine: Come every one
That takes Delight in Goodneſs, help to ſing
Loud Thanks for me, that I am prov'd no King.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

SCORNFULL LADY.

A

COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Elder Loveleſs, *a Suitor to the Lady.*

Young Loveleſs, *a Prodigal.*

Savil, *Steward to Elder* Loveleſs.

Welford, *a Suitor to the Lady.*

Sir Roger, *Curate to the Lady.*

A Captain,
A Traveller,
A Poet,
A Tobacco-man,
} *Hangers-on to Young* Loveleſs.

Morecraft, *an Uſurer.*

WOMEN.

Lady,
and
Martha,
} *Two Siſters.*

Younglove, *or* Abigail, *a waiting Gentlewoman.*

A rich Widow.

Wenches, Fidlers, and Attendants.

SCENE, *LONDON.*

THE

THE SCORNFULL LADY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Elder Loveleſs, *Young* Loveleſs, Savil *the Steward, and a Page.*

Elder LOVELESS.

BRother, is your laſt Hope paſt, to mollify *Morecraft*'s Heart about your Mortgage?

Yo. Love. Hopeleſly paſt. I have preſented the Uſurer with a richer Draught than ever *Cleopatra* ſwallow'd; he hath ſuck'd in ten thouſand Pounds Worth of my Land, more than he paid for, (1) at a Gulp, without Trumpets.

El. Love. I have as hard a Task to perform in this Houſe.

Yo. Love. Faith, mine was to make an Uſurer honeſt, or to loſe my Land.

(1) *at a Gulp, without Trumpets.*] The Alluſion is here either to the Drinking of Healths at our publick Halls and City Entertainments; or elſe to a Paſſage in the *Acharnenſes* of ARISTOPHANES, upon which the old *Scholiaſt* informs us, that it was a Cuſtom in *Athens*, at certain of their Feaſts, to challenge one another to drink by Sound of Trumpet.

El. Love.

El. Love. And mine is to perſuade a paſſionate Woman, or to leave the Land. Make the Boat ſtay; I fear, I ſhall begin my unfortunate Journey this Night; though the Darkneſs of the Night, and the Roughneſs of the Waters, might eaſily diſſuade an unwilling Man.

Savil. Sir, your Father's old Friends hold it the ſounder Courſe for your Body and Eſtate to ſtay at home and marry, and propagate, and govern in your Country, than to travel and die without Iſſue.

El. Love. Savil, you ſhall gain the Opinion of a better Servant, in ſeeking to execute, not alter, my Will, howſoever my Intents ſucceed.

Yo. Love. Yonder's Miſtreſs *Younglove*, Brother, the grave Rubber of your Miſtreſs's Toes.

Enter Younglove, *or* Abigail.

El. Love. Mrs. *Younglove* ———

Abig. Maſter *Loveleſs*, truly, we thought your Sails had been hoiſt: my Miſtreſs is perſuaded you are Sea-ſick e'er this.

El. Love. Loves ſhe her ill-taken-up Reſolution ſo dearly? Didſt thou move her from me?

Abig. By this Light that ſhines, there's no removing her, if ſhe get a ſtiff Opinion by the End. I attempted her to Day, when they ſay a Woman can deny nothing.

El. Love. What critical Minute was that?

Abig. When her Smock was over her Ears; but ſhe was no more pliant, than if it hung about her Heels.

El. Love. I prithee, deliver my Service, and ſay, I deſire to ſee the dear Cauſe of my Baniſhment; and then for *France*.

Abig. I'll do't; hark hither, is that your Brother?

El. Love. Yes, have you loſt your Memory?

Abig. As I live, he's a pretty Fellow. [*Exit.*

(2) *Yo. Love.* O, this is a ſweet Brache!

El. Love. Why, ſhe knows not you.

Yo. Love. No, but ſhe offer'd me once to know her.

(2) *O, this is a ſweet* Brache!] A ſort of Hound, or any little ſtinking, houſehold Cur.

To

To this Day ſhe loves Youth of Eighteen; ſhe heard a Tale how *Cupid* ſtruck her in Love with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never ſaw her; yet ſhe in Kindneſs would needs wear a Willow-Garland at his Wedding. She lov'd all the Players in the laſt Queen's Time once over: ſhe was ſtruck when they acted Lovers, and forſook ſome when they play'd Murtherers. (3) She has nine *Spur-ryals*, and the Servants ſay, ſhe hoards old Gold; and ſhe herſelf pronounces angerly, that the Farmer's eldeſt Son, (or her Miſtreſs's Husband's Clerk ſhall be,) that marries her, ſhall make her a Jointure of Fourſcore Pounds a Year; ſhe tells Tales of the Serving-men.

El. Love. Enough, I know her. Brother, I ſhall intreat you only to ſalute my Miſtreſs and take Leave, we'll part at the Stairs.

Enter Lady *and Waiting-women.*

Lady. Now, Sir, this firſt Part of your Will is perform'd: What's the reſt?

El. Love. Firſt, let me beg your Notice for this Gentleman my Brother.

Lady. I ſhall take it as a Favour done to me. Though the Gentleman hath receiv'd but an untimely Grace from you, yet my charitable Diſpoſition wou'd have been ready to have done him freer Courteſies as a Stranger, than upon thoſe cold Commendations.

Yo. Love. Lady, my Salutations crave Acquaintance and Leave at once.

Lady. Sir, I hope, you are the Maſter of your own Occaſion. [*Exit* Yo. Love. *and* Savil.

El. Love. 'Would, I were ſo! Miſtreſs, for me to praiſe over again that Worth, which all the World, and you yourſelf can ſee,

Lady. It's a cold Room this, Servant.

El. Love. Miſtreſs ——

Lady. What think you, if I have a Chimney for't, out here?

(3) *She has nine* Spur-ryals,] This was a Piece of Gold Coin very current in the Reign of King *James* I.

El. Love.

El. Love. Miſtreſs, another in my Place, that were not ty'd to believe all your Actions juſt, would apprehend himſelf wrong'd: But I, whoſe Virtues are Conſtancy and Obedience, ——

Lady. Younglove, make a good Fire above to warm me after my Servant's *Exordiums*.

El. Love. I have heard and ſeen your Affability to be ſuch, that the Servants you give Wages to may ſpeak.

Lady. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they ſpeak to th' Purpoſe.

El. Love. Miſtreſs, your Will leads my Speeches from the Purpoſe. But, as a Man ——

Lady. A *Similie*, Servant? This Room was built for honeſt Meaners, that deliver themſelves haſtily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a Time or Place for *Exordiums*, and *Similies* and *Metaphors?* If you have aught to ſay, break into't: my Anſwers ſhall very reaſonably meet you.

El. Love. Miſtreſs, I came to ſee you.

Lady. That's happily diſpatch'd; the next ——

El. Love. To take Leave of you.

Lady. To be gone?

El. Love. Yes.

Lady. You need not have deſpair'd of that, nor have us'd ſo many Circumſtances to win me to give you Leave to perform my Command; Is there a third?

El. Love. Yes; I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

Lady. I? never apter. Faſt (good Servant) faſt.

El. Love. 'Twas to intreat you to hear Reaſon.

Lady. Moſt willingly, have you brought one can ſpeak it?

El. Love. Laſtly, it is to kindle in that barren Heart Love and Forgiveneſs.

Lady. You wou'd ſtay at Home?

El. Love. Yes, Lady.

Lady. Why, you may, and doubtleſly will, when you have debated that your Commander is but your Miſtreſs, a Woman, a weak one, wildly overborn with Paſſions: but the Thing, by her commanded, is, to ſee *Dover*'s dread-

full

full Cliff, paſſing in a poor Water-houſe; the Dangers of the mercileſs Channel 'twixt that and *Calais*, (4) five long Hours Sail, with three poor Weeks' Victuals.

El. Love. You wrong me.

Lady. Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an *Engliſh* Hoſt, to remove from City to City, by moſt chargeable Poſt-horſe, like one that rode in Queſt of his Mother Tongue.

El. Love. You wrong me much.

Lady. And all theſe (almoſt invincible Labours) perform'd for your Miſtreſs, to be in danger to forſake her, and to put on new Allegiance to ſome *French* Lady, who is content to change Language with your Laughter, and, after your whole Year ſpent in Tennis and broken Speech, to ſtand to the Hazard of being laugh'd at, at your Return, and have Tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

El. Love. You wrong me much.

Lady. Louder yet.

El. Love. You know, your leaſt Word is of Force to make me ſeek out Dangers; move me not with Toys: But in this Baniſhment, I muſt take Leave to ſay, you are unjuſt: Was one Kiſs forc'd from you in Publick by me ſo unpardonable? Why, all the Hours of Day and Night have ſeen us kiſs.

Lady. 'Tis true, and ſo you told the Company that heard me chide.

El. Love. Your own Eyes were not dearer to you than I.

Lady. And ſo you told 'em.

El. Love. I did, yet no Sign of Diſgrace need to have ſtain'd your Cheek: You yourſelf knew your pure and ſimple Heart to be moſt unſpotted, and free from the leaſt Baſeneſs.

Lady. I did: But if a Maid's Heart doth but once think that ſhe is ſuſpected, her own Face will write her guilty.

(4) *Five long Hours' Sail, with three poor Week's Victuals.*] This Speech is all through Sarcaſtical. She is bantering her Gallant on the ſuppoſed Danger of his Voyage; and the great Care he is taking of himſelf, in laying in three Weeks Proviſions only to croſs from *Dover* to *Calais*.

El. Love.

El. Love. But where lay this Diſgrace? The World, that knew us, knew our Reſolutions well: And could it be hop'd, that I ſhould give away my Freedom; and venture a perpetual Bondage with one I never kiſt? or could I in ſtrict Wiſdom take too much Love upon me, from her that choſe me for her Husband?

Lady. Believe me; if my Wedding-ſmock were on,
Were the Gloves bought and giv'n, the Licence come,
Were the Roſemary-branches dip'd, and all
(5) The *Hippocras* and Cakes eat and drunk off,
Were theſe two Arms incompaſs'd with the Hands
Of Batchelors to lead me to the Church,
Were my Feet in the Door, (6) were, — *I* John — ſaid,
If *John* ſhou'd boaſt a Favour done by me,
I wou'd not wed that Year: And you, I hope,
When you have ſpent this Year commodiouſly,
In atchieving Languages, will at your Return
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine Eyes,
Than ſuch a Friend. More Talk I hold not now,
If you dare go.

El. Love. I dare, you know. Firſt, let me kiſs.

Lady. Farewel, ſweet Servant, and your Task per-
On a new Ground, as a beginning Suitor, [form'd,
I ſhall be apt to hear you.

El. Love. Farewel, cruel Miſtreſs. [*Exit* Lady.

Enter Young Loveleſs, *and* Savil.

Yo. Love. Brother, you'll hazard the loſing your Tide to *Graveſend:* you have a long Half-mile by Land to *Greenwich.*

El. Love. I go: But, Brother, what yet unheard-of Courſe to live doth your Imagination flatter you with? Your ordinary Means are devour'd.

(5) *Hippocras.*] This was a Wine ſpiced and ſtrain'd thro' a Flannel Bag, formerly in much Requeſt at Weddings, Wakes, *&c.* The Strainer, we are told, was call'd *Hippocrates*'s Sleeve. I know, there is a Woollen Bag, ſo call'd, uſed by the Apothecaries to ſtrain Syrups and Decoctions for Clarification.

(6) *Were, —— I* John —— *ſaid,*] *i. e.* Tho' the Ceremony of Marriage were begun; and we were come to the Words, *I* John *take thee* Mary, *&c.*

Yo. Love.

Yo. Love. Course? why Horse-coursing, I think. Consume no Time in this; I have no Estate to be mended by Meditation: He, that busies himself about my Fortunes, may properly be said to busy himself about nothing.

El. Love. Yet some Course you must take, which for my Satisfaction resolve and open; if you will shape none, I must inform you that that Man but persuades himself he means to live, that imagines not the Means.

Yo. Love. Why, live upon others, as others have liv'd upon me.

El. Love. I apprehend not that: You have fed others, and consequently dispos'd of 'em: And the same Measure must you expect from your Maintainers, which will be too heavy an Alteration for you to bear.

(7) *Yo. Love.* Why, I'll purse; if that raise me not, I'll bett at Bowling-Alleys, or man Whores; I would fain live by others: But I'll live whilst I am unhang'd, and after the Thought's taken, ——

El. Love. I see, you are ty'd to no particular Imployment then?

Yo. Love. Faith, I may chuse my Course: They say, Nature brings forth none but she provides for them: I'll try her Liberality.

El. Love. Well, to keep your Feet out of base and dangerous Paths, I have resolv'd you shall live as Master of my House. It shall be your Care, *Savil*, to see him fed and cloath'd, not according to his present Estate, but to his Birth and former Fortunes.

Yo. Love. If it be refer'd to him, if I be not found in Carnation *Jersey*-Stockings, blue Devils' Breeches, with the Gards down, and my Pocket i'th' Sleeves, I'll ne'er look you i'th' Face again.

Sav. A comelier Wear, I wuss, it is than those dangling Slops.

El. Love. To keep you ready to do him all Service peace-

(7) *Why, I'll* purse; *if that raise me not, I'll bett at Bowling-Alleys, or* man *Whores*;] i. e. I'll take a Purse upon the Road, or turn Bully and Stallion to a Bawdy-house.

ably,

ably, and him to command you reaſonably, I leave theſe further Directions in Writing; which, at your beſt Leiſure, together open and read.

Enter Abigail *to them, with a Jewel.*

Abig. Sir, my Miſtreſs commends her Love to you in this Token, and theſe Words; it is a Jewel (ſhe ſays) which as a Favour from her ſhe would requeſt you to wear 'till your Year's Travel be perform'd: Which once expir'd, ſhe will happily expect your happy Return.

El. Love. Return my Service with ſuch Thanks, as ſhe may imagine the Heart of a ſuddenly over-joy'd Man would willingly utter; and you, I hope, I ſhall with ſlender Arguments perſuade to wear this Diamond; that when my Miſtreſs ſhall, through my long Abſence, and the Approach of new Suitors, offer to forget me; you may caſt your Eye down to your Finger, and remember and ſpeak of me: She will hear thee better than thoſe allied by Birth to her; as we ſee many Men much ſway'd by the Grooms of their Chambers, not that they have a greater Part of their Love or Opinion on them, than on others, but for that they know their Secrets.

Abig. O' my Credit, I ſwear, I think 'twas made for me: Fear no other Suitors.

El. Love. I ſhall not need to teach you how to diſcredit their Beginning; you know how to take Exception at their Shirts at Waſhing; or to make the Maids ſwear, they found Plaiſters in their Beds.

Abig. I know, I know, and do not you fear the Suitors.

El. Love. Farewel, be mindful, and be happy; the Night calls me. [*Exeunt omnes præter* Abig.

Abig. The Gods of the Winds befriend you, Sir! a conſtant and liberal Lover thou art, more ſuch God ſend us!

Enter Welford.

Wel. Let 'em not ſtand ſtill, we have rid.

Abig. A Suitor, I know, by his riding hard; I'll not be ſeen.

Wel.

Wel. A pretty Hall this, no Servant in't? I wou'd look freſhly.

Abig. You have deliver'd your Errand to me then: there's no Danger in a handſome young Fellow: I'll ſhew myſelf.

Wel. Lady, may it pleaſe you to beſtow upon a Stranger the ordinary Grace of Salutation? Are you the Lady of this Houſe?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a Servant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I ſhould be as proud to be a Servant of yours, did not my ſo late Acquaintance make me deſpair.

Abig. Sir, it is not ſo hard to atchieve, but Nature may bring it about.

Wel. For theſe comfortable Words, I remain your glad Debtor. Is your Lady at home?

Abig. She is no Straggler, Sir.

Wel. May her Occaſions admit me to ſpeak with her?

Abig. If you come in the way of a Suitor, No.

Wel. I know your affable Virtue will be mov'd to perſuade her, that a Gentleman, benighted and ſtray'd, offers to be bound to her for a Night's Lodging.

Abig. I will commend this Meſſage to her; but if you aim at her Body, you will be deluded: (8) There are other Women of the Houſehold of as good Carriage and Government; upon any of which if you can caſt your Affection, they will perhaps be found as faithful and not ſo coy. [*Exit* Abig.

Wel. What a Skin-full of Luſt is this? I thought, I had come a Wooing, and I am the courted Party. This is right Court-faſhion: Men, Women, and all woo; Catch, that catch may. If this ſoft-hearted Woman have infus'd any of her Tenderneſs into her Lady, there is Hope, ſhe will be plyant. But who's here?

(8) *Other Women of the Houſehold of as good Carriage and Government*;] Without the Inſertion of the Preliminary Words, *There are*, the Senſe is quite imperfect. Mr. *Sympſon.*

Enter Sir Roger, *the Curate.*

Rog. God ſave you, Sir! My Lady lets you know, ſhe deſires to be acquainted with your Name, before ſhe confer with you?

Wel. Sir, my Name calls me *Welford.*

Rog. Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good Name. I'll try his Wit.

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my Anceſtors had this two Hundred Years, Sir.

Rog. I knew a worſhipful and a religious Gentleman of your Name in the Biſhoprick of *Durham.* Call you him Couſin?

Wel. I am only allied to his Virtues, Sir.

Rog. It is modeſtly ſaid: I ſhould carry the Badge of your Chriſtianity with me too.

Wel. What's that, a Croſs? there's a Teſter.

Rog. I mean, the Name which your God-fathers and God-mothers gave you at the Font.

Wel. 'Tis *Harry:* But you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechiſm; for you have told me who gave me that Name. Shall I beg your Name?

Rog. Roger.

Wel. What Room fill you in this Houſe?

Rog. More Rooms than one.

Wel. The more the merrier: But may my Boldneſs know, why your Lady hath ſent you to decypher my Name?

Rog. Her own Words were theſe: To know, whether you were a formerly deny'd Suitor, diſguis'd in this Meſſage: For, I can aſſure you, (9) ſhe delights not *in Thalamo: Hymen* and ſhe are at Variance, I ſhall return with much haſte. [*Exit* Roger.

Wel. And much Speed, Sir, I hope: Certainly, I am arrived amongſt a Nation of new-found Fools, on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted Wit; If I had fore-

(9) *She delights not in* Thalame:] It muſt be, as I had long ago obſerv'd, and as Mr. *Sympſon* likewiſe hinted to me, *in Thalamô:* She has no Taſte for Wedlock, for the Marriage-bed.

ſeen

ſeen it, I would have laded my Breeches with Bells, Knives, Copper, and Glaſſes, to trade with Women for their Virginities; yet, I fear, I ſhould have betray'd my ſelf to a needleſs Charge then. Here comes the walking Night-cap again.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Sir, my Lady's Pleaſure is to ſee you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her Sorrow, that you muſt take the Pains to come up for ſo bad Entertainment.

Wel. I ſhall obey your Lady, that ſent it, and acknowledge you that brought it, to be your Arts Maſter.

Rog. I am but a Bachelor of Art, Sir; and I have the mending of all under this Roof, from my Lady on her Down-bed, to the Maid in the Peaſe-ſtraw.

Wel. A Cobler, Sir?

(10) *Rog.* No, Sir, I inculcate divine Homilies within theſe Walls.

Wel But the Inhabitants of this Houſe do often employ you on Errands without any Scruple of Conſcience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the Air many Mornings on Foot three or four Miles, for Eggs: But why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your Function to bid my Man to neglect his Horſe a little to attend on me.

Rog. Moſt properly, Sir.

Wel. I pray you, do ſo then: The whilſt I will attend your Lady. You direct all this Houſe in the true Way?

Rog. I do, Sir.

Wel. And this Door, I hope, conducts to your Lady?

(10) *No, Sir, I inculcate divine* Service *within theſe Walls.*] Several of the old *Quarto's* have it, *Homilies*; Either Word is equally to the Purpoſe, but the latter being the ſtiffer and more preciſe Term, ſeems moſt ſuitable to Sir *Roger's* formal Character. So *Abigail*, at the beginning of the fourth Act, ſpeaking of him, ſays;

To this good Homiliſt *I've been ever ſtubborn*;

Sir *Roger* is a very good Picture of a dull, pedantick Country-Chaplain, of thoſe Times, in a private Family.

Rog. Your Underſtanding is ingenious.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Young Loveleſs *and* Savil, *with a Writing.*

Sav. By your Favour, Sir, you ſhall pardon me.

Yo. Love. (11) I ſhall beat your Favour, Sir;—Croſs me no more; I ſay, they ſhall come in.

Sav. Sir, you forget who I am?

Yo. Love. Sir, I do not; thou art my Brother's Steward, his caſt-off Mill-money, his Kitchen Arithmetick.

Sav. Sir, I hope, you will not make ſo little of me?

Yo. Love. I make thee not ſo little as thou art; for, indeed, there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a fair *Imprimis*, and then a reaſonable *Item* infus'd into him, and the Thing is done.

Sav. Nay, then, you ſtir my Duty, and I muſt tell you——

Yo. Love. What wouldſt thou tell me, how Hops grow, or hold ſome rotten Diſcourſe of Sheep, or when our Lady-day falls? Prithee, farewel, and entertain my Friends, be drunk and burn thy Table-books; and my dear Spark of Velvet, thou and I.——

Sav. Good Sir, remember.

Yo. Love. I do remember thee a fooliſh Fellow, one that did put his truſt in Almanacks, and Horſe-fairs, and roſe by Honey, and Pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sav. Nay, then I muſt unfold your Brother's Pleaſure; theſe be the Leſſons, Sir, he left behind him.

Yo. Love. Prithee, expound the firſt.

Sav. *I leave to maintain my Houſe three Hundred Pounds a Year; and my Brother to diſpoſe of it.*

Yo. Love. Mark that, my wicked Steward; and I diſpoſe of it——

Sav. *Whilſt he bears himſelf like a Gentleman, and my*

(11) *I ſhall* bear *your Favour, Sir, croſs me no more.*] There is neither Senſe nor Humour, in young *Loveleſs*'s Reply, as it ſtands in all the Copies. My Correction retrieves both: *i. e.* If you continue to croſs me, I ſhall correct you for your Stubbornneſs.

Credit

Credit falls not in him. Mark That, my good young Sir, mark That.

Yo. Love. Nay, if it be no more, I ſhall fulfill it; while my Legs will carry me I'll bear myſelf Gentleman-like, but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward, dear Steward.

Sav. *Next it is my Will, that he be furniſh'd (as my Brother) with Attendance, Apparel, and the Obedience of my People.*

Yo. Love. Steward, this is as plain as your old Minikin-breeches. Your Wiſdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified, or—— you underſtand me, Sir; proceed.

Sav. *Next, that my Steward keep his Place, and Power, and bound my Brother's Wildneſs with his Care.*

Yo. Love. I'll hear no more of this *Apocrypha*, bind it by itſelf, Steward.

Sav. This is your Brother's Will, and, as I take it, he makes no mention of ſuch Company as you would draw unto you. Captains of Gallyfoiſts, ſuch as in a clear Day have ſeen *Calais*, Fellows that have no more of God, than their Oaths come to; they wear Swords to reach Fire at a Play, and get there the oil'd End of a Pipe, for their Guerdon: Then the Remnant of your Regiment are wealthy Tobacco-Merchants, that ſet up with one Ounce, and break for three; together with a Forlorn Hope of Poets, and all theſe look like *Carthuſians*, Things withous Linnen: Are theſe fit Company for my Maſter's Brother?

Yo. Love. I will either convert thee (O thou Pagan Steward) or preſently confound thee and thy Reckonings; Who's there? Call in the Gentlemen.

Sav. Good Sir——

Yo. Love. Nay, you ſhall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sav. Are you my Maſter's Brother?

Yo. Love. Are you the ſage Maſter Steward, with a Face like an old *Ephemeris?*

Enter his Comrades, Captain, Traveller, Poet, *&c.*

(12) *Sav.* Then God help all, I ſay!

Yo. Love. Ay, and 'tis well ſaid, my old Peer of *France:* Welcome, Gentlemen, welcome, Gentlemen; mine own dear Lads, you're richly welcome. Know this old *Harry* Groat.

Capt. Sir, I will take your Love.

Sav. Sir, will you take my Purſe.

Capt. And ſtudy to continue it.

Sav. I do believe you.

Trav. Your honourable Friend and Maſter's Brother,
Hath given you to us for a worthy Fellow,
And ſo we hug you, Sir.

Sav. H'as given himſelf into the Hands of Varlets,
Not to be carv'd out. Sir, are theſe the Pieces?

Yo. Love. They are the Morals of the Age, the Virtues,
Men made of Gold.

Sav. Of your Gold, you mean, Sir.

Yo. Love. This is a Man of War, and cries, *go on*,
And wears his Colours, *Sav.* In's Noſe.——

Yo. Love. In the fragrant Field,
This is a Traveller, Sir, knows Men and Manners,
And has plow'd up the Sea ſo far, 'till both
The Poles have knock'd; has ſeen the Sun take Coach,
And can diſtinguiſh the Colour of his Horſes,
Their Kinds, and had a *Flanders*-Mare leap'd there.

Sav. 'Tis much.

Trav. I have ſeen more, Sir.

Sav. 'Tis even enough o' Conſcience; ſit down, and reſt you, you are at the End of the World already. 'Wou'd, you had as good a Living, Sir, as this Fellow cou'd lye you out of, he has a notable Gift in't!

(12) Sav. *Then God help all, I ſay!*] *Savil* has been eſteem'd, by all good Judges of Comedy, an excellent Character of a preciſe, dogmatical, ſelf-conceited Steward: Always pretending to obtrude his Advice, and as deſirous of controuling with his Opinions. The ingenious Mr. ADDISON, I remember, told me, that he ſketch'd out his Character of *Vellum* in the Comedy call'd the *Drummer*, purely from this Model.

Yo. Love.

Yo. Love. This miniſters the Smoak, and this the Muſes.

Sav. And you the Cloaths, and Meat, and Money, you have a goodly Generation of 'em; pray, let them multiply; your Brother's Houſe is big enough, and, to ſay Truth, h'as too much Land, hang it, Dirt.

Yo. Love. Why, now thou art a loving Stinkard. Fire off thy Annotations and thy Rent-books, thou haſt a weak Brain, *Savil*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three Hundred Pounds o'Year; we will be freely merry, ſhall we not?

Capt. Merry, as Mirth and Wine, my lovely *Loveleſs.*

Poet. A ſerious Look ſhall be a Jury to excommunicate any Man from our Company.

Trav. We will not talk wiſely neither?

Yo. Love. What think you, Gentlemen, by all this Revenue in Drink?

Capt. I am all for Drink.

Trav. I am dry, 'till it be ſo.

Poet. He that will not cry *Amen* to this, let him live ſober, ſeem wiſe, and die o' th' *Coram.*

Yo. Love. It ſhall be ſo, we'll have it all in Drink; let Meat and Lodging go, they are tranſitory, and ſhew Men meerly mortal: Then we'll have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every Week a freſh one; we'll keep no powder'd Fleſh. All theſe we have by Warrant under the Title of Things neceſſary. Here upon this Place I ground it, the Obedience of my People, and all Neceſſaries: Your Opinions, Gentlemen?

Capt. 'Tis plain, and evident, that he meant Wenches.

Sav. Good Sir, let me expound it.

Capt. Here be as ſound Men, as yourſelf, Sir.

Poet. This do I hold to be the Interpretation of it: In this Word, *Neceſſary*, is concluded all that be Helps to Man; Woman was made the firſt, and therefore here the Chiefeſt.

Yo. Love. Believe me, 'tis a learned one; and by theſe Words, *The Obedience of my People*, you Steward, being one, are bound to fetch us Wenches.

Capt. He is, he is.

Yo. Love. Steward, attend us for Inſtructions.

Sav. But will you keep no Houſe, Sir?

Yo. Love. Nothing but Drink, Sir, three Hundred Pounds in Drink.

Sav. O miſerable Houſe, and miſerable I that I live to ſee it! Good Sir, keep ſome Meat.

Yo. Love. Get us good Whores, and for your part, I'll board you in an Ale-houſe, you ſhall have Cheeſe and Onions.

Sav. What ſhall become of me? no Chimney ſmoaking? Well, Prodigal, your Brother will come home. [*Exit.*

Yo. Love. Come Lads, I'll warrant you for Wenches. Three Hundred Pounds in Drink.

Omnes. O brave *Loveleſs!* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lady, Welford, *and Sir* Roger.

Lady. SIR, now you ſee your bad Lodging, I muſt bid you good Night.

Wel. Lady, if there be any Want, 'tis in Want of you.

Lady. A little Sleep will eaſe that Compliment. Once more, good Night.

Wel. Once more, dear Lady, and then all ſweet Nights.

Lady. Dear Sir, be ſhort and ſweet then.

Wel. Shall the Morrow prove better to me, ſhall I hope my Suite happier by this Night's Reſt?

Lady. Is your Suite ſo ſickly, that Reſt will help it? Pray ye, let it reſt then till I call for it. Sir, as a Stranger you have had all my Welcome: But had I known your Errand e'er you came, your Paſſage had been ſtraighter. Sir, good Night.

Wel. So fair, and cruel! Dear Unkind, good Night.

[*Exit* Lady.

Nay,

Nay, Sir, you ſhall ſtay with me, I'll preſs your Zeal ſo far.

Rog. O Lord, Sir——

Wel. Do you love Tobacco?

Rog. Surely, I love it, but it loves not me; Yet, with your Reverence, I will be bold.

Wel. Pray, light it, Sir. How do you like it?

Rog. I promiſe you, 'tis notable ſtinging Geer indeed. It is wet, Sir; Lord, how it brings down Rheum!

Wel. Handle it again, Sir, you have a warm Text of it.

(13) *Rog.* Thanks ever premis'd for it. I promiſe you, 'Tis very powerful, and, by a Trope, ſpiritual; For, certainly, it moves in ſundry Places.

Wel. Ay, it does ſo, Sir, and me, eſpecially, To ask, Sir, why you wear a Night-cap.

Rog. Aſſuredly, I will ſpeak the Truth unto you. You ſhall underſtand, Sir, that my Head is broken; (14) And by whom? even by that riſible Beaſt, the Butler.

Wel. The Butler? Certainly, he had all his Drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Caſſock? The Offence, Sir?

Rog. Reproving him at Tra-trip, Sir, for ſwearing; you have the Total, ſurely.

Wel. You told him when his Rage was ſet a-tilt, and ſo he crack'd your Canons. I hope, he has not hurt your gentle Reading. But ſhall we ſee theſe Gentlewomen To-night?

Rog. Have Patience, Sir, until our Fellow *Nicholas*

(13) *Thanks ever* promiſed *for it. I* promiſe *you,*] But why Thanks *promiſed?* He certainly meant to render them for the Favour. I dare ſay, a ſlight Corruption has crept in, from the Word *promiſe* immediately following. I make no Doubt, but the Authors wrote, *premiſed*; *i. e.* his Thanks given by way of Preface, or Introduction. And, as it is a Term in *Logick* too, it has the greater Analogy to Sir *Roger*'s Character.

(14) *And by whom? even by that* viſible *Beaſt, the Butler.*] An *inviſible* Butler would certainly be a rare Curioſity. Every Man, *quoad Homo*, is equally *viſible* at ſome Times. I am perſuaded, *riſible*, was the original Word: *i. e.* that boiſterous, noiſy, *laughing* Varlet. Or, perhaps, Sir *Roger* may uſe the Word in a more quaint Acceptation; to ſignify a Man *riſu dignus*, worthy to be laugh'd at.

Mr. *Sympſon.*

be

be deceas'd, that is, asleep: For so the Word is taken; (15) *To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep*; a very Figure, Sir.

Wel. Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewomen?

Rog. Not till the Man be in his Bed, his Grave: His Grave, his Bed: The very same again, Sir. Our Comick Poet gives the Reason sweetly; (16) *Plenus rimarum est*, he is full of Loope-holes, and will discover to our Patroness.

Wel. Your Comment, Sir, has made me understand you.

Enter Martha *the* Lady's *Sister, and* Abigail, *to them, with a Posset.*

Rog. Sir, be addrest, the Graces do salute you with the full Bowl of Plenty. Is our old Enemy entomb'd?

Abig. He's safe.

Rog. And does he snore out supinely with the Poet?

Mar. No, he out-snores the Poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this Courtesy shall bind a Stranger to you, ever your Servant.

Mar. Sir, my Sister's Strictness makes not us forget you are a Stranger and a Gentleman.

Abig. In sooth, Sir, were I chang'd into my Lady, a Gentleman, so well indued with Parts, should not be lost.

Wel. I thank you, Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you. See, how this foul Familiar chews the Cud! From thee, and three and Fifty, good Love, deliver me!

Mar. Will you sit down, Sir, and take a Spoon?

Wel. I take it kindly, Lady.

Mar. It is our best Banquet, Sir.

Rog. Shall we give Thanks?

(15) *To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep;*
Not till the Man be in his Bed, *his* Grave; *his* Grave, *his* Bed;] These two Figures, as Sir *Roger* calls them, are a manifest Flirt at the *Hamlet* of SHAKESPEARE, in that fine Soliloquy, which begins, *To be, or not to be*, &c.

(16) Plenus rimarum est, *he is full of Loope-holes*;] The Comick Poet, whom Sir *Roger* is here quoting, is TERENCE, in his *Eunuch.*
Parm. *Plenus rimarum sum, hâc atque illâc perfluo.*

Wel.

Wel. I have to the Gentlewomen already, Sir.

Mar. Good Sir *Roger*, keep that Breath to cool your part o' th' Poſſet, you may chance have a ſcalding Zeal elſe; an you will needs be doing, pray, tell your Twenty to yourſelf. 'Wou'd, you cou'd like this, Sir?

Wel. I would, your Siſter wou'd like me as well, Lady!

Mar. Sure, Sir, ſhe wou'd not eat you: But baniſh that Imagination; ſhe's only wedded to herſelf, lies with herſelf, and loves herſelf: and for another Husband than herſelf, he may knock at the Gate, but ne'er come in. Be wiſe, Sir, ſhe's a Woman, and a Trouble,
And has her many Faults, the leaſt of which is,
She cannot love.

Abig. God pardon her, ſhe'll do worſe;
'Would, I were worthy his leaſt Grief, Miſtreſs *Martha*.

Wel. Now I muſt over-hear her.

Mar. Faith, 'wou'd thou hadſt them all with all my Heart;
I do not think, they wou'd make thee a Day older.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper, 'tis the ſweeter.

Mar. Well ſaid, old Sayings.

Wel. She looks like one, indeed.
Gentlewoman, you keep your Word, your ſweet ſelf
Has made the Bottom ſweeter.

Abig. Sir, I begin a Frolick, [you.
Dare you change, Sir? *Wel.* Myſelf for you, ſo pleaſe
That Smile has turn'd my Stomach: This is right
Th' old Emblem of the Moyle cropping of Thiſtles:
Lord, what a hunting Head ſhe carries, ſure,
She has been ridden with a Martingale.
Now Love deliver me! *Rog.* Do I dream, or do I
Wake? Surely, I know not: Am I rub'd off?
Is this the way of all my Morning Pray'rs?
Oh *Roger*, thou'rt but Graſs, and Woman as
A Flow'r. (17) Did I for this conſume my Carcaſs

(17) — *Did I for this conſume my* Quarters,] If Sir *Roger* means his Body, as Mr. *Sympſon* obſerves to me, one ſhould conjecture, that *Carcaſs* was more ſignificant, if not more obvious to be underſtood.

In

In Meditation, Vows, and woo'd her in
Heroic Epiſtles? Did I expound the Owl,
And undertook with Labour and Expence
The Recollection of thoſe Thouſand Pieces,
Conſum'd in Cellars, and Tobacco-ſhops
(18) Of that our honour'd *Engliſhman Nich. Broughton?*
Have I done this, and am I done thus to?
I will end with the wiſe Man, and ſay; He
That holds a Woman, has an Eel by the Tail.

Mar. Sir, 'tis ſo late, and our Entertainment (meaning our Poſſet) by this is grown ſo cold, that 'twere an unmannerly Part longer to hold you from your Reſt: Let what the Houſe has be at your Command, Sir.

Wel. Sweet Reſt be with you, Lady. And to you what you deſire too. [*Exeunt.*

Abig. It ſhou'd be ſome ſuch good Thing like your ſelf then.

Wel. Heav'n keep me from that Curſe, and all my Iſſue! Good-night, Antiquity.

Rog. Solamen Miſeris ſocios habuiſſe Doloris: But I alone,——

Wel. Learned Sir, will you bid my Man come to me? And, requeſting a greater Meaſure of your Learning, Good-night, good Maſter *Roger.*

Rog. Good Sir, Peace be with you! [*Exit* Roger.

Wel. Adieu, dear *Domine.* Half a Dozen ſuch in
A Kingdom wou'd make a Man forſwear Confeſſion:
For who, that had but half his Wits about him,
Wou'd commit the Counſel of a ſerious Sin
(19) To Such a crewel Night-cap? Why, how now,

(18) *Of that our honour'd* Engliſhman *Ni. Br.*] The Poets, I do not apprehend, had any Intention of ſinking, or making a Secret, of this Author's Name. He was ſo well known at that Time of Day, that the Copyiſts thought, they might ſafely give us his Name abbreviated. He was a voluminous Writer, who, amongſt other Things, compiled an elaborate Tract about *Fifth-Monarchy-Men. Ben.* JONSON in his *Alchemiſt*, has made *Dol. Common*, in her ecſtatick Fit to Sir *Epicure Mammon*, talk very largely out of the Works of this *Nich. Broughton.*

(19) *To ſuch a* cruel *Night-cap?*] The Poets, as Mr. *Sympſon* obſerv'd with me, certainly wrote, *Crewel*; *i. e.* made of the Ends of coarſe *Worſted.*

Shall

Shall we have an Antick?

Enter Servant.

Whoſe Head do you carry
Upon your Shoulders, that you jole it ſo
Againſt the Poſt? Is't for your Eaſe? Or have
You ſeen the Cellar? Where are my Slippers, Sir?

Ser. Here, Sir.

Wel. Where, Sir? (20) Have you got the pot Vertigo? Have you ſeen the Horſes, Sir?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Wel. Have they any Meat?

Ser. Faith, Sir, they have a kind of wholſome Ruſhes, Hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no Provender?

Ser. Sir, ſo I take it.

Wel. You are merry, Sir, and why ſo?

Ser. Faith, Sir, here are no Oats to be got, unleſs you'll have 'em in Porridge: The People are ſo mainly given to Spoon-meat: Yonder's a Caſt of Coach-mares of the Gentlewoman's, the ſtrangeſt Cattle.

Wel. Why?

Ser. Why, they are tranſparent, Sir, you may ſee through them:
And ſuch a Houſe! *Wel.* Come, Sir, the Truth of your Diſcovery. *Ser.* Sir, they are in Tribes like *Jews:*
The Kitchen and the Dairy make one Tribe,
And have their Faction and their Fornication
Within themſelves; the Buttery and the Landry
Are another Tribe, and there is no Love loſt;
The Chambers are entire, and what's done there,
Is ſomewhat higher than my Knowledge, Sir:
But this I am ſure, between theſe Copulations,
A Stranger is kept virtuous, that is, faſting.
But, of all this, the Drink, Sir——

(20) *Have you got the pot*-Verdugo?] *Verdugo* is a Word of *Spaniſh* Extraction; but, amongſt all the Significations in which it is taken, it has no one Conſonant to the Idea and Meaning here required. The Poets muſt certainly have wrote *Vertigo*, a Dizzineſs, or Swimming in the Head, with Drink.

Wel.

Wel. What of that, Sir?

Ser. Faith, Sir, I will handle it as the Time and your Patience
Will give me Leave. This Drink, or cooling Julip,
Of which three Spoonfuls kills the Calenture,
A Pint breeds the cold Palſy.— *Wel.* Sir, you belye
The Houſe. *Ser.* I wou'd, I did, Sir. But as I am
(21) A true Man, if it were but one Degree
Colder, nothing but an Aſs's Hoof would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't, Sir, for if it had prov'd ſtronger,
You had been Tongue-ty'd of theſe Commendations.
Light me the Candle, Sir, I'll hear no more. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Loveleſs, *and his Comrades, with Wenches, and two Fidlers.*

Yo. Love. Come, my brave Man of War, trace out thy Darling,
And you my learned Council, ſit and tune, Boys;
Kiſs till the Cow come home, kiſs cloſe, kiſs cloſe, Knaves.
My Modern Poet, thou ſhalt kiſs in Couplets.

Enter Servant, with Wine.

Strike up, you merry Varlets, and leave your peeping;
This is no Pay for Fidlers.

Capt. O my dear Boy; thy *Hercules*, thy Captain
Makes thee his *Hylas*, his Delight, his Solace.
Love thy brave Man of War, and let thy Bounty
Clap him in *Shamois:* Let there be deducted

(21) —— *if it were but one Degree Colder, nothing but an* Aſs's Hoof *would hold it.*] It is one peculiar Impropriety in our Authors, (who, to be ſure, ought every where to ſhew their Learning, ſo it be done without Pedantry;) that they too frequently put it in the Mouths of Characters, who cannot well be ſuppoſed to know any thing of the Matter. The Alluſion here is to thoſe extreme cold Waters which flow'd down from the Mountain *Nonacris* in *Arcadia*, and which would penetrate thro' every Vehicle but that of an Horſe's Hoof; as JUSTIN tells us in the xiith Book of his Hiſtory. PLUTARCH and ÆLIAN ſay, it was an Aſs's Hoof. ARRIAN, PLINY, and VITRUVIUS, a Mule's: and QUINTUS CURTIUS, an Ox's. The Variation in this point is of very little Conſequence. They were of ſo very cold a Quality, as to be mortal to thoſe who drank of them.

out

Out of our main Potation five Marks
In Hatchments to adorn this puiſſant Thigh,
Cramp'd with this Reſt of Peace, and I will fight
Thy Battels.

Yo. Love. Thou ſhalt have't, Boy, and fly in Feather;
Lead on a March, you Michers.

Enter Savil.

Sav. O my Head, my Heart, what a Noiſe and Change is here!
'Wou'd, I had been cold i'th' Mouth before this Day,
And ne'er have liv'd to ſee this Diſſolution.
He that lives within a Mile of this Place,
Had as good ſleep in the perpetual
Noiſe of an Iron Mill. There's a dead Sea
Of Drink i'th' Cellar, in which goodly Veſſels
Lie wrack'd, and in the middle of this Deluge
Appear the Tops of Flagons and Black-jacks,
Like Churches drown'd i'th' Marſhes.

Yo. Love. What, art thou come?
My ſweet Sir *Amias*, welcome to *Troy*. Come, thou ſhalt kiſs my *Helen*, and court her in a Dance.

Sav. Good Sir, conſider.

Yo. Love. Shall we conſider, Gentlemen?
How ſay you? *Capt.* Conſider? That were a ſimple Toy I'faith; conſider? Whoſe Moral's that?
The Man, that cries, *conſider*, is our Foe: Let my Steel know him.

Yo. Love. Stay thy dead-doing Hand,
He muſt not die yet: Prithee be calm, my *Hector*.

Capt. Peaſant Slave!
Thou Groom compos'd of Grudgings, live and thank
This Gentleman, thou hadſt ſeen *Pluto* elſe!
The next *conſider* kills thee.

Trav. Let him drink down his Word again in a Gallon of Sack.

Poet. 'Tis but a Snuff, make it two Gallons, and let him do it kneeling in Repentance.

Sav. Nay, rather kill me, there's but a Lay-man loſt. Good Captain, do your Office.

Yo. Love.

Yo. Love. Thou ſhalt drink, Steward, drink and dance, my Steward. Strike him a Horn-pipe, Squeakers; (22) take thy Stiver, and pace her till ſhe ſtew.

Sav. Sure, Sir, I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for me; pray break my Head, and let me go.

Capt. He ſhall dance, he ſhall dance.

Yo. Love. He ſhall dance, and drink, and be drunk and dance, and be drunk again, and ſhall ſee no Meat in a Year.

Poet. And three Quarters.

Yo. Love. And three Quarters be it.

Capt. Who knocks there? Let him in.

Enter Elder Loveleſs, *diſguis'd.*

Sav. Some to deliver me, I hope.

El. Love. Gentlemen, God ſave you all! my Buſineſs is to one Maſter *Loveleſs.*

Capt. This is the Gentleman you mean; view him,
And take his Inventory, he's a right one.

El. Love. He promiſes no leſs, Sir.

Yo. Love. Sir, Your Buſineſs?

El. Love. Sir, I ſhou'd let you know, yet I am loth,
Yet I am ſworn to't; 'wou'd, ſome other Tongue
Wou'd ſpeak it for me!

Yo. Love. Out with it, i' God's Name.

El. Love. All I deſire, Sir, is the Patience
And Suff'rance of a Man; and, good Sir, be
Not mov'd more.

Yo. Love. Than a Pottle of Sack will do,
Here is my Hand; prithee, thy Buſineſs?

El. Love. Good Sir, excuſe me; and whatſoever you hear,
Think, muſt have been known to you; and be yourſelf,

(22) *take thy* Striver, *and pace her till ſhe ſtew.*] Here is both Obſcurity and Nonſenſe, from the caſual Interpoſition of one unneceſſary Letter. *Stive* was the old and obſolete Term for the *Stews*; and conſequently, a *Stiver*, as it ſhould be reſtored in the Text, was a Girl, a Strumpet, who ply'd there. Hence, perhaps, might come the Word *Stiver* too, to ſignify that inconſiderable Coin (the fifth Part of an *Engliſh* Penny) the Pay of theſe mean Proſtitutes, theſe *Meretrices diobolares*, as PLAUTUS ſtyles them.

Diſcreet,

Diſcreet, and bear it nobly.

Yo. Love. Prithee, diſpatch me:

El. Love. Your Brother's dead, Sir!

Yo. Love. Thou doſt not mean, dead Drunk?

El. Love. No, no, dead and drown'd at Sea, Sir.

Yo. Love. Art ſure, he's dead?

El. Love. Too ſure, Sir.

Yo. Love. Ay, but art thou very certainly ſure of it?

El. Love. As ſure, Sir, as I tell it.

Yo. Love. But art thou ſure he came not up again?

El. Love. He may come up, but ne'er to call you Brother.

Yo. Love. But art ſure he had Water enough to drown him?

El. Love. Sure, Sir, he wanted none.

Yo. Love. I would not have him want, I lov'd him better:
Here I forgive thee; and, i'faith, be plain;
How do I bear it?

El. Love. Very wiſely, Sir.

Yo. Love. Fill him ſome Wine. Thou doſt not ſee me mov'd,
Theſe tranſitory Toys ne'er trouble me,
He's in a better Place, my Friend, I know't.
Some Fellows wou'd have cry'd now, and have curs'd thee,
And faln out with their Meat, and kept a Pudder;
But all this helps not, he was too good for us,
And let God keep him! There's the right Uſe on't, Friend:
Off with thy Drink, thou haſt a Spice of Sorrow
Makes thee a-dry: Fill him another. *Savil,*
Your Maſter's dead, and who am I now, *Savil?*
Nay, let's all bear it well; wipe, *Savil,* wipe;
Tears are but thrown away: we ſhall have Wenches
Now, ſhall we not, *Savil?* *Sav.* Yes, Sir.

Yo. Love. And drink innumerable?

Sav. Yes, forſooth.

Yo. Love. And you'l ſtrain Curt'ſy, and be drunk a little?

Sav. I wou'd be glad, Sir, to do my weak Endeavour.

Yo. Love. You may be brought in time to love a Wench too.

Sav. In time the ſturdy Oak, Sir ——

Yo. Love. Some more Wine for my Friend there.

El. Love. I ſhall be drunk anon for my good News:
But I've a loving Brother, that's my Comfort.

Yo. Lov. Here's to you, Sir,
This is the worſt I wiſh you for your News:
And if I had another elder Brother,
And ſay, it were his Chance too to feed Haddocks,
I ſhould be ſtill the ſame you ſee me now;
A poor contented Gentleman. More Wine for my Friend there, he's dry again.

El. Love. I ſhall be, if I follow this Beginning.
Well, my dear Brother, if I 'ſcape this Drowning,
'Tis your Turn next to ſink; you ſhall duck twice
Before I help you. Sir, I cannot drink more;
Pray, let me have your Pardon. *Yo. Love.* O Lord, Sir,
It is your Modeſty: More Wine,
Give him a bigger Glaſs; hug him, my Captain,
Thou ſhalt be my chief Mourner.

Capt. And this my Pennon:
Sir, a full Carouſe to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

El. Love. I feel a buzzing in my Brains; pray God, I bear this out, and I'll ne'er trouble them ſo far again. Here's to you, Sir.

Yo. Love. To my dear Steward; Down o' your Knees, you Infidel, you Pagan; be drunk and penitent.

Sav. Forgive me, Sir, and I'll be any thing.

Yo. Love. Then be a Baud, I'll have thee a brave Baud.

El. Love. Sir, I muſt take my Leave of you, my Buſineſs is ſo urgent.

Yo. Love. Let's have a bridling Caſt, before you go. Fill's a new Stoupe.

El. Love. I dare not, Sir, by no means.

Yo. Love. Have you any mind to a Wench? I would fain gratify you for the Pains you took, Sir.

El. Love. As little as to the t'other.

Yo. Love. If you find any Stirring, do but ſay ſo.

El. Love. Sir, you're too bounteous; when I feel that Itching,
You ſhall aſſwage it, Sir, before another:

This

This only, and farewel, Sir. Your Brother, when
The Storm was moſt extream, told all about him,
He left a Will behind him, which lies cloſe
Behind the Chimney in the matted Chamber.
And ſo as well, Sir, as you have made me able,
I take my Leave. *Yo. Love.* Let us embrace him all:
If you grow dry before you end your Buſineſs,
Pray, take a Bait here, I've a freſh Hogſhead for you.

Sav. You ſhall neither will, nor chuſe, Sir. My Maſter is a wonderful fine Gentleman; has a fine State, a very fine State, Sir; I am his Steward, Sir, and his Man.

El. Love. Wou'd, you were your own, Sir, as I left you. Well, I muſt caſt about, or all ſinks.

Sav. Farewel, Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman!

El. Love. What wou'd you with me, Sir?

Sav. Farewel, Gentleman!

El. Love. O ſleep, Sir, ſleep. [*Ex.* El. Love.

Yo. Love. Well, Boys, you ſee what's fall'n, let's in and drink,
And give Thanks for it.

Capt. Let's give Thanks for it.

Yo. Love. Drunk, as I live.

Sav. Drunk, as I live, Boys.

Yo. Love. Why, now thou art able to diſcharge thine Office, and caſt up a Reckoning of ſome weight; I will be Knighted, for my State will bear it, 'tis ſixteen hundred, Boys: Off with your Husks, I'll skin you all in Sattin.

Capt. O ſweet *Loveleſs!*

Sav. All in Sattin! O ſweet *Loveleſs!*

Yo. Love. March in, my noble Compeers: And this my Counteſs ſhall be led by two: And ſo proceed we to the Will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Morecraft *the Uſurer, and Widow.*

Mor. And Widow, as I ſay, be your own Friend:
Your Husband left you wealthy, ay, and wiſe,
Continue ſo, ſweet Duck, continue ſo.
Take heed of young ſmooth Varlets, younger Brothers;

They are Worms that will eat through your Bags; they are very
Lightning, that with a Flaſh or two will melt
Your Money, and never ſinge your Purſe-ſtrings: They
Are Colts, Wench, Colts, heady and dangerous, 'till
We take 'em up, and make 'em fit for Bonds.
Look upon me, I have had, and have yet
Matter of moment, Girl, Matter of moment;
You may meet with a worſe Back, I'll not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither, Sir.

Mor. Yet thus far by your Favour, Widow, 'tis tough.

Wid. Therefore not for my Diet; I love a tender one.

Mor. Sweet Widow, leave your Frumps, and be edi-
You know my State, I ſell no Perſpectives, [fied:
Scarfs, Gloves, nor Hangers, nor put my Truſt in Shoe-
And where your Husband in an Age was riſing [ties;
By burnt Figs, drudg'd with Meal and powdered Sugar,
Saunders, and Grains, Wormſeed and rotten Raiſins,
And vile Tobacco, that made the Footmen mangy;
I in a Year, have put up hundreds inclos'd,
Thoſe pleaſant Meadows, by a forfeit Mortgage;
For which the poor Knight takes him a lone Chamber,
Owes for his Ale, and dare not beat his Hoſteſs:
Nay, more ——

Wid. Good Sir, no more; whate'er my Husband was,
I know what I am, and if you marry me,
You muſt bear it bravely off, Sir.

Mor. Not with the Head, ſweet Widow.

Wid. No, ſweet Sir,
But with your Shoulders: I muſt have you dubb'd,
For under that I will not ſtoop a Feather.
My Husband was a Fellow lov'd to toil,
Fed ill, made Gain his Exerciſe, and ſo
Grew coſtive, which, for that I was his Wife,
I gave way to, and ſpun mine own Smocks coarſe,
And Sir, ſo little, —— But let that paſs; Time,
That wears all things out, wore out this Husband,
Who in Penitence of ſuch fruitleſs five Years Marriage,
Left me great with his Wealth, which if you'll be
A worthy Goſſip to, be knighted, Sir.

Enter

Enter Savil.

Mor. Now, Sir, from whom come you? Whoſe Man are you, Sir?

Sav. Sir, I come from young Maſter *Loveleſs.*

Mor. Be ſilent, Sir,
I have no Money, not a Penny for you,
He's ſunk, your Maſter's ſunk; a periſh'd Man, Sir.

Sav. Indeed, his Brother's ſunk, Sir, God be with him!
A periſh'd Man, indeed, and drown'd at Sea.

Mor. How ſaidſt thou, good my Friend, his Brother drown'd?

Sav. Untimely, Sir, at Sea.

Mor. And thy young Maſter
Left ſole Heir? *Sav.* Yes, Sir.

Mor. And he wants Money? *Sav.* Yes,
And ſent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

Mor. Widow, be wiſe, there's more Land coming, Widow,
Be very wiſe, and give Thanks for me, Widow.

Wid. Be you very Wiſe, and be knighted, and then give Thanks for me, Sir; ———

Sav. What ſays your Worſhip to this Money?

Mor. I ſay,
He may have Money, if he pleaſe.

Sav. A Thouſand, Sir?

Mor. A Thouſand, Sir, provided, my wiſe Sir,
His Land lie for the Payment, otherwiſe ———

Enter Young Loveleſs, *and Comrades, to them.*

Sav. He's here himſelf, Sir, and can better tell you.

Mor. My notable dear Friend, and worthy Maſter *Loveleſs,*
And now right worſhipful, all Joy and Welcome.

Yo. Love. Thanks to my dear Incloſer, Maſter *More-craft*;
Prithee, old Angel o' Gold, ſalute my Family,
I'll do as much for yours; this, and your own
Deſires, fair Gentlewoman. *Wid.* And yours, Sir,
If you mean well; 'tis a handſome Gentleman.

Yo. Love. Sirrah, my Brother's dead.

Mor. Dead?

Yo. Love. Dead, and by this time ſouſt for Ember-week.

Mor. Dead?

Yo. Love. Drown'd, drown'd at Sea, Man; by the next freſh Conger
That comes we ſhall hear more.

Mor. Now, by my Faith
Of Body it moves me much.

Yo. Love. What, wilt thou be an Aſs,
And weep for th' Dead? Why, I thought nothing but
A general Inundation would have mov'd thee.
Prithee, be quiet, he hath left his Land
Behind him.

Mor. O, has he ſo? *Yo. Love.* Yes, faith, I thank
Him for't, I've all, Boy; haſt any ready Money?

Mor. Will you ſell, Sir?

Yo. Love. No, not outright, good Gripe;
Marry, a Mortgage, or ſuch a ſlight Security.

Mor. I have no Money, Sir, for Mortgage; if you'll ſell,
And all or none, I'll work a new Mine for you.

Sav. Good Sir, look before you, he'll work you out of all elſe: If you ſell all your Land, you have ſold your Country, and then you muſt to Sea, to ſeek your Brother, and there lie pickled in a Powdering-Tub, and break your Teeth with Biskets and hard Beef, that muſt have watering, Sir: And where's your 300 Pounds a Year in Drink then? If you'll turn up the Straits you may, for you have no Calling for Drink there, but with a Cannon, nor no Scoring but on your Ship's Sides, and then if you 'ſcape with Life, and take a Faggot-Boat and a Bottle of *Uſquebaugh*, come home, poor Man, like a Type of *Thames-ſtreet*, ſtinking of Pitch and Poor-John. I cannot tell, Sir, I would be loth to ſee it.

Capt. Steward, you are an Aſs, a meazel'd Mungril, and were it not againſt the Peace of my ſovereign Friend here, I wou'd break your forecaſting Coxcomb, Dog, I would, even with thy Staff of Office there; thy Pen and Inkhorn. Noble Boy, the God of Gold here has fed thee well, take Money for thy Dirt: Hark and believe, thou art cold of Conſtitution, thy Seat unhealthful,

ful, ſell and be wiſe; we are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own Heart, Child; Mirth ſhall be only ours, and only ours ſhall be the black-ey'd Beauties of the Time. Money makes Men immortal.

Poet. Do what you will, it is the nobleſt Courſe;
Then you may live without the Charge of People,
Only we four will make a Family;
Ay, and an Age that will beget new Annals,
In which I'll write thy Life, my Son of Pleaſure,
Equal with *Nero* and *Caligula*.

Yo. Love. What Men were they, Captain?

Capt. Two roaring Boys of *Rome*, that made all ſplit.

Yo. Love. Come, Sir, what dare you give?

Sav. You will not ſell, Sir?

Yo. Love. Who told you ſo, Sir?

Sav. Good Sir, have a care. [Roof.

Yo. Love. Peace, or I'll tack your Tongue up to your What Money? ſpeak.

Mor. Six thouſand Pound, Sir.

Capt. Take it; h'as overbidden, by the Sun: Bind him to his Bargain quickly.

Yo. Love. Come, ſtrike me Luck with Earneſt, and draw the Writings.

Mor. There's a God's Penny for thee.

Sav. Sir, for my old Maſter's ſake let my Farm be excepted, if I become his Tenant I am undone, my Children Beggars, and my Wife God knows what: Conſider me, dear Sir. *Mor.* I'll have all or none.

Yo. Love. All in, all in: Diſpatch the Writings.

[*Exit with Com.*

Wild. Go, thou art a pretty forehanded Fellow; 'wou'd, thou wert wiſer.

Sav. Now do I ſenſibly begin to feel myſelf a Raſcal; 'wou'd, I cou'd teach a School, or beg, or lie well; I am utterly undone; Now he, that taught thee to deceive and cozen, take thee to his Mercy! ſo be it.

[*Exit* Savil.

Mor. Come, Widow, come, never ſtand upon a Knighthood, 'tis a mere paper Honour, and not Proof enough for a Serjeant. Come, come, I'll make thee ——

Wid. To anſwer in ſhort, 'tis this, Sir. No Knight, no Widow; if you make me any thing, it muſt be a Lady, and ſo I take my Leave.

Mor. Farewel, ſweet Widow, and think of it.

Wid. Sir, I do more than think of it, it makes me dream, Sir. [*Exit* Wid.

Mor. She's rich and ſober, if this Itch were from her: and, ſay, I be at the Charge to pay the Footmen, and the Trumpets, ay, and the Horſemen too, and be a Knight, and ſhe refuſe me then;
Then am I hoiſt into the Subſidy,
And ſo by conſequence ſhou'd prove a Coxcomb:
I'll have a care of that. Six thouſand Pound,
And then the Land is mine, there's ſome Refreſhing yet. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Abigail, *and drops her Glove.*

Abig. IF he but follow me, as all my Hopes
Tell me, he's Man enough; up goes my Reſt,
And, I know, I ſhall draw him.

Enter Welford.

Wel. This is the ſtrangeſt pamper'd piece of Fleſh towards Fifty, that ever Frailty cop'd withal; what a trim *Envoy* here ſhe has put upon me; theſe Women are a proud kind of Cattle, and love this whoreſon Doing ſo directly, that they will not ſtick to make their very Skins Bawds to their Fleſh. Here's Dogskin and Storax ſufficient to kill a Hawk: What to do with it, beſides nailing it up (23) amongſt *Iriſh* Heads of Teer, to ſhew the Mightineſs of her Palm, I know not: there ſhe is.

(23) *amongſt* Iriſh *Heads of* Teer, *to ſhew the Mightineſs of her* Palm.] *Teer* is the *Iriſh* Pronunciation of *Deer*; the *Palm*, (or *Palmer*,) is call'd the Crown of a Stag's Head.

I muſt

I muſt enter into Dialogue. Lady, you have loſt your Glove.

Abig. Not, Sir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my Meaning, Lady, to reſtore it.

Abig. 'Twill be uncivil in me to take back
A Favour Fortune hath ſo well beſtow'd, Sir;
Pray, wear it for me.

Wel. I had rather wear a Bell. But, hark you, Miſtreſs,
What hidden Virtue is there in this Glove,
That you wou'd have me wear it? Is it good
Againſt ſore Eyes, or will it charm the Tooth-ach?
Or theſe red Tops, being ſteep'd in White-wine ſoluble,
Will't kill the Itch? Or has it ſo conceal'd
A Providence to keep my Hand from Bonds?
If it have none of theſe, and prove no more
But a bare Glove of half a Crown a Pair,
'Twill be but half a Courteſy, I wear two always;
Faith, let's draw Cuts, one will do me no Pleaſure.

Abig. The Tenderneſs of his Years keeps him as yet in Ignorance, he's a well-moulded Fellow, and I wonder
His Blood ſhou'd ſtir no higher; but 'tis his Want
Of Company: I muſt grow nearer to him.

Enter Elder Loveleſs *diſguis'd.*

El. Love. God ſave you Both!

Abig. And pardon you, Sir; this is ſomewhat rude, how came you hither?

El. Love. Why, through the Doors, they are open.

Wel. What are you? And what Buſineſs have you here?

El. Love. More, I believe, than you have.

Abig. Who would this Fellow ſpeak with? Art thou ſober?

El. Love. Yes, I come not here to ſleep.

Wel. Prithee, what art thou?

El. Love. As much, gay Man, as thou art; I am a Gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

El. Love. Yes, more than thou dar'ſt be; a Soldier.

Abig.

Abig. Thou doſt not come to quarrel?

El. Love. No, not with Women; I come here to ſpeak with a Gentlewoman.

Abig. Why, I am one.

El. Love. But not with one ſo gentle.

Wel. This is a fine Fellow.

El. Love. Sir, I am not fine yet. I am but new come over; direct me with your Ticket to your Tailor, and then I ſhall be fine, Sir. Lady, if there be a better of your Sex within this Houſe, ſay, I would ſee her.

Abig. Why, am I not good enough for you, Sir?

El. Love. Your Way, you'll be too good; pray, end my Buſineſs.

This is another Suitor; O frail Woman!

Wel. This Fellow with his Bluntneſs hopes to do
More than the long Suits of a thouſand cou'd;
Though he be ſour, he's quick, I muſt not truſt him.
Sir, this Lady is not to ſpeak with you, ſhe is more ſerious: You ſmell as if you were new calk'd; go, and be handſome, and then you may ſit with her Servingmen.

El. Love. What are you, Sir?

Wel. Gueſs by my Outſide.

El. Love. Then I take you, Sir, for ſome new ſilken Thing wean'd from the Country, that ſhall (when you come to keep good Company) be beaten into better Manners. Pray, good proud Gentlewoman, help me to your Miſtreſs.

Abig. How many Lives haſt thou, that thou talk'ſt thus rudely?

El. Love. But one, one; I am neither Cat nor Woman.

Wel. And will that one Life, Sir, maintain you ever in ſuch bold Sawcineſs?

El. Love. Yes, amongſt a Nation of ſuch Men as you are, and be no worſe for wearing. Shall I ſpeak with this Lady?

Abig. No, by my troth, ſhall you not.

El. Love. I muſt ſtay here then.

Wel. That you ſhall not neither.

El. Love.

El. Love. Good fine Thing, tell me why.
Well. Good angry Thing, I'll tell you:
This is no Place for ſuch Companions,
Such louſy Gentlemen ſhall find their Buſineſs
Better i' th' Suburbs, there your ſtrong Pitch Perfume,
Mingled with Lees of Ale, ſhall reek in Faſhion.
This is no *Thames-ſtreet*, Sir.
Abig. This Gentleman informs you truly.
Prithee, be ſatisfied, and ſeek the Suburbs,
Good Captain, or whatever Title elſe
The Warlike Eel-boats have beſtow'd upon thee,
Go and reform thyſelf, prithee be ſweeter,
And know, my Lady ſpeaks with no ſuch Swabbers.
El. Love. You cannot talk me out with your Tradition
Of Wit you pick from Plays, go to, I have found ye:
And for you, Sir, whoſe tender gentle Blood
Runs in your Noſe, and makes you ſnuff at all
(24) But three-pil'd People, I do let you know,
He that begot your Worſhip's Sattin-ſuit,
Can make no Men, Sir: I will ſee this Lady,
And with the Reverence of your Silkenſhip,
In theſe old Ornaments.
Wel. You will not, ſure?
El. Love. Sure, Sir, I ſhall.
Abig. You wou'd be beaten out?
El. Love. Indeed, I would not; or if I would be beaten,
Pray, who ſhall beat me? This good Gentleman
Looks as he were o'th' Peace.
Wel. Sir, you ſhall ſee that: Will you get you out?
El. Love. Yes, That that ſhall correct your Boy's Tongue.
Dare you fight? I will ſtay here ſtill. [*They draw.*
Abig. O, their Things are out; help, help, for God's
Madam — Jeſus! they foin at one another. [ſake,

Enter Lady.

Madam, why, who is within there?
Lady. Who breeds this Rudeneſs?

(24) *But* three-pil'd *People.*] *i. e.* Wearers of Velvet; the Pile is the ſo t Shag or Pluff of it.

Wel.

Wel. This uncivil Fellow;
He ſays, he comes from Sea; where I believe
H'as purg'd away his Manners.
Lady. Why, what of him?
Wel. Why, he will rudely, without once *God bleſs you,*
Preſs to your Privacies, and no Denial
Muſt ſtand betwixt your Perſon and his Buſineſs;
I let go his ill Language.
Lady. Sir, have you Buſineſs with me?
El. Love. Madam, ſome I have,
But not ſo ſerious to pawn my Life for't:
If you keep this Quarter, and maintain about you
Such Knights o'th' Sun as this is, to defie
Men of Employment to ye, you may live;
But in what Fame?
Lady. Pray, ſtay, Sir, who has wrong'd you?
El. Love. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly
He flung his wild Words at me: but to you
I think, he did no Honour, to deny
The Haſte I come withal a Paſſage to you;
Though I ſeem coarſe. [ledge,
Lady. Excuſe me, gentle Sir, 'twas from my Know-
And ſhall have no Protection. And to you, Sir,
You have ſhew'd more Heat than Wit, and from yourſelf
Have borrow'd Power, I never gave you here,
To do theſe vile unmanly Things. My Houſe
Is no blind Street to ſwagger in; and my Favours
Not doting yet on your unknown Deſerts
So far, that I ſhould make you Maſter of my Buſineſs;
My Credit yet ſtands fairer with the People,
Than to be tried with Swords; and they, that come
To do me Service, muſt not think to win me
With Hazard of a Murther; if your Love
Conſiſt in Fury, carry it to the Camp:
And there in Honour of ſome common Miſtreſs,
Shorten your Youth: I pray be better temper'd;
And give me Leave a-while, Sir.
Wel. You muſt have it. [*Exit* Welford.
Lady. Now, Sir, your Buſineſs? [Fellow,
El. Love. Firſt, I thank you for ſchooling this young
Whom

Whom his own Follies, which he's prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall level him a Way to his Repentance.
Next, I ſhould rail at you, but you are a Woman,
And Anger's loſt upon you.
Lady. Why at me, Sir?
I never did you Wrong; for, to my Knowledge,
This is the firſt Sight of you.
El. Love. You have done that,
I muſt confeſs, I have the leaſt Curſe in,
Becauſe the leaſt Acquaintance: But there be
(If there be Honour in the Minds of Men)
Thouſands, when they ſhall know what I deliver,
(As all good Men muſt ſhare in't) will to Shame
Blaſt your black Memory.
Lady. How is this, good Sir?
El. Love. 'Tis that, that, if you have a Soul, will choak
You've kill'd a Gentleman. [it.
Lady. I kill'd a Gentleman!
El. Love. You, and your Cruelty, have kill'd him,
Woman,
And ſuch a Man (let me be angry in't)
Whoſe leaſt Worth weigh'd above all Women's Virtues,
That are; I ſpare you all to come too: Gueſs him now.
Lady. I am ſo innocent, I cannot, Sir. [man,
El. Love. Repent, you mean; you are a perfect Wo-
And, as the firſt was, made for Man's Undoing.
Lady. Sir, you have miſt your Way, I am not ſhe.
El. Love. 'Wou'd, he had miſt his Way too, though
he had wander'd
Farther than Women are ill ſpoken of,
So he had miſt this Miſery; you, Lady,——
Lady. How do you do, Sir?
El. Love. Well enough, I hope;
While I can keep myſelf out from Temptations.
Lady. Pray, leap into this Matter, whither would ye?
El. Love. You had a Servant, that your Peeviſhneſs
Injoin'd to travel.
Lady. Such a one I have
Still, and I ſhall be griev'd 'twere otherwiſe.

El. Love.

El. Love. Then have your Asking, and be griev'd, he's dead:
How you will anſwer for his Worth, I know not:
But this, I am ſure, either he, or you, or Both
Were ſtark mad, elſe he might have liv'd to've given
A ſtronger Teſtimony to th' World
Of what he might have been. He was a Man
I knew but in his Evening; ten Suns after,
Forc'd by a Tyrant Storm our beaten Bark
Bulg'd under us; in which ſad parting Blow
He call'd upon his Saint, but not for Life,
On you unhappy Woman; and, whilſt all
Sought to preſerve their Souls, de deſperately
Embrac'd a Wave, crying to all that ſaw it,
If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me
To this untimely End, and make her happy.
His Name was *Loveleſs:* And I 'ſcap'd the Storm,
And now you have my Buſineſs.

Lady. 'Tis too much.
'Would, I had been that Storm, he had not periſh'd.
If you'll rail now, I will forgive you, Sir:
Or if you'll call in more, if any more
Come from his Ruin, I ſhall juſtly ſuffer
What they can ſay: I do confeſs myſelf
A guilty Cauſe in this. (25) I wou'd ſay more,
But Grief is grown too great to be deliver'd.

El. Love. I like this well: Theſe Women are ſtrange Things.
'Tis ſomewhat of the lateſt now to weep,
You ſhould have wept, when he was going from you;
And chain'd him with thoſe Tears at home.

Lady. 'Would, you had told me then ſo, theſe two Arms had been his Sea.

El. Love. Truſt me, you move me much: But, ſay, he liv'd,
Theſe were forgotten Things again.

(25) ——————— *I would ſay more,*
But Grief *is grown* too great to be deliver'd.]
Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent.

Lady.

Lady. Ay, ſay you ſo?
Sure, I ſhould know that Voice: This is Knavery.
I'll fit you for it. Were he living, Sir,
I would perſuade you to be charitable,
Ay, and confeſs we are not all ſo ill
As your Opinion holds us. O my Friend,
What Penance ſhall I pull upon my Fault,
Upon my moſt unworthy Self for this?
El. Love. Leave to love others, 'twas ſome Jealouſy
That turn'd him deſperate.
Lady. I'll be with you ſtraight:
Are you wrung there?
El. Love. This works amain upon her.
Lady. I do confeſs, there is a Gentleman
Has borne me long good Will.
El. Love. I do not like that.
Lady. And vow'd a thouſand Services to me;
To me, regardleſs of him: But ſince Fate,
That no Pow'r can withſtand, has taken from me
My firſt, and beſt Love, and to weep away
My Youth is a meer Folly, I will ſhew you
What I determine, Sir: You ſhall know all:
Call Mr. *Welford*, there: That Gentleman
I mean to make the Model of my Fortunes,
And in his chaſt Embraces keep alive
The Memory of my loſt lovely *Loveleſs:*
He is ſomewhat like him too.
El. Love. Then you can love?
Lady. Yes, certainly, Sir:
Though it pleaſe you to think me hard and cruel;
I hope, I ſhall perſuade you otherwiſe.
El. Love. I have made myſelf a fine Fool.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Wou'd you have ſpoke with me, Madam?
Lady. Yes, Mr. *Welford*, and I ask your Pardon
Before this Gentleman for being froward:
This Kiſs, and henceforth more Affection.
El. Love. So, it is better I were drown'd indeed.
Wel. This is a ſudden Paſſion, God hold it!

This

This Fellow out of his Fear, ſure, has
Perſuaded her. I'll give him a new Suit on't.

Lady. A parting Kiſs, and, good Sir, let me pray you
To wait me in the Gallery.

Wel. I am in another World; Madam, where you pleaſe. [*Exit* Welford.

El. Love. I will to Sea, and 't ſhall go hard but I'll Be drown'd indeed.

Lady. Now, Sir, you ſee I am no ſuch hard Creature,
But Time may win me.

El. Love. You have forgot your loſt Love.

Lady. Alas! Sir, what would you have me do?
I cannot call him back again with Sorrow;
I'll love this Man as dearly, and beſhrow me,
I'll keep him far enough from Sea; 'twas told me,
Now I remember me, by an old wiſe Woman,
That my firſt Lover ſhould be drown'd, and ſee,
'Tis come about.

El. Love. I would ſhe had told you your ſecond ſhould be hang'd too, and let that come about: But this is very ſtrange.

Lady. Faith, Sir, conſider all, and then I know you'll be of my Mind: If weeping would redeem him, I would weep ſtill.

El. Love. But, ſay, that I were *Loveleſs*,
And ſcap'd the Storm, how would you anſwer this?

Lady. Why, for that Gentleman I would leave all the World.

El. Love. This young Thing too?

Lady. That young Thing too,
Or any young Thing elſe: Why, I would loſe my State.

El. Love. Why, then he lives ſtill, I am he, your *Loveleſs*.

Lady. Alas, I knew it, Sir, and for that Purpoſe
Prepar'd this Pageant: Get you to your Task;
And leave theſe Players' Tricks, or I ſhall leave you,
Indeed, I ſhall. Travel, or know me not.

El. Love. Will you then marry?

Lady. I will not promiſe, take your Choice. Farewel.

El. Love.

El. Love. There is no other Purgatory but a Woman. I muſt do ſomething. [*Exit* Loveleſs.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Miſtreſs, I am bold.

Lady. You are, indeed.

Wel. You ſo overjoy'd me, Lady. [come.

Lady. Take heed, you forfeit not; pray faſt, and wel-

Wel. By this Light, you love me extreamly.

Lady. By this, and To-morrow's Light, I care not for

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it. [you.

Lady. Indeed, I can, where you ſhall never find it.

Wel. I like this Mirth well, Lady.

Lady. You ſhall have more on't.

Wel. I muſt kiſs you.

Lady. No, Sir.

Wel. Indeed, I muſt.

Lady. What muſt be, muſt be; I'll take my Leave, you have your parting Blow: I pray, commend me to thoſe few Friends you have, that ſent you hither, and tell them when you travel next, 'twere fit you brought leſs Brav'ry with you and more Wit; you'll never get a Wife elſe.

Wel. Are you in Earneſt?

Lady. Yes, faith. Will you eat, Sir? Your Horſes will be ready ſtraight, you ſhall have a Napkin laid in the Buttery for ye.

Wel. Do not you love me then?

Lady. Yes, for that Face.

Wel. It is a good one, Lady.

Lady. Yes, if it were not warpt, the Fire in time may mend it.

Wel. Methinks, yours is none of the beſt, Lady.

Lady. No, by my troth, Sir; yet, o' my Conſcience, You wou'd make ſhift with it.

Wel. Come, pray, no more of this. [there?

Lady. I will not: Fare you well. Ho, who's within Bring out the Gentleman's Horſes, he's in haſte; And ſet ſome cold Meat on the Table.

Wel. I have too much of that, I thank you, Lady:

take your Chamber when you pleaſe, there goes a black one with you, Lady.

Lady. Farewel, young Man. [*Exit* Lady.

Wel. You have made me one; Farewel; and may the Curſe of a great Houſe fall upon thee, I mean, the Butler! The Devil and all his Works are in theſe Women; 'wou'd, all of my Sex were of my Mind, I wou'd make 'em a new Lent, and a long one, that Fleſh might be in more Rev'rence with them.

Enter Abigail *to him.*

Abig. I am ſorry, Mr. *Welford* ——

Wel. So am I, that you are here.

Abig. How does my Lady uſe you?

Wel. As I would uſe you, Scurvily.

Abig. I ſhou'd have been more kind, Sir.

Wel. I ſhould have been undone then. Pray, leave me, and look to your Sweet-meats. Hark, your Lady calls.

Abig. Sir, I ſhall borrow ſo much Time without Offence ——

Wel. You're nothing but Offence; for God's Love, leave me.

Abig. 'Tis ſtrange, my Lady ſhou'd be ſuch a Tyrant—

Wel. To ſend you to me. 'Pray, go ſtitch; good, do; you're more Trouble to me than a Term.

Abig. I do not know how my good Will, if I ſaid Love I lied not, ſhould any ways deſerve this?

Wel. A thouſand Ways, a thouſand Ways; ſweet Creature, let me depart in Peace.

Abig. What Creature, Sir? I hope, I am a Woman.

Wel. A hundred, I think, by your Noiſe.

Abig. Since you are angry, Sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a Woman, and a Rib.

Wel. Of a roaſted Horſe?

Abig. Conſtrue me that.

(26) *Wel.* A Dog can do it better; Farewel, *Counteſs*;

(26) *A Dog can do it better; Farewel,* Counteſs;] This is not complimental, but ſarcaſtically ſpoken. In a Pack of Hounds, an old ſtaunch Hunting-Bitch is often call'd *Dutcheſs, Counteſs, Beauty,* &c.

and

and commend me to your Lady, tell her ſhe's proud, and ſcurvy, and ſo I commit you Both to your Tempter.

Abig. Sweet Mr. *Welford*, ——

Wel. Avoid, old *Satanas:* Go daub your Ruins, Your Face looks fouler than a Storm: The Footman Stays for you in the Lobby, Lady.

Abig. If you were a Gentleman, I ſhou'd know it by your gentle Conditions. Are theſe fit Words to give a Gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit, as they were made for ye. Sirrah, my Horſes. Farewel, old Adage; keep your Noſe warm, the Rheum will make it Horn elſe —— [*Exit* Wel.

Abig. The Bleſſings of a prodigal young Heir Be thy Companions, *Welford!* Marry, come up, my Gentleman, are your Gums grown ſo tender they cannot bite? A skittiſh Filly will be your Fortune, *Welford*, and fair enough for ſuch a Packſaddle. And I doubt not (if my Aim hold) to ſee her made to amble to your Hand. [*Exit* Abigail.

Enter Young Loveleſs, *and Comrades*, Morecraft, *Widow*, Savil, *and the reſt.*

Capt. Save thy brave Shoulder, my young puiſſant Knight,
And may thy Back-ſword bite them to the Bone
That love thee not, (27) thou art an Errant-man,
Go on. The Circumcis'd ſhall fall by thee.
Let Land and Labour fill the Man that tills,
Thy Sword muſt be thy Plough; and *Jove* it ſpeed!
Mecha ſhall ſweat, and *Mahomet* ſhall fall,
And thy dear Name fill up his Monument.

Yo. Love. It ſhall, Captain, I mean to be a Worthy.

Capt. One Worthy is too little, thou ſhalt be all.

Mor. Captain, I ſhall deſerve ſome of your Love too.

Capt. Thou ſhalt have Heart and Hand too, noble *Morecraft*,

(27) —— *thou art an* Errant-Man,
Go on. The Circumcis'd ſhall fall by thee.] *i. e.* A Knight-Errant: one fit to go on the Holy Wars; to fight againſt the *Turks* and *Jews.*

If thou wilt lend me Money. I am a Man of Garrison;
Be rul'd, and open to me those infernal Gates,
Whence none of thy evil Angels pass again,
And I will stile thee Noble, nay, *Don Diego*,
I'll wooe thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight
Shall feast her with high Meats, and make her apt.

Mor. Pardon me, Captain, you're beside my Meaning.

Yo. Love. No, Mr. *Morecraft*, 'tis the Captain's Meaning I shou'd prepare her for ye.

Capt. Or provoke her.
Speak, my modern Man, I say provoke her.

Poet. Captain, I say so too, or stir her to it. So say the Criticks.

Yo. Love. But howsoever you expound it, Sir, she's very welcome, and this shall serve for Witness. And, Widow, since you're come so happily, you shall deliver up the Keys and free Possession of this House, while I stand by to ratify.

Wid. I had rather give it back again, believe me,
'Tis a Misery to say, you had it. Take heed.

Yo. Love. 'Tis past that, Widow; come, sit down, some Wine there; there is a scurvy Banquet, if we had it. All this fair House is yours, Sir *Savil?*

Savil. Yes, Sir.

Yo. Love. Are your Keys ready, I must easy your Burden.

Sav. I am ready, Sir, to be undone, when you shall call me to't.

Yo. Love. Come, come, thou shalt live better.

Sav. I shall have less to do, that's all, there's half a dozen of my Friends i' th' Fields sunning against a Bank, with half a Breech among 'em, I shall be with 'em shortly. The Care and continual Vexation of being rich, eat up this Rascal. What shall become of my poor Family? they are no Sheep, and they must keep themselves.

Yo. Love. Drink, Master *Morecraft*; pray, be merry all: Nay, an you will not drink, there's no Society; Captain, speak loud, and drink: Widow, a Word.

Capt. Expound her thoroughly, Knight. Here, God o' Gold,

o' Gold, here's to thy fair Poſſeſſions; Be a Baron, and a bold one: leave off your tickling of young Heirs like Trouts, and let thy Chimnies ſmoke. Feed Men of War, live and be honeſt, and be ſav'd yet.

Mor. I thank you, worthy Captain, for your Counſel. You keep your Chimnies ſmoking there, your Noſtrils; And when you can, you feed a Man of War. This makes you not a Baron, but a bare one: And how or when you ſhall be ſav'd, let the Clark O'th' Company (you've commanded) have a juſt Care of.

Poet. The Man is much mov'd. Be not angry, Sir, (28) but, as the Poet ſings, let your Diſpleaſure be a ſhort Fury, and go out. You have ſpoke home, and bitterly, to me, Sir: Captain, take Truce, the Miſer is a tart and a witty Whorſon ——

Capt. Poet, you feign, perdie; the Wit of this Man Lies in his Fingers Ends, he muſt tell all; His Tongue fills his Mouth like a Neat's Tongue, and only ſerves to lick his hungry Chaps after a Purchace: His Brains and Brimſtone are the Devil's Diet to a fat Uſurer's Head. To her, Knight, to her; clap her Aboard, and ſtow her. Where's the brave Steward?

Sav. Here's your poor Friend, and *Savil*, Sir.

Capt. Away, th'rt rich in Ornaments of Nature. Firſt, in thy Face, thou haſt a ſerious Face, A betting, bargaining, and ſaving Face, A rich Face, pawn it to the Uſurer; A Face to kindle the Compaſſion Of the moſt ignorant and frozen Juſtice.

Sav. 'Tis ſuch, as I ſhall not dare to ſhew it ſhortly, Sir.

Cap. Be blithe and bonny, Steward. Maſter *Morecraft*, Drink to this Man of Reckoning.

Mor. Here's e'en to him.

Sav. The Devil guide it downward! 'Wou'd, there were in't an Acre of the great Broom-field he bought, to ſweep

(28) *but, as the Poet ſings, let your* Diſpleaſure *be a* ſhort Fury.] The Poet, alluded to here, is HORACE.

Ira furor brevis eſt: ——

your dirty Conſcience, or to choak ye, 'tis all one to me, Uſurer.

Yo. Love. Conſider what I told you, you are young,
Unapt for worldly Buſineſs: Is it fit
One of ſuch Tenderneſs, ſo delicate,
So contrary to Things of Care, ſhould ſtir
And break her better Meditations,
In the bare Brokage of a Brace of Angels?
Or a new Kirtel, though it be of Sattin?
Eat by the Hope of Surfeits, and lie down
Only in Expectation of a Morrow,
That may undo ſome eaſy-hearted Fool,
Or reach a Widow's Curſes? Let out Money,
Whoſe Uſe returns the Principal? and get,
Out of theſe Troubles, a conſuming Heir;
For ſuch a one muſt follow neceſſarily:
You ſhall die hated, if not old and miſerable;
And that poſſeſt Wealth, that you got with Pining,
Live to ſee tumbled to another's Hands,
That is no more a-kin to you, than you to his Cozenage!

Wid. Sir, you ſpeak well; 'wou'd God, that Charity had firſt begun here.

Yo. Love. 'Tis yet Time. Be merry; methinks, you want Wine there, there's more i' th' Houſe. Captain, where reſts the Health?

Capt. It ſhall go round, Boy?

Yo. Love. Say, you can ſuffer this, becauſe the End
Points at much Profit, can you ſo far bow
Below your Blood, below your too much Beauty,
To be a Partner of this Fellow's Bed,
And lie with his Diſeaſes? If you can,
I will not preſs you further: Yet look upon him:
There's nothing in that hide-bound Uſurer,
That Man of Mat, that all decay'd, but Aches,
For you to love, unleſs his periſh'd Lungs,
His dry Cough, or his Scurvy. This is Truth,
And ſo far I dare ſpeak yet: He has yet,
Paſt Cure of Phyſick, Spaw, or any Diet,
A primitive Pox in his Bones; and o' my Knowledge
He has been ten times rowell'd: Ye may love him;

He

He had a Baſtard, his own toward Iſſue,
Whip'd, and then crop'd for waſhing out the Roſes
In Three-farthings to make 'em Pence.

Wid. I do not like theſe Morals.

Yo. Love. You muſt not like him then.

Enter Elder Loveleſs.

El. Love. By your Leave, Gentlemen.

Yo. Love. By my Troth, Sir, you are welcome; welcome, faith: Lord, what a Stranger you are grown; pray, know this Gentleman, and, if you pleaſe, theſe Friends here: We are merry, you ſee the worſt on's; (29) your Houſe has been kept warm, Sir.

El. Love. I am glad to hear it, Brother; pray God, you are wiſe too!

Yo. Love. Pray, Mr. *Morecraft*, know my elder Brother; and, Captain, do your Compliment. *Savil*, I dare ſwear, is glad at Heart to ſee you; Lord, we heard, Sir, you were drown'd at Sea, and ſee how luckily Things come about!

Mor. This Money muſt be paid again, Sir.

Yo. Love. No, Sir, pray keep the Sale, 'twill make good Tailors' Meaſures; I am well, I thank you.

Wid. By my Troth, the Gentleman has ſtew'd him in his own Sawce, I ſhall love him for't.

Sav. I know not where I am, I am ſo glad:
Your Worſhip is the welcom'ſt Man alive;
Upon my Knees I bid you welcome home:
Here has been ſuch a Hurry, ſuch a Din,
Such diſmal Drinking, Swearing and Whoring, 't has almoſt made me mad: We have all liv'd in a continual

(29) *your Houſe has been kept* warm, *Sir.*
Eld. Love. *I'm glad to hear it, Brother; pray God, you are* wiſe *too?*] This would be a very odd Reply, did it not depend on a Proverbial Expreſſion, *If you are* wiſe, *keep yourſelf* warm. So in SHAKESPEARE's *Much Ado about Nothing*,

So that if he has Wit *enough to keep himſelf* warm, *&c.*

And, again, in his *Taming of the Shrew:*

Pet. *Am I not* wiſe?
Kath. *Yes; keep you* warm.

Turnbal-ſtreet; Sir, bleſt be Heav'n, that ſent you ſafe again; now ſhall I eat, and go to bed again.

El. Love. Brother, diſmiſs theſe People.

Yo. Love. Captain, be gone a while, meet me at my old Rendevouze in the Evening, take your ſmall Poet with you. Mr. *Morecraft*, you were beſt go prattle with your learned Counſel, I ſhall preſerve your Money; I was cozen'd when Time was, we are quit, Sir.

Wid. Better and better ſtill.

El Love. What is this Fellow, Brother?

Yo. Love. A thirſty Uſurer that ſup'd my Land off.

El. Love. What does he tarry for?

Yo. Love Sir, to be Landlord of your Houſe and State: I was bold to make a little Sale, Sir.

Mor. Am I over-reach'd? If there be Law, I'll hamper ye.

El. Love. Prithee, be gone, and rave at home, thou art
So baſe a Fool I cannot laugh at thee:
Sirrah, this comes of Coz'ning, home and ſpare,
Eat Raddiſh 'till you raiſe your Sums again.
If you ſtir far in this, I'll have you whip'd,
Your Ears nail'd for Intelligencing o' th' Pillory, and your Goods forfeit: You are a ſtale Cozener, leave my Houſe: No more.

Mor. A Pox upon your Houſe! Come, Widow, I ſhall yet hamper this young Gameſter.

Wid. Good twelve i' th' Hundred, keep your Way, I am not for your Diet; marry in your own Tribe, *Jew*, and get a Broker.

Yo. Love. 'Tis well ſaid, Widow: Will you jog on, Sir?

Mor. Yes, I will go, but 'tis no matter whither:
But when I truſt a wild Fool, and a Woman,
May I lend *gratis*, and build Hoſpitals! [*Exit.*

Yo. Love. Nay, good Sir, make all ev'n, here's a Widow wants your good Word for me, ſhe's rich, and may renew me and my Fortunes.

El. Love. I am glad you look before you. Gentlewoman, here is a poor diſtreſſed younger Brother.

Wid. You do him Wrong, Sir, he's a Knight.

El. Love.

El. Love. I ask you Mercy: yet 'tis no matter, his Knighthood is no Inheritance, I take it: Whatsoever he is, he is your Servant, or wou'd be, Lady. Faith, be not mercilefs, but make a Man; he's young and handsome, though he be my Brother, and his Obfervances may deferve your Love: He fhall not fail for Means.

Wid. Sir, you fpeak like a worthy Brother: And fo much do I credit your fair Language, that I fhall love your Brother: And fo love him, —— but I fhall blufh to fay more.

El. Love. Stop her Mouth. I hope you fhall not live to know that Hour, when this fhall be repented. Now, Brother, I fhou'd chide, but I'll give no Diftafte to your fair Miftrefs. I will inftruct her in't, and fhe fhall do't: You have been wild and ignorant, pray, mend it.

Yo. Love. Sir, every Day now Spring comes on.

El. Love. To you, good Mr. *Savil*, and your Office, Thus much I have to fay: You're from my Steward Become, firft, your own Drunkard, then his Bawd; They fay, you're excellent grown in both, and perfect: Give me your Keys, Sir *Savil.*

Sav. Good Sir, confider whom you left me to.

El. Love. I left you as a Curb for, not to provoke My Brother's Follies. Where's the beft Drink, now? Come, tell me, *Savil*; where's the foundeft Whores? Ye old He-goat, ye dried Ape, ye lame Stallion, (30) Muft you be leaping in my Houfe? Your Whores, Like

(30) *You muft be* leading *in my Houfe your Whores.*
Like Fairies dance, &c.] This Paffage has fuffer'd both by a falfe Pointing, and a flight Corruption in the Text. The Latter I have cured from the Authority of the oldeft *Quarto*; it wants no Confirmation, from the Words, *Goat* and *Stallion*, preceding; and the Expreffion is frequent in our Authors.
So, in *Philafter*;
I'd rather be Sir Tim *the Schoolmafter,*
And leap *a Dairy-Maid.*
And, again;
—— *I know her, and her Haunts,*
Her Lays, Leaps, *and Outlays*;
And, again;
He looks like an old furfeited Stallion after his Leaping;

And.

Like Fairies dance their Night-rounds, without Fear
Either of King or Conſtable, within my Walls?
Are all my Hangings ſafe; my Sheep unfold yet?
I hope, my Plate is currant; I ha' too much on't.
What ſay you to three hundred Pounds in Drink now?

Sav. Good Sir, forgive me, and but hear me ſpeak.

El. Love. Methinks, thou ſhould'ſt be drunk ſtill, and not ſpeak,
'Tis the more pardonable.

Sav. I will, Sir, if you will have it ſo.

El. Love. I thank ye: Yes, e'en purſue it, Sir: Do you hear?
Get you a Whore ſoon for your Recreation;
Go look out Captain *Broken-breech* your Fellow,
And Quarrel if you dare: I ſhall deliver
Theſe Keys to one ſhall have more Honeſty,
Though not ſo much fine Wit, Sir. You may walk
And gather *Creſſes*, fit to cool your Liver;
There's ſomething for you to begin a Diet,
You'll have the Pox elſe. Speed you well, Sir *Savil:*
You may eat at my Houſe to preſerve Life;
But keep no Fornications in the Stables.

[*Ex. omnes pr.* Savil.

Sav. Now muſt I hang myſelf, my Friends will look for't.
Eating and Sleeping, I do deſpiſe you both now:
I will run mad firſt, and, if that get not Pity,
I'll drown myſelf, to a moſt diſmal Ditty. [*Exit* Savil.

And in the *Cuſtom of the Country*;

——— *How big he bears!*
Sure, he will leap *before us all:*
&c. &c.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Abigail, *ſola.*

Abig. ALAS! poor Gentlewoman, to what a Miſery
Hath Age now brought thee: To what a ſcurvy Fortune?
Thou that haſt been Companion for Noblemen,
And at the worſt of Times for Gentlemen;
Now, like a broken Serving-man, muſt beg for
Favour to thoſe, that wou'd have crawl'd like Pilgrims
To my Chamber but for an Apparition of me.
You that be coming on, make much of Fifteen,
And ſo till Five-and-twenty: Uſe your Time
With Reverence, that your Profits may ariſe:
'Twill not tarry wi' you, *Ecce ſignum:* Here was a Face,
But Time, that, like a Surfeit, eats our Youth,
(Plague of his Iron Teeth, and draw 'em for't!)
Has been a little bolder here than welcome:
And now, to ſay the Truth, I am fit for no Man.
Old Men i'th' Houſe of Fifty, call me *Granum*;
And when they are drunk, e'en then, when *Joan* and my
Are all as one, not one will do me Reaſon. [Lady
My little Levite hath forſaken me,
His ſilver Sound of Cittern quite aboliſh'd,
His doleful *Hymns* under my Chamber-Window,
Digeſted into tedious Learning now:
Well, Fool, you leap'd a Haddock when you left him;
He's a clean Man, and a good Edifier,
And twenty Nobles is his State *de claro*,
Beſides his Pigs in *poſſe*. ———
To this good *Homiliſt* I have been ever ſtubborn,
Which God forgive me for, and mend my Manners:
(31) And, *Love*, if ever thou had'ſt Care of Forty,

(31) *And, Love, if ever thou had'ſt Care of Forty,*
Of ſuch a Piece of lape *Ground, hear my Pray'r.*] I believe, there is no ſuch Term in the *Engliſh* Tongue, as *lape* Ground. The Word muſt have been *Lay*, or *Ley*: i. e. *Terra inculta, Novale:* unplow'd, uncultivated, Land. Mr. *Sympſon.*

Of

Of ſuch a Piece of laye Ground, hear my Pray'r.
And fire his Zeal ſo far forth, that my Faults,
In this renew'd Impreſſion of my Love,
May ſhew corrected to our gentle Reader.

Enter Roger.

See, ſee, how negligently he paſſes by me;
With what an Equipage Canonical,
As tho' he had broken the Heart of *Bellarmine*,
Or added ſomething to the ſinging Brethren.
'Tis Scorn, I know it, and deſerve it. Mr. *Roger*——

Rog. Fair Gentlewoman, my Name is *Roger*.

Abig. Then, gentle *Roger*, ——

Roger. Ungentle *Abigail*, ——

Abig. Why, Mr. *Roger*, will you ſet your Wit
To a weak Woman's?

Rog. You are weak, indeed: For ſo the Poet ſings.

Abig. I do confeſs my Weakneſs, ſweet Sir *Roger*.

Rog. Good my Lady's Gentlewoman, or my good Lady's Gentlewoman
(This Trope is loſt to you now) leave your Prating.
You have a Seaſon of your firſt Mother in ye:
And, ſurely, had the Devil been in Love,
He had been abuſed too: Go, *Dalilah*,
You make Men Fools, and wear Fig-breeches.

Abig. Well, well,
Hard-hearted Man; dilate upon the weak
Infirmities of Women: Theſe are fit Texts,
But once there was a Time, ——
'Wou'd, I had never ſeen thoſe Eyes, thoſe Eyes,
Thoſe orient Eyes.

Rog. Ay, they were Pearls once with you.

Abig. Saving your Reverence, Sir, ſo they are ſtill.

Rog. Nay, nay, I do beſeech you, leave your Cogging,
What they are, they are, they ſerve me without Spectacles,
I thank 'em.

Abig. O, will you kill me?

Rog. I do not think, I can;
You're like a Copy-hold with nine Lives in't.

Abig.

Abig. You were wont to bear a Chriſtian Fear about you:
For your own Worſhip's ſake.

Rog. I was a Chriſtian Fool then:
Do you remember what a Dance you led me?
How I grew qualm'd in Love, and was a Dunce?
Cou'd expound but once a Quarter, and then was out too:
And then out of the ſtinking Stir you put me in,
I pray'd for my own royal Iſſue. You do
Remember all this?

Abig. O be, as then you were.

Rog. I thank you for it,
Surely, I will be wiſer, *Abigail:* and as the Ethnick Poet ſings,
(32) I will not loſe my Oil and Labour too.
You're for the Worſhipful, I take it, *Abigail.*

Abig. O take it ſo, and then I am for thee.

Rog. I like theſe Tears well, and this Humbling alſo, they are Symptoms of Contrition.
If I ſhould fall into my Fit again,
Wou'd you not ſhake me into a quotidian Coxcomb?
Wou'd you not uſe me ſcurvily again,
And give me Poſſets with purging Comfets in 'em? I tell thee, Gentlewoman, thou haſt been harder to me, than a long Chapter with a Pedigree.

Abig. O Curate, cure me: I will love thee better, dearer, longer:
I will do any thing, betray the Secrets
Of the main Houſhold to thy Reformation.
My Lady ſhall look lovingly on thy Learning,
And when true Time ſhall point thee for a Parſon,
I will convert thy Eggs to penny Cuſtards,
And thy tithe Gooſe ſhall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well ſhall teſtify
This faithful Kiſs; But have Care, Miſtreſs *Abigail,*
How you depreſs the Spirit any more
With your Rebukes and Mocks: for certainly
The Edge of ſuch a Folly cuts itſelf.

(32) *I will not loſe my* Oil *and* Labour *too.*] The Ethnick Poet, here alluded to, is PLAUTUS in his *Pœnulus,*

Tum pol Ego & Oleum & operam perdidi.

Abig.

Abig. O Sir, you have pierc'd me thorough. Here I vow a Recantation to thoſe malicious Faults I ever did againſt you. Never more
Will I deſpiſe your Learning, never more
Pin Cards and Cony-tails upon your Caſſock;
Never again reproach your reverend Night-cap,
And call it by the mangy Name of Murrion:
Never your reverend Perſon, more, and ſay,
You look like one of *Baal*'s Prieſts in a Hanging,
Never again, when you ſay Grace, laugh at you,
Nor put you out at Prayers: Never cramp you more
With the great Book of Martyrs; nor, when you ride,
Get Sope and Thiſtles for you. No, my *Roger*,
Theſe Faults ſhall be corrected and amended,
As by the Tenor of my Tears appears.

Rog. Now can't I hold, ſhould I be hang'd, I muſt Cry too. Come to thine own beloved, and do
Even what thou wilt with me, ſweet, ſweet *Abigail*.
I am thine own for ever: Here's my Hand,
When *Roger* proves a Recreant, hang him i'th' Bell-ropes.

Enter Lady, *and* Martha.

Lady. Why, how now, Maſter *Roger*, no Pray'rs down with you to Night? Did you hear the Bell ring? You are courting; your Flock ſhall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly ask your Pardon: I'll clap up Pray'rs, but ſtay a little, and be with you again. [*Exit* Roger.

Enter Elder Loveleſs.

Lady. How dare you, being ſo unworthy a Fellow Preſume to come to move me any more?

El. Love. Ha, ha, ha.

Lady. What ails the Fellow?

El. Love. The Fellow comes to laugh at you,
I tell you, Lady, I would not, for your Land,
Be ſuch a Coxcomb, ſuch a whining Aſs,
As you decreed me for when I was laſt here.

Lady. I joy to hear you are wiſe, 'tis a rare Jewel In an Elder Brother: Pray, be wiſer yet.

El. Love. Methinks, I am very wiſe: I do not come

A wooing. Indeed, I'll move no more Love to Your Ladyſhip.

Lady. What makes you here then?

El. Love. Only to ſee you and be merry, Lady: That's all my Buſineſs. 'Faith, let's be very merry. Where's little *Roger?* He is a good Fellow:
An Hour or two, well ſpent in wholeſome Mirth,
Is worth a thouſand of theſe puling Paſſions.
'Tis an ill World for Lovers.

Lady. They were never fewer.

El. Love. I thank God, there is one the leſs for me, Lady.

Lady. You were never any, Sir.

El. Love. Till now, and now
I am the prettieſt Fellow.

Lady. You talk like a Tailor, Sir.

El. Love. Methinks, your Faces are no ſuch fine Things now.

Lady. Why did you tell me you were wife? Lord! what A lying Age is this; where will you mend theſe Faces?

El. Love. A Hog's Face, ſouſt, is worth a Hundred of 'em.

Lady. Sure, you had a Sow to your Mother.

El. Love. She brought ſuch fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Parſons, Lady.

Lady. 'Tis well you will allow us our Clergy yet.

El. Love. That ſhall not ſave you. O that I were in Love again with a Wiſh!

Lady. By this Light, you are
A ſcurvy Fellow; pray, be gone. *El. Love.* You know, I am a clean-skin'd Man. *Lady.* Do I know it?

El. Love. Come, come, you wou'd know it; that's as good: But not a Snap, never long for't, not a Snap, dear Lady.

Lady. Hark ye, Sir, hark ye, get ye to the Suburbs, There's Horſe-Fleſh for ſuch Hounds: Will you go, Sir?

El. Love. Lord! how I lov'd this Woman, how I worſhip'd
This pretty Calf with a white Face here! As I live,
You were the prettieſt Fool to play withal,

The

The wittieſt little Varlet, it would talk:
Lord, how it talk'd! And when I angred it,
It would cry out, and ſcratch, and eat no Meat,
And it would ſay, Go hang.

Lady. It will ſay ſo ſtill, if you anger it.

El. Love. And when I ask'd it, if it would be married,
It ſent me of an Errand into *France*,
And would abuſe me, and be glad it did ſo.

Lady. Sir, this is moſt unmanly; pray, be gone.

El. Love. And ſwear (even when it twitter'd to be at me)
I was unhandſome. *Lady.* Have you no Manners in you?

El. Love. And ſay my Back was melted, when God he knows,
I kept it at a Charge: Four *Flanders* Mares
Would have been eaſier to me, and a Fencer.

Lady. You think all this is true now?

El. Love. Faith, whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you.
But ſo much for our Mirth: Now have at you in Earneſt.

Lady. There is enough Sir, I deſire no more.

El. Love. Yes, Faith, we'll have a Caſt at your beſt Parts now; And then the Devil take the worſt!

Lady. Pray, Sir, no more, I am not ſo much affected with your Commendations, 'tis almoſt Dinner, I know they ſtay for you at the Ordinary.

El. Love, E'en a ſhort Grace, and then I am gone. You are a Woman, and the proudeſt that ever lov'd a Coach: The ſcornfulleſt, ſcurvieſt, and moſt ſenſeleſs Woman;
The greedieſt to be prais'd, and never mov'd
Though it be groſs and open; the moſt envious,
That at the poor Fame of another's Face,
Would eat your own, and more than is your own,
The Paint belonging to it: Of ſuch a Self-opinion, that you think none can deſerve your Glove: And, for your Malice, you're ſo excellent, you might have been your Tempter's-tutor: Nay, never cry.

Lady, Your own Heart knows you wrong me: I cry for ye?

El. Love. You ſhall before I leave you.

Lady.

Lady. Is all this ſpoke in Earneſt?
El. Love. Yes, and more, as ſoon as I can get it out.
Lady. Well, out with't.
El. Love. You are; let me ſee———
Lady. One that has us'd you with too much Reſpect.
El. Love. One that hath us'd me, ſince you will have it ſo,
The baſeſt, the moſt Foot-boy-like, without Reſpect of what I was, or what you might be by me; you have uſed me, as I would uſe a Jade,
Rid him off's Legs, then turn him to the Commons;
You have us'd me with Diſcretion, and I thank ye,
If you have many more ſuch pretty Servants,
Pray, build an Hoſpital, and, when they are old,
Keep 'em for Shame.
Lady. I cannot think yet this is ſerious.
El. Love. Will you have more on't?
Lady. No, Faith, there's enough,
If it be true: Too much, by all my Part;
You are no Lover then?
El. Love. No, I had rather be a Carrier.
Lady. Why, the Gods mend all!
El. Love. Neither do I think
There can be ſuch a Fellow found i'th' World,
To be in Love with ſuch a froward Woman;
If there be ſuch, they're mad; *Jove* comfort 'em!
Now you have all, and I as new a Man,
As light, and ſpirited, that I feel myſelf
Clean through another Creature. O 'tis brave
To be one's own Man, I can ſee you now
As I would ſee a Picture, ſit all Day by you,
And never kiſs your Hand: Then hear you ſing,
And never fall backward; but with as ſet a Temper,
As I would hear a Fidler, riſe and thank you.
I can now keep my Money in my Purſe,
That ſtill was gadding out for Scarfes and Waſtcoats:
And keep my Hand from Mercer's Sheep-skins finely.
I can eat Mutton now, and feaſt myſelf
With my two Shillings, and can ſee a Play
For Eighteen Pence again: I can, my Lady, I can.

Lady. The Carriage of this Fellow vexes me. Sir,
Pray, let me ſpeak a little private with you,——
I muſt not ſuffer this.
El. Love. Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me?
You will not raviſh me? Now, your ſet Speech?
Lady. Thou perjur'd Man——
El. Love. Ha, ha, ha, this is a fine *exordium.*
And why, I pray you, perjur'd?
Lady. Did you not ſwear
A thouſand thouſand times, you lov'd me beſt
Of all Things?
El. Love. I do confeſs it: Make your beſt of that.
Lady. Why do you ſay, you do not then?
El. Love. Nay, I'll ſwear it.
And give ſufficient Reaſon, your own Uſage.
Lady. Do you not love me then?
El. Love. No, faith.
Lady. Did you ever think, I lov'd you dearly?
El. Love. Yes, but I ſee but rotten Fruits on't.
Lady. Do not deny your Hand for I muſt kiſs it,
And take my laſt Farewell; now let me die,
So you be happy.
El. Love. I am too fooliſh: Lady, ſpeak, dear Lady.
Lady. No, let me die. [*She Swoons.*
Mar. Oh my Siſter!
Abig. O my Lady! help, help,
Mar. Run for ſome *Roſa Solis!* [Lady,
El. Love. I have plaid the fine Aſs: Bend her Body.
Beſt, deareſt, worthieſt Lady, hear your Servant,
I am not as I ſhew'd: O wretched Fool,
To fling away the Jewel of thy Life thus.
Give her more Air; ſee, ſhe begins to ſtir,
Sweet Miſtreſs, hear me. *Lady.* Is my Servant well?
El. Love. In being yours I am ſo.
Lady. Then I care not.
El. Love. How do ye, reach a Chair there; I confeſs
My Fault not pardonable, in purſuing thus
Upon ſuch Tenderneſs my willfull Error;
But had I known it wou'd have wrought thus with ye,
Thus ſtrangely, not the World had won me to it;

And

And let not, my beſt Lady, any Word
Spoke to my End diſturb your quiet Peace;
For ſooner ſhall you know a general Ruin,
Than my Faith broken. Do not doubt this, Miſtreſs,
For by my Life, I cannot live without you.
Come, come, you ſhall not grieve, rather be angry,
And heap Affliction on me: I will ſuffer.
O, I could curſe myſelf; pray, ſmile upon me.
Upon my Faith, 'twas but a Trick to try you,
Knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet ſtrangely
That you would never ſhew it, though my Means
Was all Humanity.

All. Ha, ha. *El. Love.* How now?

Lady. I thank you, fine Fool, for your moſt fine Plot;
This was a ſubtle one, a ſtiff Device
To have caught Dottrels with. Good ſenſeleſs Sir,
Could you imagine I ſhould ſwoon for you,
And know yourſelf to be an arrant Aſs?
Ay, a diſcover'd one. 'Tis quit, I thank you, Sir,
Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heed, Sir, ſhe may chance to ſwoon again.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Abig. Step to her, Sir, ſee, how ſhe changes Colour.

El. Love. I'll go to Hell firſt, and be better welcome.
(33) I am fool'd, I do confeſs it, finely fool'd,
Lady-fool'd, Madam; and I thank you for it.

Lady. Faith, 'tis not ſo much worth, Sir:
But if I knew when you come next a Birding,
I'll have a ſtronger Nooſe to hold the Woodcock.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

El. Love. I am glad to ſee you merry: Pray, laugh on.

Mar. H'ad a hard Heart, that could not laugh at you, Sir; ha, ha, ha.

Lady. Pray, Siſter, do not laugh, you'll anger him,
And then he'll rail like a rude Coſtermonger,

(33) *I am fool'd, I do confeſs it, finely fool'd,*
Lady, *fool'd,* Madam,] What, call her Lady and Madam too, within the Compaſs of three Words? *Loveleſs* would ſay, he was grown a Woman's Fool, *Lady-fool'd*; as Mr. *Sympſon* ſaw with me the Text ought to be reſtor'd.

That School-boys had couzened of his Apples,
As loud and ſenſeleſs.

El. Love. I will not rail.

Mar. Faith, then let's hear him, Siſter.

El. Love. Yes, you ſhall hear me.

Lady. Shall we be the better by it then? [Words,

El. Love. No, he that makes a Woman better by his
I'll have him Sainted: Blows will not do it.

Lady. By this Light, he'll beat us.

El. Love. You do deſerve it richly,
And may live to have a Beadle do it.

Lady. Now he rails.

El. Love. Come, ſcornfull Folly,
If this be railing, you ſhall hear me rail.

Lady. Pray, put it in good Words then.

El. Love. The worſt are good enough for ſuch a Trifle,
Such a proud Piece of Cobweb-lawn.

Lady. You bite, Sir.

El. Love. I wou'd till the Bones crack'd, an I had my Will.

Mar. We had beſt muzzle him, he grows mad.

El. Love. I wou'd 'twere lawful in the next great Sickneſs to have the Dogs ſpar'd, thoſe harmleſs Creatures, and knock i'th' Head thoſe hot continual Plagues, Women, that are more infectious. I hope, the State will think on't.

Lady. Are you well, Sir?

Mar. He looks as though he had a grievous Fit o'th' Cholick.

El. Love. Green-ginger will cure me.

Abig. I'll heat a Trencher for him.

El. Love. Dirty *December*, do,
Thou with a Face as old as *Erra Pater*,
Such a Prognoſticating Noſe: Thou Thing,
That ten Years ſince has left to be a Woman,
Out-worn the Expectation of a Bawd;
(34) And thy dry Bones can reach at nothing now,
But

(34) *And thy dry Bones can reach at nothing now,*
But Words, or Nine pins;] There is no ſuch Word, that I know

But Coggs or Ninepins; pray, go fetch a Trencher, go.

Lady. Let him alone, he's crack'd.

Abig. I'll ſee him hang'd firſt, he's a beaſtly Fellow
To uſe a Woman of my Breeding thus;
Ay, marry is he: Wou'd I were a Man,
I'd make him eat his Knaves' Words.

El. Love. Tie your ſhe Otter up, good Lady Folly,
She ſtinks worſe than a Bear-baiting.

Lady. Why will you be angry now?

El. Love. Go paint, and purge,
Call in your Kennel with you: You a Lady?

Abig. Sirrah, look to't againſt the Quarter-Seſſions,
If there be a good Behaviour in the World,
I'll have thee bound to it.

El. Love. You muſt not ſeek it in your Lady's Houſe then;
Pray, ſend this Ferret home; and ſpin, good *Abigail.*
And, Madam, that your Ladyſhip may know,
In what baſe manner you have us'd my Service,
I do from this Hour hate ye heartily;
And though your Folly ſhould whip you to Repentance,
And waken you at length to ſee my Wrongs,
'Tis not the Endeavour of your Life ſhall win me;
Not all the Friends you have, nor Interceſſion,
Nor your ſubmiſſive Letters, though they ſpoke
As many Tears as Words; not your Knees grown
To th' Ground in Penitence, nor all your State,
To kiſs you; nor my Pardon, nor my Will
To give you Chriſtian Burial, if you die thus;
So, farewel.— When I am married and made ſure, I'll come
And viſit you again, and vex you, Lady.
By all my Hopes, I'll be a Torment to you,
Worſe than a tedious Winter. I know you will,
Recant and ſue to me, but ſave that Labour:
I'll rather love a Fever and continual Thirſt,

know of, as *Gords*. Our Poets muſt certainly have wrote *Coggs*; *i. e.* hard, dry, tough Pieces of Wood, which are call'd the Teeth of a Mill-Wheel. Mr. *Sympſon.*

(35) Rather contract my Youth to drink and ſwagger,
Doat upon Quarrels, or take a drawn Whore from
An Hoſpital, that Time, Diſeaſes, and
Mercury had eaten, than to be drawn to love you.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha, pray do, but take Heed though.

El. Love. From thee, falſe Dice, Jades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers,
Good Lord deliver me! [*Exit* Elder Loveleſs.

Lady. But hark you, Servant, hark ye: Is he gone? Call him again.

Abig. Hang him, Paddock.

Lady. Art thou here ſtill? Fly, fly, and call my Servant; fly, or never ſee me more.

Abig. I had rather knit again than ſee that Raſcal, but I muſt do it. [*Exit* Abigail.

Lady. I would be loth to anger him too much;
What a fine Foolery is this in a Woman,
To uſe thoſe Men moſt frowardly they love moſt?
If I ſhould loſe him thus, I were rightly ſerv'd.
I hope, he's not ſo much himſelf, to take it
To th' Heart: How now? Will he come back?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Never, he ſwears, while he can hear Men ſay there's any Woman living: He ſwore he would ha' me firſt.

Lady. Didſt thou intreat him, Wench?

Abig. As well as I cou'd, Madam.
But this is ſtill your way, to love being abſent,
And when he's with you, laugh at him and abuſe him.
There is another way, if you could hit on't.

(35) *Rather contract my Youth to drink and* ſacerdote
Upon Quarrels,] The Metre here is quite diſconcerted; and, beſides, this ſeeming prieſtly Word *ſacerdote*, I am afraid, is not to be found in any of our Dictionaries. I doubt not but our Poets wrote;

Rather contract my Youth to drink, and ſwagger,
Doat *upon Quarrels,* ———

So, again, in the *Mad Lover*;

——— ——— *To fight and* ſwagger,
Beaten about the Ears, &c. Mr. *Sympſon.*

Lady.

Lady. Thou ſay'ſt true, get me Paper, Pen and Ink,
I'll write to him; I'd be loth, he ſhould ſleep in's Anger.
Women are moſt Fools when they think they're wiſeſt.
[*Exeunt.*

Muſick. Enter Young Loveleſs, *and* Widow; *with them his Comrades.*

Wid. Pray, Sir, caſt off theſe Fellows, as unfitting
For your bare Knowledge, and far more your Company:
Is't fit ſuch Ragamuffins as theſe are,
Should bear the Name of Friends, and furniſh out
A civil Houſe? You're to be married now, and Men, that love you,
Muſt expect a Courſe far from your old Career:
If you will keep 'em, turn 'em to th' Stable, and
There make 'em Grooms: And yet now I conſider it,
Such Beggars once ſet o' Horſe-back, you have heard,
Will ride, how far you had beſt to look.

Capt. Hear you, you
That muſt be Lady, pray content yourſelf
And think upon your Carriage ſoon at Night,
What Dreſſing will beſt take your Knight, what Waſtcoat,
What Cordial will do well i'th' Morning for him,
What Triers have you?

Wid. What do you mean, Sir?

Capt. Thoſe that muſt ſwitch him up: If he ſtart well,
Fear not, but cry, Saint *George*, and bear him hard:
When you perceive his Wind grows hot and wanting,
Let him a little down, he's fleet, ne'er doubt him,
And ſtands ſound.

Wid. Sir, you hear theſe Fellows?

Yo. Love. Merry Companions, Wench, merry Companions.

Wid. To one another let 'em be Companions,
But, good Sir, not to you: You ſhall be civil,
And ſlip off theſe baſe Trappings.

Capt. He ſhall not need, my moſt ſweet Lady Grocer; if he be civil, not your powder'd Sugar, nor your Raiſins ſhall perſuade the Captain to live a Coxcomb with him; let him be civil and eat i'th' *Arches*, and ſee what will come on't.

Poet. Let him be civil, do: Undo him; ay, that's the next way. I will not take, if he be civil once, two hundred Pounds a Year to live with him: Be civil? There's a trim Perſuaſion.

Capt. If thou be'ſt civil, Knight; as *Jove* defend it!
Get thee another Noſe, that will be pull'd
Off by the angry Boys for thy Converſion:
The Children thou ſhalt get on this Civilian
Cannot inherit by the Law, they're *Ethnicks*,
And all thy Sport meer moral Leachery:
When they are grown, having but little in 'em,
They may prove Haberdaſhers, or groſs Grocers,
Like their dear Dam there: Prithee be civil, Knight,
In time thou may'ſt read to thy Houſehold, and be drunk
once a Year: This would ſhew finely.

Yo. Love. I wonder, Sweetheart, you will offer this,
You do not underſtand theſe Gentlemen:
I will be ſhort and pithy: I had rather
Caſt you off by the way of Charge: Theſe are Creatures,
That nothing goes to the Maintenance of
But Corn and Water. I will keep theſe Fellows
Juſt in the Competency of two Hens.

Wid. If you can caſt it ſo, Sir, you have my Liking:
If they eat leſs, I ſhould not be offended:
But how theſe, Sir, can live upon ſo little
As Corn and Water, I am unbelieving.

Yo. Love. Why, prithee, Sweetheart, what's your Ale? Is not
That Corn and Water, my ſweet Widow? *Wid.* Ay,
But my ſweet Knight, where is the Meat to this,
And Cloaths that they muſt look for?

Yo. Love. In this ſhort Sentence Ale, is all included:
Meat, Drink, and Cloth: Theſe are no ravening Foot-[men,
No Fellows, that at Ordinaries dare
Eat their eighteen Pence thrice out before they riſe,
And yet go hungry to a Play, and crack
More Nuts than would ſuffice a dozen Squirrels;
Beſides the Din, which is moſt damnable:
I had rather rail, and be confin'd to a Boat-maker,
Than live among ſuch Raſcals; theſe are People

Of

Of ſuch a clean Diſcretion in their Diet,
Of ſuch a moderate Suſtenance, that they ſweat
If they but ſmell hot Meat. Porridge is Poiſon,
They hate a Kitchen as they hate a Counter,
And, ſhew 'em but a Feather-bed, they ſwoon.
Ale is their eating, and their drinking, ſurely,
Which keeps their Bodies clear, and ſoluble.
Bread is a binder, and for that aboliſh'd
Even in their Ale, whoſe loſt Room fills an Apple,
Which is more airy and of ſubtler Nature.
The Reſt they take is little, and that little
Is little eaſy: For, like ſtrict Men of Order,
They do correct their Bodies with a Bench,
Or a poor ſtubborn Table; if a Chimney
Offer itſelf with ſome few broken Ruſhes,
They are in Down: When they are ſick, that's drunk,
They may have freſh Straw, elſe they do deſpiſe
Theſe worldly Pamperings. For their poor Apparel,
'Tis worn out to the Diet; new they ſeek none;
And if a Man ſhould offer, they are angry,
Scarce to be reconcil'd again with him:
You ſhall not hear 'em ask one a caſt Doublet
Once in a Year, which is a Modeſty
Befitting my poor Friends: You ſee their Wardrobe,
Though ſlender, competent: For Shirts, I take it,
They are Things worn out of their Remembrance.
Louſy they will be when they liſt, and mangy,
Which ſhows a fine Variety: And then to cure 'em,
A Tanner's Limepit, which is little Charge,
Two Dogs, and theſe too, may be cur'd for three Pence.

Wid. You have half perſuaded me; pray, uſe your Pleaſure:
And, my good Friends, ſince I do know your Diet,
I'll take an Order, Meat ſhall not offend you,
(36) You ſhall have Ale.

(36) ——— *You ſhall have Ale.*

We ask no more, let it be, mighty *Lady.*] Let it be, what? and why, mighty Lady? The falſe Collocation of a poor *Comma* has begot this Nonſenſe. The Captain would ſay, If we ſhall have Ale, let it be mighty, Lady; ſtrong, ſtinging Beer.

Capt.

Capt. We ask no more, let it be mighty, Lady:
And if we periſh, then our own Sins on us.

Yo. Love. Come forward, Gentlemen; to Church, my Boys; when we have done, I'll give you Cheer in Bowls.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Elder Loveleſs.

El. Love. THis ſenſeleſs Woman vexes me to th' Heart,
She will not from my Memory; 'wou'd, ſhe were
A Man for one two Hours, that I might beat her:
If I had been unhandſome, old or jealous,
'T had been an even Lay ſhe might have ſcorn'd me;
But to be young, and, by this Light, I think
As proper as the proudeſt; made as clean,
As ſtraight, and ſtrong-back'd; Means and Manners equal
With the beſt Cloth of Silver *Sir* i'th' Kingdom:
But theſe are Things, at ſome time of the Moon,
Below the Cut of Canvas: Sure, ſhe has
Some meeching Raſcal in her Houſe, ſome Hind,
That ſhe hath ſeen bear, like another *Milo*,
Quarters of Malt upon his Back, and ſing with't;
Threſh all Day, and i'th' Evening, in his Stockings,
Strike up a Hornpipe, and there ſtink two Hours,
And ne'er a whit the worſe Man; theſe are they,
Theſe Steel-chin'd Raſcals, that undo us all.
'Wou'd, I had been a Carter, or a Coachman,
I had done the Deed e'er this Time.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentleman without would ſpeak with you.

El. Love. Bid him come in.

Enter Welford.

Wel. By your Leave, Sir.

El. Love.

El. Love. You are welcome: What's your Will, Sir?

Wel. Have you forgotten me?

El. Love. I do not much remember you.

Wel. You muſt, Sir. I am that Gentleman you pleas'd to wrong,
In your Diſguiſe, I have inquir'd you out.

El. Love. I was diſguis'd, indeed, Sir, if I wrong'd you; pray, where and when?

Wel. In ſuch a Lady's Houſe,
I need not name her. *El. Love.* I do remember you,
You ſeem'd to be a Suitor to that Lady?

Wel, If you remember this, do not forget
How ſcurvily you uſed me: That was
No Place to quarrel in, pray you, think of it;
If you be honeſt you dare fight with me,
Without more urging, elſe I muſt provoke ye.

El. Love. Sir, I dare fight, but never for a Woman,
I will not have her in my Cauſe, ſhe's mortal,
And ſo is not my Anger: If you have brought
A nobler Subject for our Swords, I am for you;
In this I would be loth to prick my Finger.
And, where, you ſay, I wrong'd you, 'tis ſo far
From my Profeſſion, that amongſt my Fears,
To do Wrong is the greateſt: Credit me,
We have been both abus'd, (not by ourſelves,
For that I hold a Spleen no Sin of Malice,
And may with Man enough be beſt forgotten,)
But by that wilful, ſcornfull Piece of Hatred,
That much forgetfull Lady: For whoſe ſake,
If we ſhould leave our Reaſon, and run on
Upon our Senſe, like Rams, the little World
Of good Men would laugh at us, and deſpiſe us,
Fixing upon our deſperate Memories
The never worn-out Names of Fools and Fencers.
Sir, 'tis not Fear, but Reaſon, makes me tell you;
In This I had rather help you, Sir, than hurt you,
And you ſhall find it, though you throw yourſelf
Into as many Dangers as ſhe offers,
Though you redeem her loſt Name every Day,
And find her out new Honours with your Sword,

You

You ſhall but be her Mirth, as I have been.

Wel. I ask you Mercy, Sir, you have ta'en my Edge off:
Yet I would fain be even with this Lady.

El. Love. In which I'll be your Helper: We are two,
And they are two: Two Siſters, rich alike,
Only the Elder has the prouder Dowry:
In Troth, I pity this Diſgrace in you,
Yet of mine own I am ſenſeleſs: Do but follow
My Counſel, and I'll pawn my Spirit, we'll
Over-reach 'em yet; the Means is this ——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman will needs ſpeak with you,
I cannot keep her out, ſhe's entred, Sir.

El. Love. It is the Waiting-woman, pray be not ſeen:
Sirrah, hold her in Diſcourſe a while: Hark in your Ear,
Go and diſpatch it quickly, when I come in,
I'll tell you all the Project.

Wel. I care not which I have. [*Exit* Wel.

El. Love. Away, 'tis done, ſhe muſt not ſee you:
Lady *Guiniver*, what News with you? [Now,

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Pray, leave theſe Frumps, Sir, and receive this Letter.

El. Love. From whom, good Vanity?

Abig. 'Tis from my Lady, Sir: Alas, good Soul, ſhe cries and takes on!

El. Love. Does ſhe ſo, good Soul? wou'd ſhe not have a Cawdle? Does ſhe ſend you with your fine Oratory, Goody *Tully*, to tie me to believe again? Bring out the Cat-hounds, I'll make you take a Tree, Whore, (37) then with my Tiller bring down your *Gibſhip*, and then have you cas'd, and hung up i'th' Warren.

Abig. I am no Beaſt, Sir, would you knew it.

(37) *then with my* Tiller *bring down your* Gibſhip, *and then have you caſt*, &c.] I have already explain'd the Word *Tiller* in the 22d Note upon *Philaſter*: *Caſt*, Mr. *Sympſon* has ingeniouſly reform'd to *Caſed*; i. e. *ſtrip'd*, and hung up.

El. Love.

El. Love. 'Wou'd, I did, for I am yet very doubtfull; what will you ſay now?

Abig. Nothing, not I.

El. Love. Art thou a Woman, and ſay nothing?

Abig. Unleſs you'll hear me with more Moderation, I can ſpeak wiſe enough.

El. Love. And loud enough? Will your Lady love me?

Abig. It ſeems ſo by her Letter, and her Lamentations; but you are ſuch another Man.

El. Love. Not ſuch another as I was, Mumps; nor will not be: I'll read her fine Epiſtle: Ha, ha, ha, is not thy Miſtreſs mad?

Abig. For you ſhe will be, 'tis a Shame you ſhou'd
Uſe a poor Gentlewoman ſo untowardly;
She loves the Ground you tread on; and you, hard Heart,
Becauſe ſhe jeaſted with you, mean to kill her;
'Tis a fine Conqueſt, as they ſay.

El. Love. Haſt thou ſo much Moiſture
In thy Whit-leather Hide yet, that thou canſt cry?
I wou'd have ſworn thou hadſt been Touchwood five Year ſince;
Nay, let it rain, thy Face chops for a Shower
Like a dry Dunghil.

Abig. I'll not endure this Ribauldry;
Farewel, i'th' Devil's Name; if my Lady die,
I'll be ſworn before a Jury, thou art the Cauſe on't.

El. Love. Do, Maukin, do,
Deliver to your Lady from me this:
I mean to ſee her, if I have no other Buſineſs:
Which before I will want to come to her,
I mean to go ſeek Birds' Neſts: Yet I may come too:
But if I come, from this Door 'till I ſee her, will I think
How to rail vilely at her; how to vex her,
And make her cry ſo much, (38) that the Phyſician,

(38) *that the Phyſician, if ſhe fall ſick upon't ſhall find the* Cauſe *to be* Want *of* Urine.] This is not altogether bad Senſe; but it is not quite perſpicuous. I have choſe to adopt the Reading of the elder *Quarto*, as I think it the cleareſt; and as Phyſicians are uſed to trace the Cauſe and Symptoms of Maladies by the Inſpection of the Urine.

If

If ſhe fall ſick upon it, ſhall want Urine
To find the Cauſe by, and ſhe remedileſs
Die in her Hereſy. Farewel, old Adage,
I hope to ſee the Boys make Potguns of thee.

Abig. Thou'rt a vile Man; God bleſs my Iſſue from thee.

El. Love. Thou haſt but one, and that's in thy left Crupper,
That makes thee hobble ſo; you muſt be ground
I'th' Breech like a Top, you'll ne'er ſpin well elſe:
Farewel, Fytchock. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady *alone.*

Lady. Is it not ſtrange that every Woman's Will
Shou'd track out new Ways to diſturb herſelf?
If I ſhould call my Reaſon to Account,
It cannot anſwer why I keep myſelf
From mine own Wiſh, and ſtop the Man I love
From his; and every Hour repent again,
Yet ſtill go on: I know 'tis like a Man
That wants his natural Sleep, and growing dull
Would gladly give the Remnant of his Life
For two Hours Reſt; yet through his Frowardneſs,
Will rather chuſe to watch another Man,
Drowſy as he, then take his own Repoſe.
All this I know: Yet a ſtrange Peeviſhneſs
And Anger, not to have the Power to do
Things unexpected, carries me away
To mine own Ruin: I had rather die
Sometimes, than not diſgrace in publick him
Whom People think I love, and do't with Oaths,
And am in Earneſt then: O what are we!
Men, you muſt anſwer this, that dare obey
Such Things as we command. How now? What News?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Faith, Madam, none worth Hearing.

Lady. Is he not come?

Abig. No, truly.

Lady. Nor has he writ?

Abig. Neither. I pray God you have not undone yourſelf.

Abig.

Lady. Why, but what ſays he?

Abig. Faith, he talks ſtrangely.

Lady. How ſtrangely?

Abig. Firſt, at your Letter he laugh'd extremely.

Lady. What, in Contempt?

Abig. He laugh'd monſtrous loud, as he would die, and when you wrote it, I think, you were in no ſuch merry Mood, to provoke him that way: And having done, he cried, Alas for her, and violently laugh'd again.

Lady. Did he?

Abig. Yes; till I was angry.

Lady. Angry, why?

Why wert thou angry? He did do but well,
I did deſerve it; he had been a Fool,
An unfit Man for any one to love,
Had he not laugh'd thus at me: You were angry,
That ſhow'd your Folly; I ſhall love him more
For that, than all that e'er he did before:
But ſaid he nothing elſe?

Abig. Many uncertain Things: He ſaid, though you had mock'd him,
Becauſe you were a Woman, he cou'd wiſh
To do you ſo much Favour as to ſee you:
Yet he ſaid, he knew you raſh, and was loth to offend you with the Sight of One, whom now he was bound not to leave.

Lady. What One was that?

Abig. I know not, but truly I do fear there is a making up there: For I heard the Servants, as I paſt by ſome, whiſper ſuch a thing: And as I came back thro' the Hall, there were two or three Clerks writing great Conveyances in haſte, which they ſaid were for their Miſtreſs's Jointure.

Lady. 'Tis very like, and fit it ſhould be ſo,
For he does think, and reaſonably think,
That I ſhou'd keep him with my idle Tricks
For ever e'er he be married. *Abig.* At laſt he ſaid,
It ſhould go hard but he would ſee you for
Your Satisfaction.

Lady. All we, that are call'd Women, know as well

As

As Men, it were a far more noble Thing
To grace where we are grac'd, and give Reſpect
There where we are reſpected: Yet we practiſe
A wilder Courſe, and never bend our Eyes
On Men with Pleaſure, till they find the Way
To give us a Neglect: Then we, too late,
Perceive the Loſs of what we might have had,
And doat to Death.

Enter Martha.

Mar. Siſter, yonder's your Servant, with a Gentlewoman with him.

Lady. Where?

Mar. Cloſe at the Door.

Lady. Alas, I am undone; I fear, he is betroth'd; What kind of Woman is ſhe?

Mar. A moſt ill-favoured one, with her Mask on: And how her Face ſhould mend the reſt, I know not.

Lady. But yet her Mind was of a milder Stuff Than mine was.

Enter Elder Loveleſs, *and* Welford *in Women's Apparel.*

Now I ſee him, if my Heart
Swell not again (away, thou Woman's Pride)
So that I cannot ſpeak a gentle Word to him,
Let me not live.

El. Love. By your Leave here.

Lady. How now, what new Trick invites you hither? Ha' you a fine Device again?

El. Love. Faith, this is the fineſt Device I have now: How doſt thou, ſweet Heart?

Wel. Why, very well, ſo long as I may pleaſe You my dear Lover. I nor can, nor will
Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

El. Love. O thy ſweet Temper! What would I have That Lady had been like thee! See'ſt thou her? [giv'n,
That Face, my Love, join'd with thy humble Mind, Had made a Wench indeed. *Wel.* Alas, my Love, What God hath done, I dare not think to mend.

I uſe

I uſe no Paint, nor any Drugs of Art,
My Hands and Face will ſhew it.
Lady. Why, what Thing
Have you brought to ſhew us there?
Do you take Money for it? *El. Love.* A Godlike Thing,
Not to be bought for Money: 'tis my Miſtreſs:
In whom there is no Paſſion, nor no Scorn:
What I will is her Law; pray you, ſalute her.
Lady. Salute her? By this good Light, I would not kiſs her for half my Wealth.
El. Love. Why? Why pray you?
You ſhall ſee me do't afore you; look you.
Lady. Now fie upon thee, a Beaſt would not have don't.
I would not kiſs thee of a Month to gain a Kingdom.
El. Love. Marry, you ſhall not be troubled.
Lady. Why, was there ever ſuch a *Meg* as this?
Sure, thou art mad.
El. Love. I was mad once, when I lov'd Pictures; for what are Shape and Colours elſe, but Pictures? In that tawny Hide there lies an endleſs Maſs of Virtues, when all your red and white ones want it.
Lady. And this is ſhe you are to marry, is't not?
El. Love. Yes, indeed, is't.
Lady. God give you Joy.
El. Love. Amen.
Wel. I thank you, as unknown, for your good Wiſh.
The like to you whenever you ſhall wed.
El. Love. O gentle Spirit!
Lady. You thank me? I pray,
Keep your Breath nearer you, I do not like it.
Wel. I would not willingly offend at all,
Much leſs a Lady of your worthy Parts.
El. Love. Sweet, ſweet!
Lady. I do not think this Woman can by Nature
Be thus, thus ugly; ſure, ſhe's ſome common Strumpet,
Deform'd with Exerciſe of Sin: *Wel.* O, Sir,
Believe not this; for Heav'n ſo comfort me,
As I am free from foul Pollution
With any Man; my Honour ta'en away,
I am no Woman. *El. Love.* Ariſe, my deareſt Soul;

I do not credit it. Alas, I fear,
Her tender Heart will break with this Reproach;
Fie, that you know no more Civility
To a weak Virgin. 'Tis no matter, Sweet;
Let her say what she will, thou art not worse
To me, and therefore not at all; be careless.

Wel. For all things else I would, but for mine Honour;
Methinks.—*El. Love.* Alas, thine Honour is not stain'd,
Is this the Business that you sent for me
About? *Mar.* Faith, Sister, you are much to blame,
To use a Woman, whatsoe'er she be,
Thus; I'll salute her: You are welcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thank you.

El. Love. Mild yet as the Dove,
For all these Injuries. Come, shall we go,
I love thee not so ill to keep thee here
A jesting Stock. Adieu, to the World's End.

Lady. Why, whither now?

El. Love. Nay, you shall never know,
Because you shall not find me. *Lady.* I pray, let
Me speak with you.

El. Love. 'Tis very well: Come.

Lady. I pray you, let me speak with you.

El. Love. Yes, for another Mock.

Lady. By Heav'n, I have no Mocks: Good Sir, a Word.

El. Love. Tho' you deserve not so much at my Hands, yet if you be in such Earnest, I'll speak a Word with you; but I beseech you be brief: For, in good Faith, there's a Parson and a Licence stay for us i'th' Church all this while: And, you know, 'tis Night.

Lady. Sir, give me Hearing patiently, and whatsoever I have heretofore spoke jestingly, forget:
For as I hope for Mercy any where,
What I shall utter now is from my Heart, and as I mean.

El. Love. Well, well, what do you mean?

Lady. Was not I once your Mistress, and you my Servant?

El. Love. O, 'tis about the old Matter.

Lady. Nay, good Sir, stay

Me

Me out; I wou'd but hear you excuſe yourſelf;
Why you ſhould take this Woman, and leave me.

El. Love. Prithee, why not? deſerves ſhe not as much
As you? *Lady.* I think not, if you will but look
With an Indifferency upon us both.

El. Love. Upon your Faces, 'tis true: But if judiciouſly we ſhall caſt our Eyes upon your Minds, (39) you are a thouſand Women off her in Worth. She cannot ſwoon in Jeaſt, nor ſet her Lover Tasks, to ſhew her Peeviſhneſs, and his Affection, nor croſs what he ſays, though it be not Canonical. She's a good plain Wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me luſty Boys to throw the Sledge, and lift at Pigs of Lead. And, for a Wife, ſhe's far beyond you. What can you do in a Houſehold to provide for your Iſſue, but lie i' Bed and get 'em? Your Buſineſs is to dreſs you, and at idle Hours to eat; when ſhe can do a thouſand profitable Things: She can do pretty well in the Paſtry, and knows how Pullen ſhould be cram'd, ſhe cuts Cambrick at a Thread, weaves Bone-lace, and quilts Balls admirably. And what are you good for?

Lady. Admit it true, that ſhe were far beyond me in all Reſpects, does that give you a Licence to forſwear yourſelf?

El. Love. Forſwear myſelf, how?

Lady. Perhaps, you have forgotten the innumerable Oaths you have utter'd in diſclaiming all for Wives but me: I'll not remember you: God give you Joy.

El. Love. Nay, but conceive me, the Intent of Oaths is ever underſtood. Admit, I ſhou'd proteſt to ſuch a Friend, to ſee him at his Lodging to Morrow: Divines wou'd never hold me perjur'd if I were ſtruck blind, or he hid where my diligent Search could not find him: So there were no croſs Act of mine own in't. Can it be imagin'd I mean to force you to Marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

(39) *you are a thouſand Women* of *her in Worth*] *Loveleſs* had no Intention of making his Lady any ſuch Compliment. I am pretty well ſatisfied, I have retriev'd the true Reading: *off her* in Worth, is, *behind* her, *inferior* to her.

Lady. Alas, you need not. I make a ready Tender of myſelf, and then you are forſworn.

El Love. Some Sin I ſee indeed muſt neceſſarily
Fall upon me, as whoſoever deals
With Women ſhall never utterly avoid it:
Yet I wou'd chuſe the leaſt Ill; which is to
Forſake you, that have done me all the Abuſes
Of a malignant Woman, contemn'd my Service,
And would have held me prating about Marriage,
'Till I'd been paſt getting of Children: Rather
Than her that hath forſaken her Family,
And put her tender Body in my Hand,
Upon my Word ——

Lady. Which of us ſwore you firſt to?

El. Love. Why, to you.

Lady. Which Oath is to be kept then?

El. Love. I prithee, do not urge my Sins unto me,
Without I cou'd amend 'em. *Lady.* Why, you may
By wedding me. *El. Love.* How will that ſatisfy
My Word to her? *Lady.* 'Tis not to be kept,
And needs no Satisfaction, it is an Error
Fit for Repentance only. *El. Love.* Shall I live
To wrong that tender-hearted Virgin ſo?
It may not be.

Lady. Why, may it not be?

El. Love. I ſwear, I had rather marry thee than her:
But yet mine Honeſty— *Lady.* What Honeſty?
'Tis more preſerv'd this way: Come, by this Light,
Servant, thou ſhalt, I'll kiſs thee on't.

El. Love. This Kiſs,
Indeed, is ſweet; pray God, no Sin lie under it!

Lady. There is no Sin at all, try but another.

Wel. O my Heart!

Mar. Help, Siſter, this Lady ſwoons.

El. Love. How do you?

Wel. Why, very well, if you be ſo.

El. Love. Since a quiet Mind lives not in any Woman,
I ſhall do a moſt ungodly Thing.
Hear me one Word more, which by all my Hopes
I will not alter. I did make an Oath

When

When you delay'd me ſo, that this very Night
I wou'd be marry'd; now if you will go
Without Delay, ſuddenly, as late as it is,
With your own Miniſter to your own Chappel,
I'll wed you, and to Bed.

Lady. A Match, dear Servant.

El. Love. For if you ſhou'd forſake me now, I care not,
She wou'd not though for all her Injuries,
Such is her Spirit. If I be not aſham'd
To kiſs her now I part, may I not live!

Wel. I ſee you go, as ſlily as you think
To ſteal away: yet I will pray for you:
All Bleſſings of the World light on you two,
That you may live to be an aged Pair!
All Curſes on me if I do not ſpeak
What I do wiſh, indeed! *El. Love.* If I can ſpeak
To purpoſe to her, I am a Villain.

Lady. Servant, away.

Mar. Siſter, will you marry that inconſtant Man?
Think you, he will not caſt you off to Morrow,
To wrong a Lady thus? look'd ſhe like Dirt,
'Twas baſely done. May you ne'er proſper with him!

Wel. Now God forbid! Alas, I was unworthy, ſo I told him.

Mar. That was your Modeſty, too good for him.
I wou'd not ſee your Wedding for a World.

Lady. Chuſe, chuſe; come, *Younglove.*

[*Exit* Lady, El. Love. *and* Abig.

Mar. Dry up your Eyes, forſooth, you ſhall not think we are all ſuch uncivil Beaſts as theſe. Wou'd I knew how to give you a Revenge.

Wel. So would not I: No, let me ſuffer truly, that I deſire.

Mar. Pray walk in with me, 'tis very late, and you ſhall ſtay all Night: Your Bed ſhall be no worſe than mine; I wiſh I cou'd but do you Right.

Wel. My humble Thanks:
God grant, I may but live to quit your Love! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Loveleſs *and* Savil.

Yo. Love. Did your Maſter ſend for me, *Savil?*
Sav. Yes, he did ſend for your Worſhip, Sir.
Yo. Love. Do you know the Buſineſs?
Sav. Alas, Sir, I know nothing,
Nor am employ'd beyond my Hours of eating.
My dancing Days are done, Sir.
Yo. Love. What art thou now then?
Sav. If you conſider me in Little, I
Am, with your Worſhip's Reverence, Sir, a Raſcal:
One that upon the next Anger of your Brother,
Muſt raiſe a Sconce by the Highway and ſell Switches;
My Wife is learning now, Sir, to weave Inkle.
Yo. Love. What doſt thou mean to do with thy Children, *Savil?*
Sav. My eldeſt Boy is half a Rogue already,
He was born burſten, and, your Worſhip knows,
That is a pretty Step to Mens' Compaſſions.
My youngeſt Boy I purpoſe, Sir, to bind
For ten Years to a Goaler, to draw under him,
That he may ſhew us Mercy in his Function.
Yo. Love. Your Family is quarter'd with Diſcretion.
You are reſolv'd to cant then. Where, *Savil,*
Shall your Scene lie?
Sav. Beggars muſt be no Chuſers,
In every Place, I take it, but the Stocks. [*Savil,*
Yo. Love. This is your Drinking and your Whoring,
I told you of it, but your Heart was harden'd.
Sav. 'Tis true, you were the firſt that told me of it:
I do remember yet in Tears, you told me
You wou'd have Whores, and in that Paſſion, Sir,
You broke out thus: Thou miſerable Man,
Repent, and brew three Strikes more in a Hogſhead.
'Tis Noon e'er we be drunk now, and the Time
Can tarry for no Man.
Yo. Love. You're grown a bitter Gentleman. I ſee,
Miſery can clear your Head better than Muſtard,
I'll be a Suitor for your Keys again, Sir.
Sav. Will you but be ſo gracious to me, Sir?

I ſhall

I ſhall be bound.

Yo. Love. You ſhall, Sir,
To your Bunch again, or I'll miſs foully.

Enter Morecraft.

Mor. Save you, Gentleman, ſave you.

Yo. Love. Now Polecat, what young Rabbet's Neſt have you to draw?

Mor. Come, prithee be familiar, Knight.

Yo. Love. Away, Fox, I'll ſend for Terriers for you.

Mor. Thou art wide yet: I'll keep thee Company.

Yo. Love. I am about ſome Buſineſs, Indentures;
If you follow me, I'll beat you: take heed,
As I live I'll cancel your Coxcomb.

Mor Thou art cozen'd now, I am no Uſurer:
What poor Fellow's this?

Sav. I am poor, indeed, Sir.

Mor. Give him Money, Knight.

Yo. Love. Do you begin the Offering.

Mor. There, poor Fellow; here's an Angel for thee.

Yo. Love. Art thou in Earneſt, *Morecraft?*

Mor. Yes, faith, Knight, I'll follow thy Example: Thou had'ſt Land and Thouſands, thou ſpend'ſt, and flung'ſt away, and yet it flows in double:
I purchas'd, wrung, and wierdraw'd, for my Wealth,
Loſt, and was cozen'd: For which I make a Vow,
To try all ways above Ground, but I'll find
A conſtant Means to Riches without Curſes.

Yo. Love. I am glad of your Converſion, Maſter *Morecraft:*
You're in a fair Courſe, pray purſue it ſtill.

Mor. Come, we are all Gallants now, I'll keep thee Company; Here, honeſt Fellow, for this Gentleman's ſake, there's two Angels more for thee.

Sav. God quit you, Sir, and keep you long in this Mind!

Yo. Love. Wilt thou perſevere?

Mor. 'Till I have a Penny.
I have brave Cloaths a making, and two Horſes;
Canſt thou not help me to a Match, good Knight? I'll lay a thouſand Pound upon my *Crop-Ear.*

Yo. Love. 'Foot, this is ſtranger than an *Africk* Monſter; There will be no more Talk of the *Cleve* Wars While this laſts; come, I'll put thee into Blood.

Sav. 'Wou'd, all his damn'd Tribe were as tender-hearted! I beſeech you let this Gentleman join with you In the Recovery of my Keys; I like His good Beginning, Sir; the whilſt I'll pray For both your Worſhips.

Yo. Love. He ſhall, Sir.

Mor. Shall we go, noble Knight? I wou'd fain be acquainted.

Yo. Love. I'll be your Servant, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Elder Loveleſs, *and* Lady.

El. Love. 'Faith, my ſweet Lady, I have caught you Maugre your Subtilties, and fine Devices, [now, Be coy again now.

Lady. Prithee, Sweet-heart, tell true.

El. Love. By this Light, By all the Pleaſures I have had this Night, By your loſt Maidenhead, you are cozen'd merely. I have caſt beyond your Wit. (40) That Gentlewoman Is your Retainer *Welford.* *Lady.* It cannot be ſo.

El. Love. Your Siſter has found it ſo, or I miſtake, Mark, how ſhe bluſhes when you ſee her next. Ha, ha, ha, I ſhall not travell now, Ha, ha, ha.

Lady. Prithee, Sweet-heart, Be quiet, thou haſt angred me at Heart.

El. Love. I'll pleaſe you ſoon again.

Lady. Welford?

El. Love. Ay, *Welford*; he's a young handſome Fellow, well-bred and landed, your Siſter can inſtruct you in his good Parts, better than I, by this time.

Lady. 'Ud's foot, am I fetch'd over thus?

El. Love. Yes, I'faith.

(40) *That* Gentleman *is your Retainer* Welford] I think, the Poets certainly wrote *Gentlewoman*, i. e. that ſeeming Gentlewoman; for *Welford* was now in Woman's Habit. And ſo, again, in the ſubſequent Page.

Now you may ſee the Gentlewoman: *Stand cloſe.*

And

And over ſhall be fetch'd again, never fear it.

Lady. I muſt be patient, though it torture me:
You have got the Sun, Sir.

El. Love. And the Moon too, in which I'll be the Man.

Lady. But had I known this, had I but ſurmis'd it,
You ſhould have hunted three Trains more, before you
Had come to th' Courſe, you ſhould have hank'd o'th' Bridle,
Sir, I' faith.

El. Love. I knew it, and min'd with you, and ſo blew you up.
Now you may ſee the Gentlewoman: Stand cloſe.

Enter Welford, *and* Martha.

Mar. For God's ſake, Sir, be private in this Buſineſs,
You have undone me elſe. O God, what have I done?

Wel. No harm, I warrant thee.

Mar. How ſhall I look upon my Friends again?
With what Face?

Wel. Why e'en with that: 'tis a good one,
Thou can'ſt not find a better: Look upon all
The Faces thou ſhalt ſee there, and you ſhall find 'em
Smooth ſtill, fair ſtill, ſweet ſtill, and to your thinking,
Honeſt; thoſe have done as much as you have yet,
Or dare do, Miſtreſs, and yet they keep no ſtir.

Mar. Good Sir, go in, and put your Womans Cloaths on:
If you be ſeen thus, I am loſt for ever.

Wel. I'll watch you for that, Miſtreſs: I am no Fool,
Here will I tarry till the Houſe be up
And witneſs with me.

Mar. Good dear Friend, go in.

Wel. To Bed again if you pleaſe, elſe I am fix'd
Here till there be Notice taken what I am,
And what I have done. If you could juggle me into my Womanhood again, and ſo cog me out of your Company, all this would be forſworn, and I again an *Aſinego*, as your Siſter left me. No, I'll have it known and publiſh'd; then if you'll be a Whore, forſake me and be aſham'd: And when you can hold no longer, marry ſome caſt *Cleve* Captain, and ſell Bottle-Ale.

Mar.

Mar. I dare not ſtay, Sir, uſe me modeſtly,
I am your Wife. *Wel.* Go in, I'll make up all.
El. Love. I'll be a Witneſs of your naked Truth, Sir.
This is the Gentlewoman, prithee look
Upon him, this is he that made me break my Faith, Sweet:
But thank your, Siſter, ſhe hath ſolder'd it.
Lady. What a dull Aſs was I, I could not ſee
This Wencher from a Wench: Twenty to one,
If I had been but tender like my Siſter,
He had ſerv'd me ſuch a ſlippery Trick too.
Wel. Twenty to one I had.
El. Love. I wou'd have watch'd you, Sir, by your good Patience,
For ferreting in my Ground.
Lady. You have been with my Siſter.
Wel. Yes, to bring,——
El. Love. An Heir into the World, he means.
Lady There is no chafing now.
Wel. I have had my Part on't:
I have been chaft this three Hours, that's the leaſt, I am reaſonable cool now.
Lady. Cannot you fare well, but you muſt cry Roaſt-meat?
Wel. He that fares well, and will not bleſs the Founders,
Is either ſurfeited, or ill taught, Lady;
For mine own part, I have found ſo ſweet a Diet,
I can commend it, though I cannot ſpare it.
El. Love. How like you this Diſh, *Welford*, I made a Supper on't,
And fed ſo heartily I cou'd not ſleep.
Lady. By this Light, had I but ſcented out your Train, ye had ſlept with a bare Pillow in your Arms; and kiſs'd that, or elſe the Bed-poſt, for any Wife ye had got this Twelve-month yet: I would have vex'd you more than a tyr'd Poſt-horſe; and been longer bearing, than ever after-game at *Iriſh* was. Lord, that I were unmarried again.
El. Love. Lady, I wou'd not undertake ye, were you again a *Haggard*, for the beſt Caſt of Ladies i'th' Kingdom:

dom: You were ever tickle-footed, and would not truſs round.

Wel. Is ſhe faſt?

El. Love. She was all Night lock'd here, Boy.

(41) *Wel.* Then you may lure her without fear of loſing: Take off her Creyance. You have a delicate Gentlewoman to your Siſter: Lord, what a pretty Fury ſhe was in, when ſhe perceived I was a Man: But I thank God I ſatisfied her Scruple, without the Parſon o'th' Town.

El. Love. What did ye?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

El. Love. She has a ſhrewd Gueſs at it, I ſee it by her.

Lady. Well, you may mock us: But my large Gentlewoman,
(42) My *Mary Ambrée*, had I but ſeen into you,
You ſhould have had another Bed-fellow,
Fitter a great deal for your Itch.

Wel. I thank you, Lady, methought it was well,
You are ſo curious.

Enter Young Loveleſs, *his Lady*, Morecraft, Savil, *and two Servingmen.*

El. Love. Get on your Doublet, here comes my Brother.

Yo. Love. Good-morrow, Brother, and all Good to your Lady.

Mor. God ſave you, and Good-morrow to you all!

El. Love. Good-morrow. Here's a poor Brother of yours.

(41) *Then you may* lure *her without Fear of loſing.*

Take off her Cranes] A *Lure* in *Fauconry*, is a Machine compoſed of Feathers and Leather; which by being caſt up into the Air, ſeems in its Motion to look like a Fowl: Upon this, a young Hawk is train'd up to be fed, has a live Dove given her; and therefore forſakes not the *Lure*. The *Creyance* is a fine ſmall long Line of ſtrong, and even twin'd Packthread, which is faſten'd to the Hawk's Leaſh before ſhe is *reclaim'd*, or fully tamed.

(42) *My* Mary Ambrée.] This was a Virago, who in the Beginning of King *James* the Firſt's Reign went a Volunteering in Men's Cloaths. She is frequently mention'd by *Ben.* Jonson both in his *Plays* and *Epigrams.*

Lady.

Lady. Fie, how this ſhames me.

Mor. Prithee, good Fellow, help me to a Cup of Beer.

Ser. I will, Sir.

Yo. Love. Brother, what makes you here? Will this Lady do? Will ſhe? Is ſhe not nettl'd ſtill?

El. Love. No, I have cur'd her.
Mr. *Welford*, pray know this Gentleman, he is my Brother.

Wel. Sir, I ſhall long to love him.

Yo. Love. I ſhall not be your Debtor, Sir, But how is't with you?

El. Love. As well as may be, Man: I am married: Your new Acquaintance hath her Siſter, and all's well.

Yo. Love. I am glad on't. Now, my pretty Lady Siſter, How do you find my Brother?

Lady. Almoſt as wild as you are.

Yo. Love. He will make the better Husband: You have tried him?

Lady. Againſt my Will, Sir.

Yo. Love. He'll make your Will Amends ſoon, do not doubt it.
But, Sir, I muſt intreat you to be better known
To this converted *Jew* here.

Ser. Here's Beer for you, Sir.

(43) *Mor.* And here's for you an Angel;
Pray, buy no Land, 'twill never proſper, Sir.

El. Love. How's this?

Yo. Love. Bleſs you, and then I'll tell. He's turn'd Gallant.

El. Love. Gallant?

Yo. Love. Ay, Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Morecraft*;
The Reaſon I'll inform you at more Leiſure.

Wel. O good Sir, let me know him preſently.

(43) Mor. *And here's for you an Angel:*] This ſudden Converſion of *Morecraft*, from a griping Uſurer to a downright Gallant, is quite extravagant and out of the Rules and Practiſe of the Stage: Eſpecially, as there is no Shadow of Reaſon for it; unleſs he may be ſaid to look upon the Loſs he had ſuſtain'd from Young *Loveleſs* to be a Scourge and Judgment upon him for his former Rapaciouſneſs.

Yo. Love.

Yo. Love. You ſhall hug one another.

Mor. Sir, I muſt keep you Company.

El. Love. And Reaſon——

Yo. Love. Cutting *Morecraft* faces about, I muſt preſent another.

Mor. As many as you will, Sir, I am for 'em.

Wel. Sir, I ſhall do you Service.

Mor. I ſhall look for't, in good Faith, Sir.

El. Love. Prithee, good Sweetheart, kiſs him.

Lady. Who, that Fellow?

Sav. Sir, will it pleaſe you to remember me? My Keys, good Sir——

Yo. Love. I'll do it preſently.

El. Love. Come, thou ſhalt kiſs him for our Sport ſake.

Lady. Let him come on then; and do you hear, do not inſtruct me in theſe Tricks, for you may repent it.

El. Love. That at my Peril. Luſty Mr. *Morecraft*, Here is a Lady wou'd ſalute you.

Mor. She ſhall not loſe her Longing, Sir: What is ſhe?

El. Love. My Wife, Sir.

Mor. She muſt be then my Miſtreſs.

Lady. Muſt I, Sir?

El. Love. O yes, you muſt.

Mor. And you muſt take this Ring, a poor Pawn of ſome fifty Pound.

El. Love. Take it by any Means, 'tis lawful Prize.

Lady. Sir, I ſhall call you, Servant.

Mor. I ſhall be proud on't: What Fellow's that?

Yo. Love. My Lady's Coachman.

Mor. There's ſomething, my Friend, for you to buy Whips;
And for you, Sir, and you, Sir.

El. Love. Under a Miracle, this is the ſtrangeſt I ever heard of.

Mor. What, ſhall we play, or drink? What ſhall we do?
Who will hunt with me for a Hundred Pounds?

Wel. Stranger and ſtranger!

Sir,

Sir, you ſhall find Sport after a Day or two.

Yo Love. Sir, I have Suit unto you
Concerning your old Servant *Savil.*

El. Love. O, for his Keys, I know it.

Sav. Now, Sir, ſtrike in.

Mor. Sir, I muſt have you grant me.

El. Love. 'Tis done, Sir, take your Keys again:
But hark you, *Savil*, leave off the Motions
Of the Fleſh, and be honeſt, or elſe you ſhall graze again:
I'll try you once more.

Sav. If ever I be taken drunk, or whoring,
Take off the biggeſt Key i'th' Bunch, and open
My Head with it, Sir. I humbly thank your Worſhips.

El. Love. Nay, then, I ſee we muſt keep Holiday.

Enter Roger, *and* Abigail.

Here's the laſt Couple in Hell.

Rog. Joy be among you all!

Lady. Why, how now, Sir, what's the Meaning of this Emblem?

Rog. Marriage, an't like your Worſhip.

Lady. Are you married?

Rog. As faſt as the next Prieſt could do it, Madam.

El. Love. I think, the Sign's in *Gemini*, here's ſuch Coupling.

Wel. Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your Sweetheart to Night?

Rog. Not the beſt Benefice in your Worſhip's Gift, Sir.

Wel. A whorſon, how he Swells!

Yo. Love. How many times to Night, Sir *Roger?*

Rog. Sir, you grow ſcurrilous:
What I ſhall do, I ſhall do: I ſhall not need your Help.

Yo. Love. For Horſe-fleſh, *Roger.*

El. Love. Come, prithee be not angry, 'tis a Day
Given wholly to our Mirth.

Lady. It ſhall be ſo; Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
We ſhall intreat to be at our Charge.

El. Love. Welford,
Get you to th' Church; by this Light,
You lie not with her again, 'till married.

Wel.

Wel. I am gone.

Mor. To every Bride I dedicate this Day
Six Healths a Piece, and, it ſhall go hard,
But every one a Jewel: Come, be mad, Boys.

El. Love. Thou'rt in a good Beginning: Come, who leads?
Sir *Roger*, you ſhall have the Van: lead the Way:
'Would, every dogged Wench had ſuch a Day!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Firſt Volume.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

FIRST VOLUME.

POSTSCRIPT

To the FIRST VOLUME.

By *T. SEWARD.*

AS Conjectural Criticiſm admits of the greateſt Variety of Opinions, I ſhall ſubjoin to this Volume an Examination of thoſe Notes of Mr. *Theobald* where I happen in any degree to differ from him; and if the Reader joins in the Approbation of the reſt, Mr. *Theobald* will, by this Edition, loſe no Part of that Honour which the learned World paid him for his excellent Edition of *Shakeſpear*.

Maid's Tragedy, Page 15, Note 12. *Neptune* in the *Maſque* thus ſpeaks to *Æolus*.

——— *We do command thee free,*
Favonius, *and thy milder winds, to wait*
Upon our Cinthia; *but tie* Boreas *ſtraight*;
He's too rebellious.
Æol. *I ſhall do it.*
Nept. *Do, great Maſter of the Flood, and all below,*
Thy full Command has taken. Æol. *Ho! the Main.*
Neptune! — Nept. *Here.* Æol. Boreas *has broke his Chain.*] The leaſt Attention to this Paſſage muſt diſcover the groſs Abſurdity of *Neptune*'s calling *Æolus great Maſter of the Flood.* ——— *Non illi imperium Pelagi.* I therefore propos'd to Mr. *Theobald* the following Conjecture. When *Æolus* goes out to perform the Command, it is neceſſary that *Neptune* ſhould ſpeak ſomething, that there may be no Pauſe in the Action, there being an Aukwardneſs in ſuch ſort of Pauſes, which ſhould always be avoided in Dramatic Writings. Inſtead of *Great* I read *We're*, and reſtoring the Verſe, the whole will run thus:

Æol. *I ſhall do it.* Nept. *Do,*
We're Maſter of the Flood, and all below
Thy full Command hath taken. — Æol. *Ho! the Main.*

i. e. I rule the Sea, and thou rul'ſt the Winds, which are impriſon'd in the Caves below the Earth. It will then become almoſt a Tranſlation of what *Neptune* ſays of *Æolus* in *Virgil.*

——— *tenet ille immania Saxa*
Veſtras, Eure, Domos. illa ſe jactet in Aula
Æolus, et clauſo Ventorum carcere regnet.

Mr. *Theobald* did not mention this from a Partiality to a Conjecture of his own, which the Reader will find inſerted in the Text, and which makes tolerable ſenſe; but hurries the Action of *Æolus* ſo much, that Mr. *Theobald* has recourſe to *Æolus's Godhead* to ſolve it; but this could not aſſiſt the *Actor* in performing it, whom it is probable the Poet would take care of, by not putting him in ſo indecent a Hurry. —— Since Mr. *Theobald*'s Death, I received his valuable Collection of old *Quarto's*, and find that the firſt Edition has not the Word *great*, but reads thus,

Nept. *Do,—Maſter of the Flood and all below* &c.

It is probable the Word in the Manuſcript was blotted, and the firſt *Quarto* left an *Hiatus* for it, but the *Setter of the Preſs*, in the ſecond *Quarto*, very unhappily fill'd it up with *great*, which was follow'd by all the other editions. This therefore ſeems to render my Conjecture much more probable.

Page 16, Note 14. After *Cinthia*'s Train have ſung their Part, *Neptune* thus introduces a Song by his *Tritons*.

Nept. *Great Queen of us and Heav'n, hear what I bring*
To make this Hour a full one,
If not her Meaſure. Cinth. *Speak, Sea's King.*] The Words, — *If not her Meaſure* — are evidently abſurd, and are inſerted in the middle of a Verſe ſo as to interrupt the Regularity of the Meaſure. By a very ſlight Change good Senſe may be reſtor'd to them, I read therefore —— If not *o'er-meaſure*; becauſe he ſays his *Tritons* ſhould play — *Muſick to lead a Storm.* And as to the Interruption of the Meaſure, ſuch Intercalations of Words between

tween Verſes are us'd by our Authors. Thus Vol. III. Page 191.

——— *We have perform'd a Work*
Worthy the Gods themſelves.
Sat. *Come forward, Maiden, do not lurk.*

The Hemiſtic is an Intercalation. The Liberties in Meaſure, taken by our old Dramatic Poets, being quite boundleſs. ——— This Emendation I ſent Mr. *Theobald*, but he preferr'd a Conjecture of his own, which makes the intercalatory Words a mere marginal *Query*, accidentally crept into the Text. The Conjecture is certainly a happy one; but I think he ought to have mention'd both, and left the Choice to the Reader.

Page 18, Verſe 18.

The Day breaks here, and yon ſame flaſhing Beam
Shot from the South.] Moſt of the Editions read *ſome flaring*; but the firſt Quarto reads *Sun-flaring*, a compound Word, vaſtly more poetical than any of the ſubſequent Readings.

Page 25, Note 22. Mr. *Theobald* allows the Juſtice of Mr. *Rhymer*'s Exclamation at the Effrontery and Impudence of *Evadne*'s Character; as if the Poets were not as ſenſible of it as Mr. *Rhymer*, and had not ſufficiently puniſh'd her for it. The Anger of theſe Gentlemen at the *Character*, is the very Paſſion deſign'd to be rais'd by it; but they miſtook the *Object* of their Anger, and were as much in the wrong as an Audience would be, who were violently angry with a good Player for repreſenting *Macbeth*, *Iago*, or *Richard*, as ſuch conſummate Villains. The Queſtions which a Critic ſhould ask are, *Whether the Character is natural?* and *Whether proper for the Stage or not?* As to the firſt; Nature, we fear, gives but too many ſad Examples of ſuch Effrontery in Women, who, when abandon'd to their Vices, are obſerved to be ſometimes more reprobate in them than the worſt of Men. Beſide this, there is a remarkable Beauty in the Effrontery and Haughtineſs of *Evadne*'s Character; ſhe has a *Family Likeneſs* to her *Brother*; ſhe is a *Female Melantius* depraved by vicious Love. And if there are any of her Expreſſions which ſeem now too groſs for the

Stage, it is sufficient to say, they were far from being thought gross in the Age they were wrote; of which see Proofs at Page 54, 55, and 56, in the Preface. Mr. *Theobald* too is just as much mistaken in his *Impeachment* of the *King*'s Character at Note 36; he says it is monstrously overcharged with Vices. But does not History afford us a hundred Instances of such royal Monsters? Indeed, when a vicious King is once persuaded that he has a *Divinity* about him, that protects his *Vices* and exalts him above the reach of Law or Justice, there is no wonder that he should abandon himself to all manner of Enormities.

Page 32, Note 29. See a Note on this Passage at Page 30, of the Preface.

Page 36, Note 35. *No more, embrace me*] Mr. *Theobald* has inserted a Change here which is neither consonant to the Context, nor to the steady Friendship of the Character who utters it. The Sense of the old Text is exceedingly clear —— *No more*, i. e. Talk not any more in this manner, but come and embrace me.

Page 46, 47, *&c.* The Quarrel between *Amintor* and *Melantius* has been the Subject, says Mr. *Theobald*, of much Criticism. For my part, I have read none but *Rhymer*'s Abuses, rather than Criticisms, upon it. In answer to which I can only say, that the Sentiments thro' the whole Scene are nervous, striking, and noble; the Language poetical and sublime; and the Occasion of the Quarrel a beloved Sister's Honour. Against the first Quarrel therefore nothing but Rancour or Folly can object. But *Amintor*'s Challenge of *Melantius*, after their first Reconciliation, seems at first sight very unaccountable, and so in reality it is; for it is built upon an absurd Principle, that of unlimited *Passive Obedience* and *Non-Resistance* to Princes. This was the fashionable Doctrine of our Author's Age, and *Amintor*'s Heroism is intirely built upon it. The Struggle therefore, as is before observ'd at Page 37 of the Preface, between his amazing Provocations and his indispensable Duty, would naturally hurry him into the Madness he here falls into.

Page

Page 51, Note 46. Mr. *Theobald* blames the Authors for Obſcurity, but without reaſon. The expreſſion is clear enough, nor needs any Explanation.

Page 71, Note 61. The Note here of mine was wrote many Years ſince, at my firſt Entrance on the Work, before I ſaw the Abſurdity of talking peremptorily in a matter of mere Conjecture; and as a proper Puniſhment for having done it here, more than in almoſt any other Note, I am now convinc'd that I was wrong in condemning the old Text; for tho' the Change I have made may make better Senſe, I am certain the old Reading was right, ſince the ſame Sentiment frequently occurs in our Authors Plays.

Page 78, Note 69.

Pull'd People from the fartheſt Sea to ſeek him,
And by his Friendſhip I was then his Soldier.] Inſtead of this I propos'd to read,

Pull'd People from the fartheſt Sea to ſeek him,
And buy *his Friendſhip.* ——— The corruption from *buy* to *by* is very eaſy, but Mr. *Theobald* choſe to adopt the Reading of an old Quarto — *beg* his Friendſhip. But from ſo many Copies reading *by*, I ſhould in this Inſtance have preferr'd a Conjecture to the Authority of that *Quarto*. The *Manuſcript* was probably blotted, and the Printer of that *Quarto* made good Senſe; but the other ſeems the better Word, and much nearer in trace of Letters to the corrupt Reading of the reſt.

Page 88, Note 78. Mr. *Rhymer* and Mr. *Theobald* concur again in blaming our Authors for making the *Title* of the Play relate to the Diſtreſs of *Aſpatia*, and the *Moral* at the Cloſe only to the ill Conſequences of Vice in Kings. But theſe Gentlemen did not remember, that good Writers have frequently avoided giving their Plays a Name which might foreſtal the Event, and open too much of the main Plot: Thus *Venice preſerv'd, or The Plot diſcover'd*, has been blam'd for diſcovering the Plot too ſoon. Whereas many of *Shakeſpear*'s and our *Authors* Plays take their Names from ſome Character or Incident that gives not the leaſt Inſight into the main Deſign.

King and No King, Page 187, Note 6. Mr. *Theobald*'s high-flown Compliments to me here, ſhould certainly be

expung'd, could I take ſuch a liberty with the Part which Mr. *Theobald* printed: For I equally diſapprove the extravagant Encomiums, as well as the groſs Abuſes of *Critics* upon each other. This Note was printed juſt after a ſlight Diſagreement between us was compromis'd, and muſt be look'd on as the Effect of mere Complaiſance.

Page 239, Note 40. —*poor* Spaconia *lives*
To tell thee thou art falſe; and then no more] Mr. *Sympſon* asks, Should not *Spaconia* then have held her Tongue? But, as ſhe goes on, he thinks the Paſſage corrupt, and reads — *and tell thee more.* —— I by no means admit the Change, but think the old Text not only unexceptionable, but much preferable to the new one. *To tell thee thou art falſe*, ſignifies to ſhew thee thy Falſhood in its true Colours, which ſhe accordingly afterwards paints pretty ſtrongly. And *then no more*, i. e. this ſhall be the laſt time I will upbraid you with it. Here is a fine touch of the tender Paſſions intermix'd with the violent ones, which, if well ſpoke by the Actreſs, would have an exceeding good effect. Beſide, ſuppoſing it as Mr. *Sympſon* thought, that the old Reading made her promiſe to ſay no more, and yet ſhe immediately proceeds to upbraid him very ſeverely; why even this is very common to People in violent Paſſions: Thus our Authors, with inimitable Beauty, at Page 187, make *Arbaces*, in the midſt of a violent Rage, thank Heaven for having *taught his Heart Patience.*

Page 248, Notes 47 and 48.] Mr. *Theobald* was extremely miſtaken in thinking the inimitable burleſque Quarrel between the two *Swordſmen* a Sneer upon Paſſages and Scenes of *Shakeſpear.* It is a moſt excellent Banter upon the horrid Folly of that Age for Quarrelling, and fighting Duels for the meereſt Trifles.

The Blood of our bold Youth, which heretofore
Was ſpent in honourable Action,
Or to defend, or to enlarge the Kingdom,
Pours out itſelf with prodigal Expence
Upon our Mother's Lap, the Earth that bred us,
For every Trifle. Little French Lawyer, Act I. Sc. I.

Books

Books were wrote to ſettle the *Punctilios of Quarrels*; to tell a Man that he *muſt*, or *ſhould* do any thing, was a high Affront, and to *thou* him intolerable. *Shakeſpear* began the *Burleſque* with great Spirit; but the *King and No King* being then a favourite Play, very probably contributed greatly to the Diminution of this pernicious Practice; for when our Authors afterwards carry'd on the ſame Banter in the *Little French Lawyer*, placing the Scene in *Paris*, they tell us the *Engliſh* began to deteſt this Cuſtom of *Duelling*, tho' they ſtill continued to ape the *French* in their other Follies. See Act I. Sc. I. of the *Little French Lawyer*.

The Scornful Lady.

Mr. *Theobald* did not receive any Aſſiſtance from me in this Play, nor had I read it with the leaſt Attention till it was printed off by him. What I could moſt have wiſhed to have ſuggeſted to him, was the Reſtoration of the Metre to great numbers of Paſſages which are here, as in all former Editions, printed as Proſe; not that the whole ſeems to have been wrote originally in Verſe, as *Wit without Money* and ſome other Plays were, which were before printed as Proſe. I will juſt mention ſome of the moſt remarkable Paſſages, to which the Metre ought to have been reſtor'd, as I go on in the Amendment of the Senſe. The firſt that occurs is indeed a Trifle, Page 288.

Enter Welford.

Wel. *Let 'em not ſtand ſtill, we have rid.*

Abig. *A Suitor, I know, by his riding hard; I'll not be ſeen.*

The firſt Line is an imperfect Sentence, and the Word omitted reſtores the Meaſure.

Wel. *Let 'em not ſtand ſtill, we've rid hard.* Abig. *A Suitor,*
I know, by' his riding hard; I'll not be ſeen.

Page 292, Line 18.

And my dear Spark of Velvet, *thou and I* —] This may poſſibly refer to a Part of *Savil*'s Dreſs; but I remember no Inſtance of our Author's ever mentioning *Velvet* as the Habit

Habit of any but Beauxs. See Vol. II. Page 167, Note 41, where *Petits Maitres* are call'd *walking Velvet Chokes*. Beſides, *Savil*'s formal Dreſs is very minutely deſcrib'd at Page 287; but not a Word of *Velvet* is there hinted at. I read *Spark of Vellum*, which is ſo applicable to a *Steward*, that Mr. *Addiſon*, who profeſſedly took his Character of the Steward in the *Drummer* from this of *Savil*, gives him the Name of *Vellum*. See Page 294.

Page 294.

H'as given himſelf into the Hands of Varlets,
Not to be carv'd out.] I ſuppoſe the only Idea to be affix'd to this is — not to be recover'd or draw'd out of their Hands. But this ſeems a very ſtiff and improper Uſe of the Metaphor of *carving*, which is generally uſed in a very different Senſe, and I believe was ſo in this Place. *The Varlets have got him in their Hands, and are carving him out amongſt them.* I therefore propoſe to ſtrike out the *not*, and the Meaſure is complete without it:

And ſo we hug you, Sir. Sav. *H'as giv'n himſelf*
Into the Hands of Varlets to be carv'd out.

Page. 296. The firſt Scene of the ſecond Act is all in true Meaſure, allowing a very few Hemiſtics. Thus at Line 10. *Sir, as a Stranger, you have had all my welcome*; either *my* which flattens the Senſe ſhould be left out, or we ſhould read,

Sir, as a Stranger, you've had all my welcome,
But had I known your Errand e'er you came, &c.

Page 297, Note 14. *That viſible Beaſt, the Butler.*] *Viſible Beaſt* ſignifies, one that appears to every one to be a Beaſt. I therefore don't aſſent to the Change which Mr. *Sympſon* has made here.

Page 298. Note 15.

To ſleep, to die, to die to ſleep;
Not till the Man be in his Bed, his Grave; his Grave
His Bed;] Mr. *Theobald* thinks this a manifeſt Flirt upon the fine *Soliloquy* of *Hamlet*. I own it appears ſo at firſt ſight, when ſeparated from the character who ſpeaks it. But let it be obſerv'd that Sir *Roger*'s whole Character, being a Burleſque upon *Scholarſhip*, our Authors probably intended here only to ridicule *bad Imitations of real*

real Beauties. It is here turn'd into one of thoſe *affected Repetitions of the ſame Words*, which had been wore threadbare by the Authors of that Age, and had been banter'd as a falſe Taſte by *Shakeſpear* himſelf in the very Play which our Authors here refer to: He calls it *torturing* the *poor Phraſes*, and puts one of them in the mouth of *Polonius*, a Character not very unlike Sir *Roger*'s, *'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true.* In the favourite Play of that Age, which all the real Wits, *Shakeſpear*, *Johnſon*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, &c. often ridicule, *viz. Hieronymo or the Spaniſh Tragedy*, there is a Speech of great length, every Line of which conſiſts of Words thus retorted back upon themſelves. But our Authors could not ſo miſtake the *Soliloquy* in *Hamlet* as to think that *Shakeſpear* was *torturing of Words* in this manner, for he only carries on a Chain of Reaſoning by a Man in deep Meditation. But it being a very celebrated Paſſage our Authors make their *Pedant* ſpoil it by an affected Imitation. This ſhould have been all printed as Verſe, it being a part of the *Mock-Heroic*, which loſes great part of its Beauty when depriv'd of its Meaſure.

—— *until our Fellow* Nicholas *be*
Deceas'd, that is aſleep; for ſo the Word
Is ta'en; to ſleep, to die; to die, to ſleep.
A very Figure, Sir.——
Not till the Man be in his Bed, his Grave;
His Grave, his Bed: The very ſame again, Sir.
Our Comic Poet gives the Reaſon ſweetly.

So on through ſeveral Speeches; in particular when *Martha* and *Abigail* enter, I am ſurpris'd Mr. *Theobald*, with the former Editors, ſhould have degraded the ſublime Sir *Roger* from his pompous Buskin.

Rog. *Sir, be addreſt, the Graces do ſalute you*
With the full Bowl of Plenty. Is our old Enemy
Entomb'd? Abig. *He's ſafe.* Rog. *And does he ſnore out*
Supinely? with the Poet, &c.

This laſt probably refers to ſome Paſſage in a good Poet without any Flirt, where perhaps a *Polyphemus* was deſcrib'd ſnoring in this manner; as there are ſimilar Deſcriptions

ſcriptions of him in *Homer* and *Virgil*. In the ſame Scene, p. 299, *Martha* wants *Welford* to like his Poſſet, *Welford* anſwers,

I would your Siſter could like me as well, Lady.
Mar. *Sure, Sir, ſhe would not eat you.*

If this is right it is an *Hemiſtic*, and the Sequel all runs in true Meaſure. But the Anſwer does not ſeem ſo ſpirited from the Thought not being ſo fully expreſt as it might be. Perhaps therefore the Original might have been

Why ſurely, Sir, you would not ſhe ſhould eat you.

Page 300. *Did I expound the* Owl?] The *Owl* ſhould have been wrote in *Italics*, it being evidently ſome *Piece of* Nich. Broughton's, *or ſome ſuch doughty Writers.*

Page 303, Line 2.

In Hatchments to adorn this puiſſant Thigh
Cramp'd with the Reſt *of Peace.*] The *Reſt of Peace* is a little tautological, and I believe the Original was,

Cramp'd with the Ruſt *of Peace.*

i. e. Cramp'd with wearing ſuch a ruſty Sword as a long Peace had reduc'd him to. He wanted to have a new Sword, or at leaſt to have his old one new *hatch'd:* The *Hatch* of the Sword is the gilded Wire of the Handle, or the *Gilt* of it in general. The Word is once in *Shakeſpear*, and very often in our Authors; as in *Bonduca, I would as ſoon doat on my Sword new hatch'd:* And metaphorically in *The Cuſtom of the Country*, Vol. 2. p. 90. Note 51. the Sword is *hatch'd with Blood.* There is a Paſſage in *Macbeth* which has been the Subject of much Criticiſm; *Macbeth* deſcribing the *King*'s Murder ſays,

——— ——— ——— *their Daggers*
Unmannerly breech'd *with Gore.*

They who retain *breech'd*, explain it that the Daggers were ſtain'd with Gore up to their *Breeches*, *i. e.* their *Hilts:* As the Breech of a Cannon is the lower end of it. But tho' this is common and proper to a Cannon, the *Breech of a Dagger* is, I believe, neither commonly us'd nor could be ſo with propriety. The ingenious Author of the *Miſcellaneous Obſervations on Macbeth*, reads,

Unmanly

Unmanly drench'd. Mr. *Warburton* nearer the Trace of the Letters, *Unmanly reech'd.* Both explain *Unmanly* by *cowardly.* But that there is a Senſe of it more proper to the Paſſage, ſee a Proof in *Wit without Money*, Note 4. Vol. 2. p. 276. And as to *breech'd*, ſuppoſing it a Corruption, the Reading which ſeems to me to bid faireſt to have been the Original, is,

Unmanly hatch'd *with Gore.*

Hatch'd not being underſtood by the Editors would naturally be chang'd by them. This carries on the very ſame Species of forc'd Metaphors that are very juſtly obſerv'd to form the Beauty of the Paſſage, as *Macbeth* acting a Part would naturally uſe forc'd and affected Expreſſions.

His ſilver Skin is lac'd with golden Blood,

And then,

The Murderers Daggers *are* hatch'd *or* gilt with Gore.

Page 310, In the Captain's Speech,

The God of Gold here has fed *thee well.*] The Word *fed* has ſcarce any propriety with the Context, and I take it that the laſt Syllable of the true Word only remain'd in the Copy, *ſed*, which the Editors alter'd to *fed*; whereas had they regarded the Meaſure (for the whole Scene ſhould have been printed as Verſe) it would have led them eaſily to the true Word,

The God of Gold here has advis'd *thee well.*
Take Money for thy Dirt: Hark, and believe
Thou'rt cold of Conſtitution, thy' Seat unhealthful,
Sell and be wiſe; we're three that will adorn thee,
And live according to thine own Heart, Child:
Mirth ſhall be only ours, and only ours
Shall be the black-ey'd Beauties of the time.

To print this, and ſuch as this, as Proſe, loſes half the Beauty of the *Mock-Heroic.*

Page 324.

Are your Keys ready? I muſt eaſy *your Burden.*] I read, eaſe *your Burden.* And the Reading is confirm'd by the Senſe, the Meaſure, and the old *Quarto.* The whole Scene ſhould have been printed as Verſe.

Page

Page 325, Line 13.

You have ſpoke home and bitterly to me, Sir.] The Miſer's Quarrel was with the *Captain*, who had purpoſely provok'd him to give *Loveleſs* an Opportunity of courting the Widow. He had ſaid nothing to the *Poet*, ſo that *to me, Sir*, can only bear a very ſtiff Senſe, *to me, Sir*, or according to my thinking. Good Senſe may be reſtor'd by a very ſlight Change;

You have ſpoke home and bitterly too, Miſer.

The whole Speech is printed as Proſe, which is a great Injury to this poor Poet, whoſe Metre, and a few Quotations, are all that he has to entitle him to the Character. The Speech ſhould have been printed,

The Man is much mov'd. Be not angry, Sir,
But, as the Poet ſings, let your Diſpleaſure
Be a ſhort Fury and go out. You have ſpoke home
And bitterly too, Miſer. *Captain, take Truce,*
The Miſer is a tart and witty Whorſon.

The Captain too ſhould have talk'd all in Metre in the next Speech; and *Savil* in his Anſwer ſeems to have loſt a Word that hurts the Senſe more than the Meaſure.

Here's your poor Friend, and Savil, *Sir.*

I read,

Here's your poor Friend and Servant, Savil, *Sir.*

In the next Line the Captain ſays,

Away, thou'rt rich in Ornaments *of Nature.*

The old *Quarto* reads,

——— Tenements *of Nature.*

A Word of much more Humour and Propriety to the Steward's Character.

Page 326, Line 32.

That Man of Mat, that all decay'd,] I read,

——— *that all Decay.*

Page 339, Line 7.

And heap Affliction on me.] The old *Quarto* reads, Infliction *on me*, which is preferable to the other. And five Lines below,

though

—— *though my Means*
Was all Humanity——

The old *Quarto* reads *Humility*; but what is, *Though my Means were all Humility?* Moſt probably a whole Line was dropt here, and *Means* a Corruption; the true Word being *Meaning*. The Context ſeems to require ſomething like the following Senſe,

—— *'twas but a Trick to try you,*
Knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet ſtrangely
That you would never ſhew it, I pretended
Pride, Inſolence, and Anger, *though my Meaning*
Was all Humility.

A ſlighter Change will indeed give a good Senſe,

—— *'twas but a Trick to try you,*
— — — — — — — —
—— — — *but my Meaning*
Was all Humility.——

Page 342, Line 6.

From thee, falſe Dice, Jades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers,] For the ſake both of the Meaſure, Senſe, and Diction, I read, *Plague-Summers. i. e.* Summers in which the Plague rages.

Page 345, Line 5.

Ale is their Eating and their Drinking, ſurely.] *Surely* ſeems a mere Expletive here, but, I believe, the true Word was *ſolely. i. e.* Ale is the only thing they deſire to eat as well as to drink. There is great Humour throughout this Speech, as indeed there is in moſt Scenes of the Play, which would have appear'd more conſpicuous to thoſe who enter into the Spirit of the *Mock-Sublime*, had it been more generally reſtor'd to its Meaſure. They who have quick Ears for Metre will reſtore many parts as they read it. But this was not Mr. *Theobald*'s Excellence; tho' when he was aware of the Defect he ſeldom fail'd in the Cure. As there are whole Plays in the following Volumes reſtor'd to Meaſure, tho' before almoſt all printed as Proſe, and as that Meaſure is very lax according to the Faſhion of our Authors Age, ſome Readers may think that in thoſe Plays, and in the Inſtances quoted in this Poſtſcript,

I may have forc'd the Authors Words into a Measure which they never intended. I shall therefore subjoin one Proof of the Measure in this Play being neglected by all the Editions, where there was ev'n Rhime as well as Verse. At page 321. The Lady says to *Welford*, who insisted upon kissing her,

What must be, must be; I will take my leave;
You have your parting Blow; I pray commend me
To those few Friends you have that sent you hither,
And tell them when you travel next, 'twere fit
You brought less Brav'ry with you and more Wit.

The first Editors therefore having had such little Regard to the Measure as to print this as Prose, and a thousand other Passages which are as evidently Verse as this, there is no Wonder if the Measure by their *Transpositions*, *Omissions*, and *Mistakes*, is in many Places so lost as never to be restor'd with any tolerable Degree of Certainty. However when the Sense and Measure fail together, the one is a great help to the Recovery of the other. There is one Instance of this still left in *Philaster*, which we had all three overlook'd notwithstanding all our Attention and Care of that favorite Play. The Defect in the Measure pointed it out to me at last when I had almost finish'd this Postscript: *Philaster* says to *Arethusa* and *Bellario*,

——— *take me in Tears betwixt you,*
For my Heart will break with Shame and Sorrow.
Are. *Why, 'tis well.*
Philaster, Act 5. Scene 2. Page 158.

The Reader will see that the second Line is no Verse, and how absurd is it for the tender *Arethusa* to answer, *that it is well that his Heart will break.* Beside, a Flood of Tears eases the Heart overcharg'd with Grief, and hinders it from breaking. By restoring a single Particle we shall recover both Measure and Sense:

——— *take me in Tears betwixt you,*
For else *my Heart will break with Shame and Sorrow.*

The Tears are to prevent the Bursting of his Heart, and this is what *Arethusa* says *is well.*

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